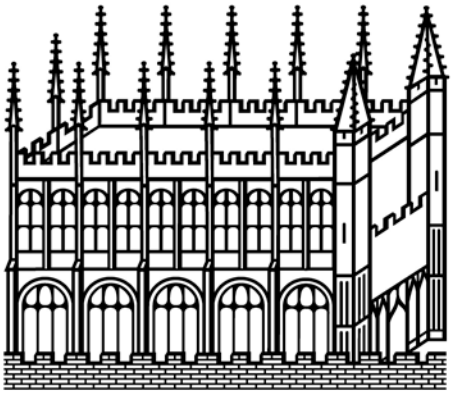

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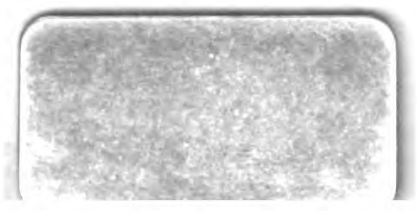

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Our Corner.

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SOCIALISM (In reply to Mr. J. L. JOYNES). By CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

ALEXANDER KOURBANOFF; or, on Foot through Siberia. By HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

"PROGRESS AND POVERTY:" A Review of the Theories and Proposals of Mr. Henry George. By D.

INSECTS AND FLOWERS. By EDWARD AVELING, D.Sc.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL POSITION OF THE GERMANS IN THE UNITED STATES. By DR. SCHLAEGER. (Translated by MISS COLEMAN.)

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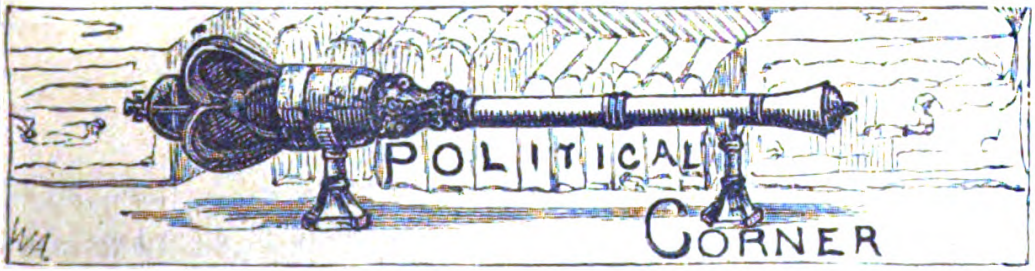

SCIENCE CORNER. ART CORNER. GARDENING CORNER. PUBLISHERS' CORNER. INQUISITIVE CORNER.

YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER: The Story of Giordano Bruno, by ANNIE BESANT. Real Heroes: Michael Faraday, by J. Puzzles, etc.

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Our Corner.

July 1, 1884.

Autobiographical Sketches.

By Annie Besant.

VII.

On recovering from that prostrating physical pain, I came to a very definite decision. I resolved that, whatever might be the result, I would take each dogma of the Christian religion, and carefully and thoroughly examine it, so that I should never again say "I believe" where I had not proved. So, patiently and steadily, I set to work. Four problems chiefly at this time pressed for solution. I. The eternity of punishment after death. II. The meaning of "goodness" and "love" as applied to a God who had made this world with all its evil and its misery. III. The nature of the atonement of Christ, and the "justice" of God in accepting a vicarious suffering from Christ, and a vicarious righteousness from the sinner. IV. The meaning of "inspiration" as applied to the Bible, and the reconciliation of the perfection of the author with the blunders and the immoralities of the work.

Maurice's writings now came in for very careful study, and I read also those of Robertson, of Brighton, and of Stopford Brooke, striving to find in these some solid ground whereon I might build up a new edifice of faith. That ground, however, I failed to find; there were poetry, beauty, enthusiasm, devotion; but there was no rock on which I might take my stand. Mansel's Bampton lectures on "The Limits of Religious Thought" deepened and

intensified my doubts. His arguments seemed to make certainty impossible, and I could not suddenly turn round and believe to order, as he seemed to recommend, because proof was beyond reach. I could not, and would not, adore in God as the highest Righteousness that which in man was condemned as harsh, as cruel, and as unjust.

In the midst of this long mental struggle, a change occurred in the outward circumstances of my life. I wrote to Lord Hatherley and asked him if he could give Mr. Besant a Crown living, and he offered us first one in Northumberland, near Alnwick Castle, and then one in Lincolnshire, the village of Sibsey, with a vicarage house, and an income of £410 per annum. We decided to accept the latter.

The village was scattered over a considerable amount of ground, but the work was not heavy. The church was one of the fine edifices for which the fen country is so famous, and the vicarage was a comfortable house, with large and very beautiful gardens and paddock, and with outlying fields. The people were farmers and laborers, with a sprinkling of shopkeepers ; the only "society" was that of the neighboring clergy, Tory and prim to an appalling extent. There was here plenty of time for study, and of that time I vigorously availed myself. But no satisfactory light came to me, and the suggestions and arguments of my friend Mr. D—— failed to bring conviction to my mind. It appeared clear to me that the doctrine of Eternal Punishment was taught in the Bible, and the explanations given of the word "eternal" by men like Maurice and Stanley, did not recommend themselves to me as anything more than skilful special pleading—evasions, not clearings up, of a moral difficulty. For the problem was : Given a good God, how can he have created mankind, knowing beforehand that the vast majority of those whom he had created were to be tortured for evermore ? Given a just God, how can he punish people for being sinful, when they have inherited a sinful nature without their own choice and of necessity ? Given a righteous God, how can he allow sin to exist for ever, so that evil shall be as eternal as good, and Satan shall reign in hell, as long as Christ in Heaven ? The answer of the Broad church school was, that the word "eternal" applied only to God and to life which was one with his ; that "everlasting"

only meant "lasting for an age," and that while the punishment of the wicked might endure for ages it was purifying, not destroying, and at last all should be saved, and "God should be all in all." These explanations had (for a time) satisfied Mr. D——, and I find him writing to me in answer to a letter of mine dated March 25, 1872:

"On the subject of Eternal punishment I have now not the remotest doubt. It is impossible to handle the subject exhaustively in a letter, with a sermon to finish before night. But you *must* get hold of a few valuable books that would solve all kinds of difficulties for you. For most points read Stopford Brooke's Sermons—they are simply magnificent and are called (1) Christian modern life, (2) Freedom in the Church of England, (3) and (least helpful) 'Sermons.' Then again there is an appendix to Llewellyn Davies' 'Manifestation of the Son of God,' which treats of forgiveness in a future state as related to Christ and Bible. As to that special passage about the Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost (to which you refer), I will write you my notions on it in a future letter."

A little later, accordingly, he wrote:

"With regard to your passage of difficulty about the unpardonable sin, I would say: (1) If that sin is not to be forgiven in the world to come, it is implied that all other sins *are forgiven in the world to come.* (2) You must remember that our Lord's parables and teachings mainly concerned contemporary events and people. I mean, for instance, that in his great prophecy of *judgment* he simply was speaking of the destruction of the Jewish polity and nation. The *principles* involved apply through all time, but He did not apply them except to the Jewish nation. He was speaking then, not of 'the end of the *world*' (as is wrongly translated), but of 'the end of the *age*.' (Every age is wound up with a judgment. French Revolutions, Reformations, etc., are all ends of ages and judgments.) αἰων does not cannot, will not, and never did mean *world*, but *age*. Well, then, he has been speaking of the Jewish people. And he says that all words spoken against the Son of Man will be forgiven. But there is a blasphemy against the Holy Spirit of God—there is a confusion of good with evil, of light with darkness—which goes deeper down than this. When a nation has lost the faculty of distinguishing love from hatred, the spirit of falsehood and hypocrisy from the spirit of truth, God from the Devil—*then its doom is pronounced*—the decree is gone forth against it. As the doom of Judaism, guilty of this sin, *was then* pronounced. As the *decree against it had already gone forth. It is a national warning, not an individual one. It applies to two ages of this world, and not to two worlds.* All its teaching was primarily *national*, and is only thus to be rightly read—if not all, rather *most of it.* If you would be sure of this and understand it, see the parables, etc., explained in Maurice's 'Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven' (a commentary on S. Luke). I can only indicate briefly in a letter the line to be taken on this question.

"With regard to the ελοι, ελοι, λαμα σαββαχθανι. I don't believe that the Father even momentarily hid his face from Him. The life of sonship was unbroken. Remark: (1) It is a quotation from a Psalm. (2) It rises naturally to a suffering man's lips as expressive of agony, though not exactly framed for *his* individual *agony*. (3) The spirit of the Psalm as one of trust, and hope, and full faith, notwithstanding the 1st verse. (4) Our Lord's agony was very extreme, not merely of body but of *soul*. He spoke out of the desolation of one forsaken, not by his divine Father but by his human brothers. I have heard sick and dying men use the words of beloved Psalms in just such a manner.

"The impassibility of God (1) With regard to the Incarnation, this presents no difficulty. Christ suffered simply and entirely as man, was too truly a man not to do so. (2) With regard to the Father, the key of it is here. 'God *is* love.' He does not need suffering to train into sympathy, because his nature is sympathy. He can afford to dispense with hysterics because he sees ahead that his plan is working to the perfect result. I am not quite sure whether I have hit upon your difficulty here, as I have destroyed your last letter but one. But the 'Gospel of the Kingdom' is a wonderful 'eye-opener.'"

Worst of all the puzzles, perhaps, was that of the existence of evil and of misery, and the racking doubt whether God *could* be good, and yet look on the evil and the misery of the world unmoved and untouched. It seemed so impossible to believe that a Creator could be either cruel enough to be indifferent to the misery, or weak enough to be unable to stop it: the old dilemma faced me unceasingly. "If he can prevent it, and does not, he is not good; if he wishes to prevent it, and cannot, he is not almighty;" and out of this I could find no way of escape. Not yet had any doubt of the existence of God crossed my mind.

In August, 1872, Mr. D—— tried to meet this difficulty; he wrote:

"With regard to the impassibility of God, I think there is a stone wrong among your foundations which causes your difficulty. Another wrong stone is, I think, your view of the nature of the *sin* and *error* which is supposed to grieve God. I take it that sin is an absolutely necessary factor in the production of the perfect man. It was foreseen and allowed as a means to an end—as in fact an *education*.

"The view of all the sin and misery in the world cannot grieve God, any more than it can grieve you to see Digby fail in his first attempt to build a card-castle or a rabbit-hutch. All is part of the training. God looks at the ideal man to which all tends. The popular idea of the fall is to me a very absurd one. There was never an ideal state in the past, but there will be in the future. The Genesis allegory simply typifies the first

awakening of consciousness of good and evil—of two *wills* in a mind hitherto only animal-psychic.

"Well then—there being no occasion for grief in watching the progress of his own perfect and unfailing plans—your difficulty in God's impassibility vanishes. Christ, *quâ* God, was, of course, impassible too. It seems to me that your position implies that God's 'designs' have partially (at least) failed, and hence the grief of perfect benevolence. Now I stoutly deny that any jot or tittle of God's plans can fail. I believe in the ordering of all for the best. I think that the pain consequent on broken law is only an inevitable necessity, over which we shall some day rejoice.

"The indifference shown to God's love cannot pain Him. Why? because it is simply a sign of defectiveness in the creature which the ages will rectify. The being who is indifferent is not yet educated up to the point of love. But he *will be.* The pure and holy suffering of Christ was (pardon me) *wholly* the consequence of his human nature. True it was because of the *perfection* of his humanity. But his Divinity had nothing to do with it. It was his *human heart* that broke. It was because he entered a world of broken laws and of incomplete education that he became involved in suffering with the rest of his race. . . . .

"No, Mrs. Besant; I never feel at all inclined to give up the search, or to suppose that the other side may be right. I claim no merit for it, but I have an invincible faith in the morality of God and the moral order of the world. I have no more doubt about the falsehood of the popular theology than I have about the unreality of six robbers who attacked me three nights ago in a horrid dream. I exult and rejoice in the grandeur and freedom of the little bit of truth it has been given me to see. I am told that 'Present-day Papers,' by Bishop Ewing (edited) are a wonderful help, many of them, to puzzled people—I mean to get them. But I am sure you will find that the truth will (even so little as we may be able to find out) grow on you, make you free, light your path, and dispel, at no distant time, your *painful* difficulties and doubts. I should say on no account give up your reading. I think with you that you could not do without it. It will be a wonderful source of help and peace to you. For there are struggles far more fearful than those of intellectual doubt. I am keenly alive to the gathered-up sadness of which your last two pages are an expression. I was sorrier than I can say to read them. They reminded me of a long and very dark time in my own life, when I thought the light never would come. Thank God it came, or I think I could not have held out much longer. But you have evidently strength to bear it now. The more dangerous time, I should fancy, has passed. You will have to mind that the fermentation leaves clear spiritual wine, and not (as too often) vinegar.

"I wish I could write something more helpful to you in this great matter. But as I sit in front of my large bay window, and see the shadows on the grass and the sunlight on the leaves, and the soft glimmer of the

rosebuds left by the storms, I cannot but believe that all will be very well. 'Trust in the Lord; wait patiently for him'—they are trite words. But he made the grass, the leaves, the rosebuds, and the sunshine, and he is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And now the trite words have swelled into a mighty argument."

Despite reading and argument, my scepticism grew only deeper and deeper. The study of W. R. Greg's "Creed of Christendom,' of Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" helped to widen the mental horizon, while making a return to the old faith more and more impossible. The church services were a weekly torture, but feeling as I did that I was only a doubter, I spoke to none of my doubts. It was possible, I felt, that all my difficulties might be cleared up, and I had no right to shake the faith of others while in uncertainty myself. Others had doubted and had afterwards believed; for the doubter silence was a duty; the blinded had better keep their misery to themselves. I found some practical relief in parish work of a non-doctrinal kind, in nursing the sick, in trying to brighten a little the lot of the poor of the village. But here, again, I was out of sympathy with most of those around me. The movement among the agricultural laborers, due to the energy and devotion of Joseph Arch, was beginning to be talked of in the fens, and bitter were the comments of the farmers on it, while I sympathised with the other side. One typical case, which happened some months later, may stand as example of all. There was a young man, married, with two young children, who was wicked enough to go into a neighboring county to a "Union Meeting," and who was, further, wicked enough to talk about it when he returned. He became a marked man; no farmer would employ him. He tramped about vainly, looking for work, grew reckless, and took to drink. Visiting his cottage one day I found his wife ill, a dead child in the bed, a sick child in her arms; yes, she "was pining; there was no work to be had." "Why did she leave the dead child on the bed? because there was no other place to put it." The cottage consisted of one room and a "lean-to," and husband and wife, the child dead of fever and the younger child sickening with it, were all obliged to lie on the one bed. In another cottage I found four generations sleeping in one room, the great-grandfather and his wife, the grandmother (unmarried), the mother (unmarried), and

the little child, while three men-lodgers completed the tale of eight human beings crowded into that narrow, ill-ventilated garret. Other cottages were hovels, through the broken roofs of which poured the rain, and wherein rheumatism and ague lived with the dwellers. How could I do aught but sympathise with any combination that aimed at the raising of these poor? But to sympathise with Joseph Arch was a crime in the eyes of the farmers, who knew that his agitation meant an increased drain on their pockets. For it never struck them that, if they paid less in rent to the absent landlord, they might pay more in wage to the laborers who helped to make their wealth, and they had only civil words for the burden that crushed them, and harsh ones for the builders-up of their ricks and the mowers of their harvests. They made common cause with their enemy, instead of with their friend, and instead of leaguing themselves with the laborers, as forming together the true agricultural interest, they leagued themselves with the landlords against the laborers, and so made fratricidal strife instead of easy victory over the common foe.

In the summer and autumn of 1872 I was a good deal in London with my mother. My health had much broken down, and after a severe attack of congestion of the lungs, my recovery was very slow. One Sunday in London, I wandered into St. George's Hall, in which Mr. Charles Voysey was preaching, and there I bought some of his sermons. To my delight I found that some one else had passed through the same difficulties as I about hell and the Bible and the atonement and the character of God, and had given up all these old dogmas, while still clinging to belief in God. I went to St. George's Hall again on the following Sunday, and in the little ante-room, after the service, I found myself in a stream of people, who were passing by Mr. and Mrs. Voysey, some evidently known to him, some strangers, many of the latter thanking him for his morning's work. As I passed in my turn I said: "I must thank you for very great help in what you have said this morning," for indeed the possibility opened of a God who was really "loving unto every man," and in whose care each was safe for ever, had come like a gleam of light across the stormy sea of doubt and distress on which I had been tossing for nearly twelve months. On the following Sunday, I saw them again, and was cordially invited down to their Dulwich home,

where they gave welcome to all in doubt. I soon found that the Theism they professed was free from the defects which revolted me in Christianity. It left me God as a Supreme Goodness, while rejecting all the barbarous dogmas of the Christian faith. I now read Theodore Parker's "Discourse on Religion," Francis Newman's "Hebrew Monarchy," and other works, many of the essays of Miss Frances Power Cobbe and of other Theistic writers, and I no longer believed in the old dogmas and hated while I believed ; I no longer doubted whether they were true or not ; I shook them off, once for all, with all their pain, and horror, and darkness, and felt, with relief and joy inexpressible, that they were all but the dreams of ignorant and semi-savage minds, not the revelation of a God. The last remnant of Christianity followed swiftly these cast-off creeds, though in parting with this, one last pang was felt. It was the doctrine of the Deity of Christ. The whole teaching of the Broad Church School tends, of course, to emphasise the humanity at the expense of the Deity of Christ, and when the eternal punishment and the substitutionary atonement had vanished, there seemed to be no sufficient reason left for so stupendous a miracle as the incarnation of the Deity. I saw that the idea of incarnation was common to all Eastern creeds, not peculiar to Christianity ; the doctrine of the unity of God repelled the doctrine of the incarnation of a portion of the Godhead. But the doctrine was dear from association ; there was something at once soothing and ennobling in the idea of a union between Man and God, between a perfect man and divine supremacy, between a human heart and an almighty strength. Jesus as God was interwoven with all art, with all beauty in religion ; to break with the Deity of Jesus was to break with music, with painting, with literature ; the Divine Child in his mother's arms, the Divine Man in his Passion and in his triumph, the human friend encircled with the majesty of the Godhead—did inexorable Truth demand that this ideal figure, with all its pathos, its beauty, its human love, should pass into the Pantheon of the Dead Gods of the Past ?

(To be continued.)

Socialism.

IN REPLY TO MR. J. L. JOYNES.

MR. JOYNES is so kindly in his intent and its expression, and I believe so thoroughly earnest and well meaning, that I hope in my brief reply to keep within the same lines of good feeling, and in correcting matters which seem to me of inaccuracy, trust to do with courtesy similar to that he manifests. Mr. Joynes regrets my "present attitude" on this question, but if by "present" he means changed or new attitude then he is wrong; it has, rightly or wrongly, been my lifelong attitude. I have never been, I have never professed to be, a Socialist, although many of the old English and Scotch Socialists have been amongst my friends and helpers. I have always, I hope, spoken of brave Socialists like Robert Owen with respect and admiration for their devotedness. I have tried to honor them for the good they have effected. If I find persons who were a few days ago Tories and Jingoes, to-day, under cover of Socialism, seeking to lead the people into mischief and violence, I cannot and will not manifest for such the same respect.

Mr. Joynes is grieved that I

"should attempt to daunt the band of thinkers and workers who have taken up the defence of the rights of the producers of wealth against the arrogant claims of the privileged class which consumes without producing, and that he should do this by marshalling the figures which prove that our opponents are numerous and our enterprise correspondingly difficult, this is in our eyes a deplorable thing indeed."

But in this passage there are many assumptions, none of which seem to me well-founded. I do not attempt to daunt those who defend the producers of wealth. On the contrary, I claim that those who produce by labor may hold and enjoy as their own the fair proportion of the wealth they produce, while conceding to the capitalist fair encouragement to assist labor in wealth producing. Nor is it true that the figures I arrayed were those of the numerous opponents of the wealth producers. I confined myself to arraying the armies of "producers of wealth." And in any case ought not the thinkers and workers to be well satisfied that the real difficulty of an enterprise should be fully put before

those who are undertaking it? The truest friend to the wealth producers must be surely he who states the difficulties in realising any scheme put forward for their adoption. Mr. Joynes speaks as if he and his fellow-workers were the first "who have taken up the defence of the rights of the producers of wealth," etc. But I have been doing this all my public life through, and it is a little absurd to represent me as against the workers, merely because I do not echo inapplicable German Shibboleths, which happen for the moment to be the fashion with Mr. Joynes' friends.

Many of Mr. Joynes' remarks are perfectly true, but are also perfectly beside the question; *e.g.*, he asks: "What scope for individuality is left to the farm laborer who plods wearily at the plough-tail all day long?" Not much, as I have more than once pointed out in dealing with the condition of the agricultural laborer, but then are there to be ploughmen in the "agricultural armies" organised and controlled by Mr. Joynes and his friends? and if yes, what will be the difference in their social condition? and how will it be brought about? In Mr. Joynes' reference to railways, he seems to regard dividend as produced only by labor, but surely the necessary capital for the conduct of the line, rolling stock, permanent way and its maintenance must figure for something in the dividend earning. I think "pointsmen and porters" are very often badly paid and overworked, and I would like to shorten their hours of labor and improve their salaries, but it is a far cry from this to the confiscation of railways for the benefit of those who are not even "pointsmen or porters." Nor do I see that the direction of railways under a Socialistic State would secure to the railway employés any certain advantage over their present lot. These are details, it is true, but they are such details as must be dealt with.

Mr. Joynes, though he does not justify or explain the Socialist allegation quoted by me as to the explosives arrayed against capitalism in this country, endorses my strong condemnation of those who are so criminally mad as to allude to explosives as possible working class weapons, but I obtained no such explicit endorsement from Mr. Hyndman in the St. James's Hall debate, though I read there other words from Mr. Hyndman himself relating to force as an argument; and it is unfortunately beyond

contradiction that Mr. Hyndman, and others of the Democratic Federation, have recently on more than one occasion used language in reference to violence and explosives so outrageous or so vague and misleading as to encourage ignorant persons in this very criminal madness. One of those employed as stewards by the Democratic Federation at the St. James's Hall debate actually stated after one of my lectures at the Hall of Science that it would be necessary to hang all the *bourgeoisie* to secure a good working state of society. And in the organ of the Democratic Federation of May 31st it is actually reported, not only without rebuke, but as a matter of pride, that one Socialist, in opposing Professor Beesley, declared in public meeting, and was applauded by the Socialists for so declaring, that "a nine-foot drop" from the gallows was a better argument against the capitalist than any moral force reasoning. This is language which Mr. Joynes would certainly rebuke, but it is only the acute result of the mischievous suggestiveness I denounce. Mr. Joynes complains that I keep clear of "the question of surplus value," but that is hardly exact. I am sure that in some trades labor gets an insufficient proportion of the additional value it gives to raw material. I believe that this is generally true in most kinds of labor, but, instead of trying to cure this by Socialism, I support trades unions, co-operative societies,[1] distributive and productive, as means of increasing the nominal wage, reduction of national and local expenditure, fairer apportionment of the incidence of taxation, cumulative taxes on inherited large accumulations of real or personal property, and similar palliative and temporary expedients as aids to increase the purchasing power, including such radical land law reform as was stated in detail in the St. James's Hall programme of February 1880. For permanent improvement of the condition of the laborer I look to the prudential measures consequent on a proper appreciation of the law of population.

[1] And besides the figures given by me in my debate with Mr. Hyndman, it is well to note that in 1879–80 there were 957 co-operative societies with 504,117 members, with sales for the year £17,816,037, stock in trade £2,486,704, working capital £5,374,179, and dividing annual profit £1,565,497; and that in 1882 the Wholesale Co-operative Society in Manchester alone had sales amounting to £3,574,695, whilst the sales of the Scotch Wholesale were £986,646. No mean illustration of facilitation of distribution.

Mr. Joynes, in answer to my doubt of the accuracy of "the statement that less than one and a half hours' work per day might enable all to live in comfort," refers me generally to something attributed to Mr. William Hoyle. I have read many of the publications of that earnest and veteran temperance reformer, whom I understand to argue that if the working man did not spend such a very large amount in intoxicating drinks—which, Mr. Hoyle contends, are not only useless in themselves, but involve other wasteful expenditure—then he could win subsistence by comparatively few hours' toil ; but this is not all the position taken by Mr Joynes and his Socialist friends.

Mr. Joynes says, quite accurately, that he has heard me "maintain the rights of those who labor against those who 'leech.'" It is for this reason that I am antagonistic to Socialism. I maintain the right of the thrifty laborer to his savings, of the industrious laborer to his home, acquired through the building society, of the co-operative laborer to his "divy." And I maintain it against those who "leech," whether they are lazy and rich, or lazy and penniless. I want to encourage the industrious worker to habits of thrift, with the certainty of protection in the reasonable enjoyment of the fruits of his industry.

When Mr. Joynes writes that he "learns with astonishment and regret that the divine right of property in other people's labor" is a doctrine held or defended by me, I can only add my astonishment and regret that he should have learned that which I have never taught. There is not, so far as I am aware, the slightest excuse for attributing to me any such opinion.

I am consoled at the end of Mr. Joynes' paper, by learning that his Socialism is unstable. He does not, nor do his friends, propose, he says, to attack private property. They do propose to take away the amounts invested in Friendly Societies, by more than two millions of working men ; they do propose to confiscate the co-operative society shares, and the Savings' Bank accumulations of some millions of men, women and children ; they do propose to take the houses and lands acquired in small lots in building societies, by several hundreds of thousands of artisans ; but they do not propose to abolish private property. As to the line where private property in some things will end, and where

the collective ownership by the people of the country of all things will begin, Mr Joynes is strangely silent.

With reference to Socialism and private property, Mr. Joynes says : " We attack only that private property for a few thousand loiterers and slavedrivers." But under the head of such loiterers and slavedrivers, he includes " the capitalist class, the factory owners, the farmers, the bankers, the brokers, the shopkeepers, and their hangers on the landlords." I must again trouble Mr. Joynes with statistics to test his " few thousands," availing myself of the last Census returns.

In England and Wales the professional classes numbered 645,075; in Scotland, 72,911 ; and in Ireland, 198,684. Those engaged in commerce in England, 316,865 ; in Scotland, 132,126 ; and in Ireland, 59,663. Farmers and graziers in England, 249,907 ; in Scotland, 40,973 ; I omit them in Ireland. Omitting all enumeration of the shopkeepers amongst the industrial classes, there are in England 182,282 males of no occupation, aged between 20 and 65 ; in Scotland 39,241 ; in Ireland, 47,410.

Is it not very misleading to speak of these 1,985,137 as a few thousand ?

Mr. Joynes and his friends claim to speak for the workers, but whence do they get the right ? In the trades unions the workers speak for themselves. In their friendly society meetings they can be heard. In the co-operative congresses the workers are by no means dumb. In the huge gatherings of the people whom I have met week by week for the past thirty years I have found many able to speak, but none of these use the language of Socialism. Joseph Arch and his agricultural laborers I know. William Crawford and his army of Durham miners I know. Thomas Burt and his sturdy Northumberland men I know. The cotton and woollen spinners and weavers of Lancashire and Yorkshire—these I know. These have all done something to better their own condition since 1848 ; the improvement is marked since 1860. But I do not know those who with slang words of proletariat and *bourgeoisie* try to graft foreign mischief on to our English labor struggle. Let those of the Democratic Federation who mock at trades unions go to Toyn and his Cleveland men—to Pickard and his Yorkshire men—to Abraham and his men of the Rhondda Valley, and then let them stand in

North Road, Durham, while the banners are carried past the statue of the pit lad, who, whatever his faults, was to the last true to the men who called him chief. English working men will help themselves—will redress the many existing evils—by honest, legal, sturdy, individual, self-reliant effort, gradually and surely reforming. CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

Alexander Kourbanoff; or, on Foot through Siberia.

(Concluded from page 346.)

III.

"TWO years I passed in fruitless endeavor to make a temporary resting place where I could regain health and strength for the perilous escape I had resolved upon. Sometimes I tended the cows, sheep, and horses of the Yakutts, sometimes I helped in felling trees, and in return they gave me food. The Yakutts are a mild, kindly disposed people, the cows they keep for milk and the horses for food. Their huts are square in shape, sunk below the ground, with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape. Like most other of the wild Siberian tribes, they are clothed in reindeer skins from head to foot, I came in contact with a few European settlers, but they looked at me distrustfully. The people whom I met very frequently, and who were ever willing to let me share a meal with them, were the Tungooses. The Tungooses are a nomadic race, scattered over a very large part of Siberia; they are found more especially, perhaps, to the east of the river Lena, right away to the Okhotsk Sea. They are divided into three main tribes, and are called, not from places they inhabit, for they are always wandering from place to place, but from the animals which they use for transport. They are known as the Reindeer, the Dog, and the Horse Tungooses. They live in huts made of a few poles placed together in the form of a cone; they are very shy, and when they see any stranger approaching they fly at once into their huts. When on their travels, the tents are folded up and carried upon the back. The Tungooses are a little people, standing only about 4 ft. 10 in. in height, and men and women dress so exactly alike in tightfitting reindeer or bear skin, that they are almost indistinguishable from one another. Their religion is mostly Shamânism, but there are a few Christians amongst them. They live by fishing and hunting, and are at once bold and skilful hunters. Indeed their plan of bear hunting requires both skill and boldness; having roused a bear they await his onset alone, armed merely with a keen long-handled knife. As the bear approaches, they set the handle of the knife firmly

against the chest, with the body bent slightly forward, the bear raises his burly form to give his victim his death embrace, and the knife pierces his body quickly and cleanly. The Russian Government encourage the Tungooses in bear hunting, and since 1858 have given guns. shot, and powder to any amongst the tribes or settlers who will hunt the bear, and, in addition, they offer a reward for every bear's skin.

"Well, Fräulein, I wandered about this district for nearly two years, and at the end I was no better off than at the beginning, except that I had grown hardy and strong. Although, thinking of it now, it seems almost impossible that anyone could survive the privations and changes of temperature—in mid-winter everything was frozen, now and again the temperature would fall to 56° below zero, whilst some days in midsummer would give us the burning heat of the torrid zone.[1] But aided by friendly tribes I not only survived but grew accustomed now to freeze, now to burn ; now to have plenty and now to starve. And this it was, I think, that enabled me to succeed in my escape.

"A favorable opportunity presented itself, and in the early summer time I began my journey. Such a long, long journey, Fräulein ! Had I completely realised its apparent never-endingness, its difficulties and dangers, I think my heart must have failed me and my attempt never been made.

"I followed the course of the Amga to where it meets the Aldan, and then warily followed the Aldan till I came to its junction with the Lena, about 100 miles north of Yakutsk. I crossed the Lena and went southwards, towards Yakutsk, but carefully skirted the town itself, lest I should be stopped by the Russian authorities. I had made up my mind not to cross the Urals if I could help it. I would get away from Russian territory as soon as I could, for it seemed to me that in crossing the Urals into Russia, I should only be giving myself into the hands of the Government who would then sentence me to a much harsher sentence than before. No, I would not cross the Urals, although that is reckoned about the only way into and out of Siberia.

"Should I go south, and try to cross the Altai mountains, into Chinese territory ? But no, the Altai are almost impassable and moreover they are frequented by tigers. I had no fancy to wage a hand to hand conflict with a tiger. At least I thought I would go south-west, going north or east could not help me at all. I made my way through the extensive forests of fir and birch that lie between the Lena and the Angara, passing rather too near for my peace of mind to some large slate works, worked by prisoners only.

"The Fräulein can hardly realise the difficulties of this journey through almost untrodden forests. For eight days I was without other food than grass, herbs and wild fruit. I walked generally by night and slept in the trees during the day. I chose the trees

[1] I see that in the temperature tables the mean winter temperature of the town of Yakutsk is put at 36°·37, the mean summer, 61°·72.—H. B.

for my resting place, because there I felt more secure from the attacks of the bears, of which there were great numbers in the forests. But I am not going to abuse the bear, for although I hardly dared sleep for fear of him, yet I found him a useful animal; more than once he provided me with a meal. I would track the bear into the thickest part of the wood, for I was not long in becoming familiar with the habits and customs of this lord of the forest. I found that when a bear had captured his prey, he would drag it round and round, clearing the ground all about; then having satisfied his hunger, he would bury the carcase of his partially devoured victim in the centre of his charmed circle, thus making a provision for a "rainy day." Alas poor bear! how perplexed he must have felt, when he came back for another choice morsel to find his prey gone, and that he in turn had been preyed upon. However, I never stayed there to observe the bear's emotions; when the bear had retired I carefully unburied what he had so carefully buried, and was only too glad to get to a safe place with my booty, so that I might share the bear's meal. As I have already hinted, my liking for bears was considerably tempered with fear, for they manifested a most pertinacious desire to make my closer acquaintance, and I could only keep them away by fire, materials for making which I took the precaution never to be without, whatever else I might lack. The wolves also were very troublesome; I met them often in large packs, but a little fire soon put them also to flight.

"I was much troubled about finding my way in the night at first, but a little experience speedily taught me that in the trees I should find a safe guide. An examination of the trunks of the trees showed me that on the south side the bark was smooth, whilst on the north the bark was rough. No; I cannot explain to the Fräulein how this difference was caused. I can only repeat that it was so, and in consequence I made my way towards the Angara with little difficulty.

"Having reached the swift-flowing Angara, I crossed over to Bratsk. I had now to be very careful as to the direction I took, for a little too much south-east and I should come upon Irkutsk, and my recollections of the Irkutsk prison hospital were not sufficiently inviting to make me anxious to get too near this head-quarters of Russian authority in Siberia. A little too much south-west, and I should fall into the track generally followed from Krasnojarsk to Irkutsk. So I again plunged into a dense forest, and wandered on until I came to a little village, built on one of those madly rushing, turbulent little rivers which join with the Angara, after it has helped to swell the waters of the Holy Sea (Lake Baikal), and is hurrying on to join the Yenesei.

"By the time I reached this little settlement my strength entirely failed me. I had felt myself growing weaker and weaker every day, and now at length I was quite worn out and prostrate. I stayed several weeks in this village in order to regain my strength, and did all sorts of odd jobs for the people in return for

food and shelter. My principal work was wood-felling, and I felled trees on my own behalf, as well as for my hosts. In a few weeks I managed to put together a large raft, and launching my vessel on this mad little river, went northwards to join the Angara, and on to its junction with the Yenesei. I made this journey in a very short time, but it is not a journey I would recommend to pleasure-seekers, for the river is exceedingly swift, and broken up by countless waterfalls. I found no lack of excitement ; I had no fear of monotony, unless, indeed, it might be the monotony of ceaseless peril. My raft was about eighteen feet long, and in shooting the falls at least three parts of the raft were submerged and I myself was blinded and drenched with the heavy spray. I was fairly well off for food on this passage, for the rivers swarm with fish. The tribes set baskets to catch the fish, and many a one I emptied and set again, to be quickly re-filled for its rightful owners. I went along the Yenesei to within a few miles of Yeneseisk. Here I abandoned my raft and the river, and took to journeying on foot again.

"At Yeneseisk I fell in with a man who, too, was making his way into Europe. We asked each other no awkward questions ; we accepted it as quite a matter of course that people should take a little walk of a few thousand miles across Siberia, and were glad of each other's company. From Yeneseisk we went to Berilous, a village on the Chelim. Our way had lain through wild forests, and we were constantly pursued by wolves. It was only by keeping perpetual watch, and at night blazing fires, that we managed to escape an attack. They circled round us in huge packs, and had we once been short of the means of making a fire, we must have fallen an easy prey to the cowardly brutes, who, in the security of their countless numbers, were eternally watching us with their greedy eyes. At the Chelim we stayed awhile to make another raft, but only went on it as far as Troitsk. Between Berilous and Troitsk we saw a great number of bears ; we often passed whole families of them disporting themselves on the river-side. It was a most curious sight to see them rolling and tumbling in play. Again we took to the forest, and walked south-west to Tomsk. From Tomsk we traversed the Steppe of Barabinsk, making our way, still south-west, over Kainsk to Omsk. It took me two months to get from Tomsk to Omsk, and before I got to the latter town I lost my companion. He preferred to try to make his way over the Urals back into Russia, rather than to attempt the circuitous route that I had planned for getting back into Europe, by leaving Russian territory as soon as possible, and ever after avoiding it.

"In pursuance of this plan, I walked on for a month or more, until I came to Simpolatinsk, and then south-west through Tartary, leaving the Aral Sea on my right, and then through Bokhara north-west to Khiva. This took me more than four months to accomplish, and was accompanied by almost insurmountable difficulties. Not the least of my troubles was that I

was now utterly without clothes ; those that I had at starting had worn away and dropped off me bit by bit. I was often entirely without, and always short of food, and of course I was always exposed to the weather both by day and by night. If I had left bears and wolves behind me in the colder regions, here I was tormented on every side by hyænas and serpents. Once or twice I had the good fortune to meet with a caravan, and they gave me food and milk. From Khiva I went to within a few miles of Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian Sea. There was a steamboat service from Krasnovodsk across the Caspian, but I could not avail myself of it, because the landing-place on the other side was on Russian territory. So I thought I would make my way on foot round the Caspian, and with that idea walked on through Astrabad to Teheran.

"A few miles from Teheran I met with some Europeans for the first time since I had left the Amga; (how long ago it seemed !) they were Englishmen employed at a Reuter's telegraph station on the line connecting Teheran and Calcutta. Fräulein, when these men first saw me they were alarmed, they took me for a wild beast; and indeed I must have looked more like a wild animal than a human being. I had been so long exposed to all weathers without clothing that my body had become covered with a growth of hair like an animal, and like a starved animal too, I had become covered with dirt and vermin. When these Englishmen found that beneath this mask there was really a naked, footsore, starving man, they took me with them, bathed me, shaved me, clothed me and fed me. I shall never forget these men, Fräulein, or what they did for me, nor shall I soon forget my own sensations. My skin clean, my stomach full, my body clothed, I no longer felt a desolate, destitute, despairing outcast, but once again I felt full of determination. I was now free, I had escaped from Russia's iron grip, I had survived her prisons, I had evaded her gaolers. The remainder of my task was surely small to that part which I had already accomplished. All that was left for me to do was to get into Austria or Germany, get work and send for my dear wife and children. My thoughts no longer turned to revenge, I wanted to spend my days in peace so that I might forget my sufferings. As my heart swelled with thoughts of the near meeting of wife and little ones, of home and peace, I could have wept, but that I had no tears.

"The Englishmen arranged with a caravan to take me to Tabriz, which was as far as it went in my direction. From Tabriz I walked with a new vigor, born of my late treatment, past Erzeroum, at the foot of the Caucasus, to Trebizond, on the Black Sea. I followed the southern coast of the Black Sea to Scutari. Before crossing from Scutari to Constantinople, I shaved my head for my greater protection. The Turks do not always look upon Christians with favor, and I had heard stories about the way that religious Turkish fanatics maltreat and murder Christians. I had

managed to escape bears, wolves, hyenas, and serpents, and I thought that it would be a pity if at this stage of my journey I fell a victim to religious fervor. I walked from Constantinople north to Varna, on the west coast of the Black Sea, and then followed the coast-line until I came to Sulina, one of the mouths of the Danube.

"At Sulina I got taken on board a Dutch trading vessel, and worked my way to the fortress of Galatz. Then I changed into a freight vessel, and went up the Danube to Belgrade, and thence to Semlin. From Semlin I walked across country to Pesth. I begged my way as I went, and it took me about three weeks to walk. At Pesth I met with a Polish student, who had a relation exiled to Siberia for a political offence. He shared his lodgings with me, and helped me to communicate with my wife, so that I might have the joy of letting her know that I was alive and free. She wrote me back immediately. I can hardly tell with what delight I received that letter; the first word I had had from my wife for so many years, it seemed to make me realise my freedom. With her letter my wife sent me all the money she had by her—thirty-six roubles—and this enabled me to go by rail to Vienna. At Vienna I earned a little money, and went by train thence to Salzburg, for I had decided to get into Germany. While I was at Pesth I found that it would be most unadvisable to think of staying in Austria.

"At Salzburg I was arrested because I had not complied with the police regulations, and entered my name in the book which every hostelry is obliged to keep. I was kept in prison for some time whilst the police communicated with the proper authorities. The only discovery that was made about me was that I was a Russian, and at last the Austrian Government ordered that the police should escort me over the frontier. Once out of the hands of the police, I felt it a good joke that I had made part of my planned journey at the expense of the Austrian Government.

"I was now in German territory, and made my way on foot to Munich. At Munich the Socialistic Society helped me to Nuremberg, and again from there to Mannheim. At Mannheim I was arrested on suspicion, and kept in confinement for eleven weeks. While I was in Germany I was arrested three times for not having a passport; my only chance of escaping arrest was to avoid towns and sleep in the open air. I went to Frankfort, thinking to stay there—but having no passport I was obliged to move on. From Frankfort I went, by way of Mäinz, to Cologne; in each town finding sympathisers. Unable to stay in Germany because I had no papers, I was advised to go to Brussels, and letters of recommendation were given me to prominent men in the Socialist movement there. At Brussels I was told: 'It is no use trying to stay here, the police will not let you stay without papers. Go to England, you won't require any passport there. Go to Mr. Bradlaugh, he will help you.' At Brussels they gave me food, clothes, letters of recommendation to Mr. Bradlaugh, and sufficient money

for my journey to England. That, Fräulein, is the reason why I am here."

We were all considerably moved at hearing Kourbanoff's narrative; and after Mr. Bradlaugh had examined into the matter, and satisfied himself as to Kourbanoff's veracity, he decided that it would be better to send our Russian refugee to Baltimore, since he had friends there, and seemed so certain of doing well. At the Hall of Science and at Milton Hall friends eagerly subscribed sufficient money not only to pay the passage to Baltimore, but to buy Kourbanoff one or two needful things. My Russian friend took him to have his photograph taken, because in telling us of the likeness of his son that his wife had sent him to Germany, he had said that he only wished that he could send her and the little ones his picture in return, so that they could see he had not much altered.

Kourbanoff seemed very grateful to Mr. Bradlaugh for all that he was doing for him, and said he would like to try and repay it some day soon.

Mr. Bradlaugh turned to him gravely, saying: "The way that you can best repay any service I and my friends have been to you, will be by remembering it, and by aiding in your turn the next time you meet with a man in distress."

Kourbanoff stayed with one of our German friends in London for the week which elapsed before the sailing of the next vessel for Baltimore. We saw him off to Liverpool, where he was met by a German-speaking Liverpool friend, who in turn saw him on board the Baltimore-bound steamship.

For my part, when Kourbanoff had gone, I reflected. I had read an article in the *Contemporary* "Through Siberia" and some remarks quoted from Mr. Herbert Barry's "Russia in 1870" and after reading these I had almost concluded that it was rather nice than otherwise to be a political prisoner in Siberia. Listening to Kourbanoff, and since then reading other works upon Russia and Siberia, I am disillusioned. HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

In Upper Sherringham Churchyard, Norfolk, the following epitaph exists on the tomb of John Bayfield, who was unfortunately drowned on November 11th, 1807:—

On the eleventh of November seven boats their lines did lay;
The winds did blow so hard, they could no longer stay;
But we did cut and run, and that you all did find,
And five boats got safe on shore, and two were left behind.

Then, as we did draw near the shore,
Hoping to see our homes once more;
But God was pleased, and did me call,
I hope, to heaven, amongst them all.

A loving Husband and a tender Father dear
Has bid his friends adieu, no longer to stay here.
When the seven men were lost, news flew from town to town,
Our widows and fatherless, unknown friends they found.

"Progress and Poverty":

A Review of the Theories and Proposals of Mr. Henry George.

IV.—Wages and Interest.

Mr. George is either not satisfied or unacquainted with the explanation of wages which we have given. He complains that, while Mr. W. T. Thornton "denies the existence of a predetermined wage fund, consisting of a portion of capital set apart for the purchase of labor, he yet holds (which is the essential thing) that wages are drawn from capital, and that increase or decrease of capital is increase or decrease of the fund available for the payment of wages. The most vital attack upon the wage fund doctrine, of which I know, is that of Professor Francis A. Walker ('The Wages Question:' New York, 1876), yet he admits that wages are in large part advanced from capital—which, so far as it goes, is all that the staunchest supporter of the wage fund theory could claim—while he fully accepts the Malthusian theory. Thus his practical conclusions in nowise differ from those reached by expounders of the current theory."[1] Now it may be answered to this that it is safe for Mr. George to say that the statement that "wages are in large part advanced from capital" is "*so far as it goes . . . all* that the staunchest supporters of the wage fund theory could claim," for the simple reason that it goes no way at all. And, not only is this so, but while Mr. Walker's doctrine is correct, the wage-fund theory as enunciated by Mill can be saved from absurdity only by being interpreted as a verbal proposition.[2]

Mr. George takes up much of his time and that of his readers in proving, not that Mr. Walker is wrong, but a proposition which Mr. Walker would certainly not deny—that wages, in the wide sense, are sometimes not drawn from capital. This is altogether irrelevant. A particular affirmative is not disposed of by the establishment of a particular negative. That some swans are black does not conflict with the fact that a large number are white; nor is the fact that the remuneration of labor is sometimes directly derived from its products at all out of harmony with the fact that "the maintenance and payment of labor"[3] is, in a large number of cases, derived directly from capital, the capitalist being (generally) remunerated for his advances from the results of the labor he has purchased. We may, therefore, pass over such parts of Mr. George's arguments as are directed to refuting assertions which nobody has made. To the careless reader this sparring at the atmosphere may seem very valorous and effective work. To those who note what it is Mr. George has undertaken to prove,

[1] "Progress and Poverty," p. 11.
[2] Cairnes' "Leading Principles of Political Economy," pp. 186-
[3] "Progress and Poverty," p. 16.

these desperate lunges at rhetorical dummies, which are put up for the purpose of being knocked down, are very tiresome.

I cannot, however, go quite so far as Mr. George supposes[1] in passing over his reasonings. On page 36 of "Progress and Poverty" he says: "On American whaling ships the custom is not to pay fixed wages, but a 'lay,' or proportion of the catch, which varies from a sixteenth to a twelfth to the captain down to a three-hundredth to the cabin-boy. Thus, when a whaleship comes into New Bedford or San Francisco after a successful cruise, she carries in her hold the wages of her crew, as well as the profits of her owners, and an equivalent which will reimburse them for all the stores used up during the voyage. Can anything be clearer than that these wages—this oil and bone which the crew of the whaler have taken—have not been drawn from capital, but are really a part of the produce of their labor? Nor is this fact changed or obscured in the slightest degree where, as a matter of convenience, instead of dividing up between the crew their proportion of the oil and bone, the value of each man's share is estimated at the market price, and he is paid for it in money. The money is but the equivalent of the real wages, the oil and bone. In no way is there any advance of capital in this payment. The obligation to pay wages does not accrue until the value from which they are to be paid is brought into port. At the moment when the owner takes from his capital money to pay the crew he adds to his capital oil and bone." We are not told how the crew are kept during the voyage, and it is tolerably safe to assume that this is done at the owners' expense, and that it is constituted part of the real wages of the seamen. This, then, is clearly an advance of capital for the payment of wages. But even with regard to the remainder, the character of the transaction is fundamentally the same. The oil and bone are really not available for payment to anybody except by the purchase of them by some capitalist. If the sailors waited till the produce of their toil had passed through its several stages of manufacture, and had found its way into the consumers' hands, Mr. George's contention would be true with regard to it; but they do not. On its arrival "each man's share is estimated at the market price, and he is paid for it in money," which he can at once exchange for the articles of his consumption. Were there no capitalist this could not be done. The issue is easily decided by a hypothetical case. Let us suppose that on the arrival of the ship at port, there were any number of persons possessed of wealth of all sorts, but none willing to invest it as capital. Under these circumstances, unless the men could rapidly turn their cargo into a shape fit for direct consumption, they might starve. It may be that the capital which they get in exchange for their share of the whalebone and oil is not that of their employer; but that does not matter. The point is that

[1] See his words "So far there can be no dispute," p. 37.

somebody must make the advance—must give finished goods, or the means of obtaining them, in exchange for unfinished goods, or goods for which their owner has to seek a consumer, who, even when found, may not pay ready-money for them.

These considerations will enable us to deal briefly with Mr. George's other examples. "The Farralone Islands, off the Bay of San Francisco, are a hatching ground of sea-fowl, and a company who claim these islands employ men in the proper season to collect the eggs. They might employ these men for a proportion of the eggs they gather, as is done in the whale fishery, and probably would do so if there were much uncertainty attending the business: but as the fowl are plentiful and tame, and about so many eggs can be gathered by so much labor, they find it more convenient to pay their men fixed wages. The men go out and remain on the islands gathering the eggs and bringing them to a landing, whence, at intervals of a few days, they are taken in a small vessel to San Francisco and sold. When the season is over the men return and are paid their stipulated wages in coin. Does not this transaction amount to the same thing as if, instead of being paid in coin, the stipulated wages were paid in an equivalent of the eggs gathered? Does not the coin represent the eggs, by the sale of which it was obtained, and are not these wages as much the product of the labor for which they are paid as the eggs would be in the possession of a man who gathered them for himself without the intervention of any employer?"[1]

Here again we are not told how the men are kept while at work; and the fact that this is passed over is significant of the depth of Mr. George's analysis. With regard to the money portion of their wages, if they do not get this till the eggs they collect are in the hands of the consumers, it is not drawn from capital. If, however, as is more probable, they are paid on delivery of the eggs to their employers, it is drawn from capital. Whoever wishes productively to consume before the result of his labor affords the means of consumption to others must do this by an advance of capital. Mr. George's wealth of illustration can blind no one to this fact who has any real grasp of political economy.

We will take one more of Mr. George's instances. "Is there not," he asks, "a creation of value—an addition to capital—when the ground is ploughed for the crop?"[2] There is; but this does not prove that the capitalist makes no advance, but only that he does not make this advance without what usually is at least an equivalent. If we were to argue in Mr. George's fashion, we should have to say that pawnbrokers make no advances of money, because the pledges they hold are worth more than they lend; and that their charge of interest on advances they do not make is a fraud.

It will thus be seen that Mr. George's doctrine that "capital does not maintain laborers during the progress of their work"[3] is

[1] P. 37. [2] P. 46. [3] P.

not founded in the facts of the case, nor warranted by legitimate inference. Still, he thinks that capital has a rôle, and that interest has its "justification." His remarks on this subject are perhaps the most extraordinary in his very extraordinary book, and if "capitalism" had no reason for its existence other than that assigned by Mr. George, I should be inclined to agree with a saying attributed to Karl Marx, that "Progress and Poverty" is the last ditch of capitalism—a ditch, I would add, much more likely to prove a grave than a defence.

"I am inclined to think," says our author, "that if all wealth consisted of such things as planes, and all production was such as that of carpenters—that is to say, if wealth consisted but of the inert matter of the universe, and production of working up this matter into different shapes, that interest would be but the robbery of industry, and could not long exist. This is not to say that there would be no accumulation, for though the hope of increase is a motive for turning wealth into capital, it is not the motive, or at least, not the main motive, for accumulating. Children will save their pennies for Christmas; pirates will add to their buried treasure; Eastern princes will accumulate hoards of coin; and men like Stewart or Vanderbilt, having become once possessed of the passion of accumulating, would continue as long as they could to add to their millions, even though accumulation brought no increase. Nor yet is it to say that there would be no borrowing or lending, for this, to a large extent, would be prompted by mutual convenience. If William had a job of work to be immediately begun, and James one that would not commence until ten days thereafter, there might be a mutual advantage in the loan of the plane though no plank should be given.

"But all wealth is not of the nature of planes, or planks, or money, nor is all production merely the turning into other forms of the inert matter of the universe. It is true that if I put away money, it will not increase. But suppose, instead, I put away wine. At the end of the year I shall have an increased value, for the wine will have improved in quality. Or supposing that in a country adapted to them, I set out bees; at the end of a year I will have more swarms of bees, and the honey which they have made. Or, supposing, that where there is a range, I turn out sheep, or hogs, or cattle; at the end of the year, I will, upon the average, also have an increase.

"Now, what gives the increase in these cases is something which, though it generally requires labor to utilise it, is yet distinct and separable from labor—the active power of nature; the principle of growth, of reproduction, which everywhere characterises all the forms of that mysterious thing or condition which we call life. And it seems to me that it is this which is the cause of interest, or the increase of capital over and above that due to labor. There are, so to speak, in the movements which make up the everlasting flux of nature, certain vital currents, which will, if we use them, aid us, with a force independent of

our own efforts, in turning matter into the forms we desire—that is to say, into wealth."

A more flimsy piece of reasoning than this it would be difficult to conceive. In the first place it is not true that capital has any such tendency to spontaneous growth as is here pointed out. Even bees and animals turned out to graze require some care. But suppose it were true. Suppose the forces of nature of themselves increased the wealth of the capitalist. On what ground that Mr. George could urge would that nature-given wealth belong to the capitalist? Are we to understand that matter should be owned in common and force be owned by individuals? If so, why? Moreover, the bees and the animals turned out to feed obtain their increase from the land—the land which Mr. George says, and rightly says, should belong to everybody. And still the increase is to belong to individuals!

The real cause of interest is neither that lending necessarily involves abstinence, nor that there is a principle of growth in nature such as is postulated by Mr. George, but because the demand for wealth for present consumption exceeds the demand for deferred consumption. In order to establish the equilibrium some inducement to investment is, therefore, necessary; and will continue necessary till, by the growth of thrift and interest in others, the equipoise is attained without it. The tendency of interest is to disappear; and the time may even come when the payment may be on the other side.

D.

(To be continued.)

Insects and Flowers.

VI.

PERIWINKLE, Sage, Cowslip, Foxglove, Nightshade, Bindweed, Forget-me-not, Heath! Here are names full of color and odor. With flowers such as these the wind has nothing to do, except carry their perfumes. Indeed, almost the whole of this great sub-class of Corolliflorae, with their united petals that are free from the calyx, are entomophilous plants.

The natural order Apocynaceæ only includes two English plants, known to the general flower-lover as the Periwinkles. To the botanist—a truer lover, because he knows more fully—these are Vinca major and Vinca minor. You may see them growing on walls and in copses in the early months of the summer. Though the odor of the Periwinkles, greater and less, is not very strongly marked, no one who has ever observed the lurid beauty of their corollas, whose hue is a strange, almost weird purple, could doubt for a moment that they are visited by insects.

Now we turn to the order Labiatæ, the names of whose flowers,

with their pretty, old-fashioned, country lane and country garden sound, seem always to have a Shaksperian ring about them. In this order we have the arrangements for cross-fertilisation reduced to a minimum. Everything is very neat, very complete. There are never more than four stamens, and in some cases only two. A single style and stigma rise in the centre of the flower. This simplicity of arrangement should be contrasted with the many stamens, the crowds of pollen, the large, many-carpelled stigma, met with even in some entomophilous plants such as the Mallow and the Water-lily.

The very name of the order reminds us of one method by which its members attract insects—Labiatæ. *Labium*=a lip, and the corollas of the Mint, Thyme, Dead-nettle, and their fellows, are so built as to present the appearance of two lips, an upper and a lower. Look at the flower of the white or red Dead-nettle that is to be found in this present month, and has been haunting our hedges ever since April. There is an arched upper lip under which the stamens lie, protected from rain. There is a broad lower lip on which the visiting insect alights.

Not only by this irregularity of shape are the Labiatæ attractive to insects. Most of them are strikingly and in the majority of cases beautifully odorous. And further they have almost to a plant, honey. This nectar is usually to be found at the base of the four-lobed ovary.

Still dealing with the order generally, self-fertilisation is prevented in most of its members, even should no insect visit them by the ripening and decaying of the stamens before the carpels are ripe and ready to have their seeds impregnated by the pollen. This device, by which cross-fertilisation is rendered an essential to the production of seed is by no means peculiar to labiate plants. It is common enough in the plant kingdom. Very rarely do the male and the female organs of the same flower, the andrœcium and gynœcium, come to maturity at the same time. Generally, the pollen of the former is ready to fertilise before the ovules of the latter, in the same flower, are fitted for its reception. This arrangement, by which the organs of reproduction are ripe not simultaneously, so frequent in entomophilous plants, is known as dichogamy. διχος (dichos) = double ; γαμος (gamos) = marriage. The more usual form of dichogamy, stamens ripening first, gives rise to the name proterandrous for the plants that show it. προτερος (proteros) = before ; ανηρ, ανδρος (aner, andros) = man. Almost all the Labiatæ are proterandrous.

In this order also we meet with a form of flower that has not yet attracted our attention—the cleistogamous. We are discussing the relationships between insects and flowers and the various ways in which cross-fertilisation is effected. But we must not forget that self-fertilisation can and does at times occur. And in some plants, provision is made to secure this, as if in the event of the more usual and more useful method failing. This provision takes, in certain cases, the form of cleistogamous flowers and one

member of the Dead-nettle genus. This order (*Lamium amplexicaule*) has these strange blossoms. κλειω (kleio) = I shut up, and the cleistogamous flowers are closed completely, so that no insect can enter. Much smaller than the ordinary flowers, their corolla is no longer labiate or in any sense attractive. Within it are the stamens, relatively large and well supplied with pollen.

Coiled up amongst the anthers is the style bearing its stigma on which the pollen when discharged must fall. Here then are flowers reduced as regards their floral parts, but well developed in their reproductive apparatus, and with that apparatus so arranged as to ensure self-fertilisation.

Upon this subject of self-fertilisation, it may be mentioned, before we pass to the study of individual genera, that in some members of this as of other orders, the capacity for self-fertilisation is completely lost, according to Hermann Müller. This German *school*master and botanist, one of our most recent and most heavy *losses*, held that in the thyme, for example, this power of response on the part of an ovule to the stimulus of pollen formed in the same flower was lost. From that which we know of the effects of disuse in evolution, it is at least possible that in the course of centuries of persistent cross-fertilisation, the capacity for the converse method might be gradually lost.

Of all the eighteen English genera that belong to this remarkable order, we must only consider two. These are the genera *Lamium* and *Salvia*, the Dead-nettle and the Sage.

Let us look at the flower of an ordinary Dead-nettle and see how far from ordinary it is in reality. Notice how the massing of the white or of the red flowers together in circles adds to the attractive power of each individual flower the strength of numbers. So many corollas, so irregular in shape, are an excellent lure to insects; the humble-bee (*Bombus terrestris*) is the most useful visitant. Not that other insects do not come. Many less in size than the humble-bee are drawn to the Dead-nettle. But they are, also, as a rule not only less in size, but of less use than Bombus terrestris. For a small insect, who might enjoy the honey down at the base of the ovary, and therefore far down the tube of the corolla, would not be able to effect the removal of the pollen, and to aid in the cross-fertilisation of the plant. As then the visits of these insects are really injurious to the Dead-nettle, it is very interesting to notice how arrangements have been gradually evolved that prevent the troublesome and profitless advent of these small fry. The length of the corolla tube is too great for their little probosces to be able to reach the honey down below. Nor can they when thus baffled crawl into the corolla, and make their way to the base of that organ. They may crawl in some distance truly, but before the coveted honey is reached they are checked by a number of hairs as impassable to a small insect as a chevaux de frise to a man. In truth the whole subject of the devices by which visitors that are of no service to plants are warned or driven off, is one of very great interest. Those

who may wish to work at it after the hint as to its nature just given in our study of *Lamium*, will find Keiner's Die Blumen und ihre unberufene Gäste (Flowers and their unbidden guests) of great use. An English translation has been made, I believe, by Mr. D'Arcy Thomson.

Our humble-bee is attracted to the white or the red corolla. He lands upon the broad lower lip and plunges the head into the corolla-tube. Two projecting points, one on each side of the corolla enable the insect to get a good leverage in the pressing the proboscis down into the flower. These small lateral points are the remnants of two of the normal five petals that go to make up the ordinary corolla. The head of the humble-bee strikes first against the minute, double stigma, for this organ projects most into the hollow of the flower-tube. If as result of a similar visit to another dead-nettle, the head is covered with pollen, that pollen will be deposited on the stigma of the new flower, and if that organ is ripe, cross-fertilisation follows. But after further pressure inwards the bee comes into contact with the anthers of the stamens. These are four in number, and lie, not round the gynœcium, as is the general rule, but side by side with the long style, beneath the upper arched lip of the corolla. The fifth stamen, whose pollen, as the stamen would be on the opposite side of the flower to the stigma, would be useless, has become aborted.

Further, these four stamens are not all of the same length. Two are longer and two are shorter. Dr. Ogle suggests that this arrangement is of advantage, as if the four anthers were all side by side at the same level ; (1) the pollen from the outer ones would be placed on regions of the insect-head that could never touch a stigma ; (2) it would be likely to be placed on the eyes of the animal, and thus to deter it from future visits.

In a flower whose parts are arranged as are those of the dead-nettle, no need exists for dichogamy. There is, independently of any time arrangement, sufficient provision in the mechanism of the corolla, andrœcium, and gynœcium, to ensure cross-fertilisation. And we find that the two sets of reproductive organs, male and female, become ripe at the same time, that the genus Lamium is not, like the rest of the order, proterandrous.

The Sage *(Salvia officinalis)*, our last illustration from this order, is proterandrous. During the time that the stamens are ripening and are ripe, the unripe stigma is high up in the flower, under the uppermost part of the arched superior lip. It is at a higher level than the anthers, and is not at this time in the way of the insect-head when the flower is visited. At this earlier period, therefore, the bee seeking for honey only strikes against the anthers. Later on, when these are dead and their pollen useless, the long style curves in such a way that the stigma comes down into the vacant place where, a few days before, the anthers had been. Everyone will see that thus the Sage cannot be other than cross-fertilised.

But the interest on this point is not ended here; the stamens are in number and in nature different from those of the rest of the order. Instead of the four stamens, two long and two short, otherwise almost universal in the order, only two stamens are present. This condition of things is led up to by *Lycopus Europœus*, in which two stamens are rudimentary, but their companions are normal. Now in Salvia we have the two rudimentary stamens as in Lycopus. But the other two stamens are extremely modified, the two anther-lobes of each stamen are no longer close together and parallel; the top of the filament bears a long connective, that in the normal position stands nearly vertical, and carries at the lower end an imperfect anther-lobe destitute of pollen, at the upper a complete pollen-bearing lobe; the abortive lobe hangs in the open mouth of the flower just where later on the stigma will be hanging. When, therefore, a humble-bee visits the flower, its head strikes against the imperfect anther-lobe. At once the anther rotates on a horizontal axis, and the perfect anther-lobe is turned downwards and forwards, and dusts its pollen on to the back of the bee. An interesting modification in structure appears in the corolla of Salvia, that has relation to the pushing back of the lower and rudimentary anther-lobe. The corolla has a bulge in the upper lip that admits of the passing within it of the pushed-back anther-lobe.

I may pass lightly over the order Plumbaginaceæ. To the student of English flowers only it presents but two genera, Armeria and Statice. Armeria maritima is the sea-thrift. Statice Limonium is the sea-lavender. Both of these dwellers on the sea-cliff are entomophilous.

But of the next order on our list, that of Primulaceæ, more has to be said. For this order includes the genus Primula with, as members, Primrose, Cowslip, Oxlip, Lysimachia, or Moneywort, Anagallis or the Pimpernel, Hottonia, the Water-violet. True, some of these are without honey. The Moneywort and the Pimpernel have no honey. But the Moneywort has a bright yellow, and the Pimpernel an equally bright red or bright blue color, though in the former there are two kinds of flowers, of which one is very inconspicuous, a dweller in shady places and a self-fertilised plant.

Hottonia is of interest to us mainly in that it presents the same peculiarity as that upon which it is now necessary to dwell with some care. This peculiarity is usually identified with the genus Primula, and we will study it in the genus and in the species best known to us all. This is *Primula veris*, the Primrose. Here we are not concerned with the yellow color or the honey secretion; the interest for us centres in the reproductive organs.

If you look at a bunch of Primroses one by one, looking down into the eye of each flower, you will soon notice that two kinds of Primroses are present. The children call them pin-eyed and thrum-eyed. For in some the styles are long, and thus the stigma is carried up sufficiently high to be in the very mouth of the

corolla. Then we have a pin-eyed Primrose. But in others the styles are shorter, and thus the stigma is not carried up so far, and is not visible in this view of the flower. Then we have a thrum-eyed Primrose.

Open one of each of these kinds of flowers. If you open a "pin-eyed" Primrose you will find that with the long style are associated five stamens placed rather low down on the inner side of the tube of the corolla. Here then with the long style are short stamens, and for the village children's "pin-eyed" we can read "long-styled," always understanding that this implies short stamens. If you open a "thrum-eyed" you will find that with the short style are associated five stamens placed high up on the inner side of the tube of the corolla. Here then with the short style are long stamens, and for the village children's "thrum-eyed" we can read "short style," always understanding that this implies long stamens.

To those who have followed our work together thus far, the results of all this are already evident; the insect that comes to a long-styled flower is dusted with pollen from the short stamens. As long as he visits long-styled flowers, nothing in the way of fertilisation can happen. But if he goes to a short-styled Primrose the pollen from the other form is placed upon the stigma. And, necessarily, the same thing occurs if the visit is first to a short-styled and afterwards to one of the other kind.

This arrangement, one that again ensures cross-fertilisation, gives rise to the following names: The plants that have two different lengths of stamens and of styles, are called dimorphic. δι (di)=two, μορψη (morphe)=form. And the flowers that exhibit this dimorphism are further called heteromorphous—ετερος (heteros)=other. With these structural differences others are correlated. Thus the pollen-grains in the two different forms of flowers are of different sizes. The pollen of the long-styled form that has to impregnate ovules that are in an ovary, crowned with a short style, is much shorter in diameter than that from the other flowers. This lessness of diameter is of course connected with the fact that the pollen-tube that is to grow from this smaller pollen-grain has to pass down a shorter style ere it reaches the ovules.

Again, passing rather regretfully over one or two of the natural orders, let us consider the Foxglove order. Here are fourteen genera, the English names of some of which are Speedwell, Mullein, Toadflax, Snapdragon, Figwort, Eyebright. Of these, Speedwell (*Veronica*) has many colored flowers grouped together in large numbers. Nevertheless the genus is interesting, as showing in its different species many gradations from the minute, habitually self-fertile flowers of *Veronica hederæfolia* to the insect-visited blossoms, of the *Veronica spicata* of our gardens.

The huge yellow or white spikes of Mullein, often rising to a height of more than a yard, are honeyless, but the size and grouping of the flowers, the violet hairs on the filaments of the

stamens, with their glandular ends, tell us that entomophilism is the rule here.

The Figwort (*Scrophularia*) that gives the name to the order, the Toadflax, only fertilisable by the long-lipped bees, as the honey is in a spur from $\frac{2}{5}$ths to $\frac{3}{5}$ths of an inch long, the Snapdragon and the Foxglove, dependent on the humble-bee, lead us up finally to the Eyebright (*Euphrasia*). This little plant has an arrangement of anthers that reminds us of that which we shall have hereafter to study more carefully in the Heath tribe. The four stamens, for the Scrophulariaceæ, like the Labiatæ, have two long and two short stamens, are conjoined in a curious way. Imagine four stamens, two long and two short again ranged in two parallel series, one above one on each side. The upper of each pair is united with its fellow of the same length and also, below, with the lower anther on the same side. Hence results a little pollen box of several compartments. How to open it? Each of the lower stamens carries a projecting lever-like point, and if one of these points is pressed by the bee the whole of the pollen-box is ruptured and its contents are cast upon the body of the animal.

EDWARD AVELING, D.Sc.

(To be continued.)

The Social and Political Position of the Germans in the United States.

By DR. SCHLAEGER, Translated by MISS COLEMAN.

II.

THE PERIOD OF POLITICAL INSIGHT AND CONSCIOUS POLITICAL ACTION: 1854–1870.

In proportion as a return to Germany faded, their endeavors increased to make themselves at home in their new country and adapt themselves to their new circumstances. Added to this came the fabulously rapid growth of the towns of the west, which had grown up with them, as it were. They now worked and speculated more, sang and played less. If, for instance, in Chicago the whole German community had for a time split up into two parties, that of the Kinzie Hall theatre (the theatre of the "Sivollen"), and that of the German House theatre, or if the most marvellous fruits were expected for Germandom by the establishment of the German House, a house of recreation built by a company, so later on the same, though now great and busy tradesmen had no longer time nor taste for the ideals of their "Sturm und Drang" period, and the new and young immigration that had been pouring in accused them of falling off from the higher interests, just as they themselves had formerly condemned

the Americans as one-sided dollar-hunters. They had, in fact, began to Americanise, having, through their increasing business connexions, more intercourse with the Anglo-Americans, and imitating them in many respects. The centre of life shifted to the purely practical side, and politics too, to which the Germans had hitherto turned a cold shoulder, now had much more of their interest. Though before 1854 every difference between the democratic and the whig party had apparently disappeared, the repeal of the Missouri compromise, effected by Douglass, created a breach within the Democratic party itself, which changed the better part of the Germans first into Anti-Nebraska Democrats, and then into adherents of the newly formed Republican party. The struggle between South and North for the first time cast its shadow in an unmistakable manner before it, and the resistance against the further encroachments of slavery grew to be the main issue. Before 1854 there had been only two German papers, the *Janus* published by Heinzen and the *New England Zeitung*, which in the election of 1852 placed J. P. Hale, the candidate for the presidency of the Free soil party, at the head of their columns, and declared war equally against the two great parties of the country, the Democrats and the Whigs, as servants of the same slave power. The enormous mass of Germans, however, at that time, blindly followed the Democratic flag, because they lacked anything like a deeper understanding of the tragedy in preparation. When its importance became clearer and clearer the majority of the Germans were found on the right, that is, on the Republican side. Though the new party failed in their attempt to elect their candidate Fremont in 1856, they took a firm stand in the State legislatures and governorships in the Northern States, and in 1860, with Lincoln's election, the Union fell, for the first time for many years, into the hands of the North. The 400,000 German votes had determined the issue at the election, and this important service received a brilliant acknowledgment at the hands of the new Federal government. The posts of Ambassador, collector of the Federal taxes, consul, etc., fell (many of them for the first time), into the lap of the leaders of the German Republicans; Carl Schurz represented the United States at the Court of Madrid; Frederick Hassaurek reigned supreme in the vicinity of the clouds in Quito, Ecuador; George Schneider went into exile for a few weeks as a Consul to Elsinore, so celebrated on account of the abode of Hamlet's father's ghost, and Kreismann, another politician cradled in Chicago, went as Secretary of Legation, with his friend Norman B. Judd, who had been nominated Ambassador to Berlin. To appreciate the mighty change to which this and other nominations of German-Americans to social and political positions testify, one must look back to the former relations and the former valuation of the same by the great political parties. R. W. Emerson remarks still in 1860, in his essay on "Fate": "The German and Irish millions have, like the Negro, a great deal of the Guano in their lot. They are shipped over the

Atlantic Ocean, unloaded all over American soil, to dig and toil, to make corn cheap, and then prematurely lay themselves down to produce a foot of green grass on the prairie." The philosopher of Concord would probably modify this judgment if writing at the present time, when Boston, which looks upon itself as the centre of civilisation, allows the funeral oration of Sumner—the very impersonation of the culture and conscience of New England—to be pronounced by Carl Schurz. But there was a time when that judgment was fully justified, when German and Irishman seemed only to be there to dig canals, clear forests, and beat down wages. In political as in practical life, the German and the Irishman were used and considered by the Anglo-American, the leader of the destinies of the country at that time, only as instruments for the carrying out of his plans. At that time, when Germans and Irishmen together formed the voting cattle of the democratic party, there could be no question of placing them on an equality with the American gentlemen, who looked down on these foreigners, somewhat as these latter again looked down upon these not enjoying the suffrage, because the great majority of them were negroes and slaves. There was no thought of party service being rewarded by high office, for before 1852, scarcely one German name is to be found in the legislative bodies of the separate States, and even in the bigger towns, the Germans seldom succeeded in becoming more than constables, aldermen and justices of the peace. The direction of the administration of town and State, the fat offices, remained almost exclusively in American hands. When, in 1852, the candidate for the leadership of the Whigs, General Scott, to allure the votes of the Irish and Germans, went into enthusiastic raptures (affected of course), about the "rich Irish brogue," and the "sweet German accent," the Americans laughed at the conqueror of Mexico, who saw himself forced to have recourse to such flattery. For it was only a few years before that in Milwaukee, the German letter list was published as the "Dutch letter list," without any malicious intent, certainly, but still showing an ignorance closely verging on contempt. In fact the unthinking support of the democratic ticket in which at that time Irishmen and Germans outvied each other, their inability to notice the contradiction between the democratic speeches and facts (of the fugitive slave law for instance), could not inspire the Americans with any great respect, who were always divided into two nearly equally large political camps, and whose leaders used the parties themselves only as means to an end, *i.e.*, the raising of themselves politically.

After 1854, as soon as the Germans split up politically, as soon as the better part went over to the Republican party, while only the more ignorant, among whom especially the Catholic party, with the majority of the Irish, remained true to the constantly degenerating Democracy, they rose in the estimation of the Americans of both parties. Added to this was the immense

importance which the political struggles had received since 1854. If at an earlier period the elections had excited the country only for a short time, the political excitement now declared itself permanent for the whole year, and every election, were it only regarding the office of Constable or Justice of the Peace, turned into a struggle of national importance. The new party, which in the towns had played off the Germans against the Irish, had for another reason to be particularly liberal, namely, to rebut the reproach of being hostile to foreigners.

It will be remembered that in 1855 the Know-nothing party had declared war against all foreigners, and that the Republican party had recruited itself in no slight measure from the former, which after a short triumph had drifted asunder. Though the Anglo-Americans had formerly reserved to themselves the highest and most remunerative offices, just as in Germany the nobles appropriate the Court service and the higher military and civil places, yet now, at the conventions of the Republican party, the Germans were allowed the choice among the vacant offices in town, county, and State. They became Sheriffs, members of the State Legislature and Constitutional Conventions, Lieutenant-Governors, and thus sometimes even Governors *de facto* of the separate States. The Germans soon took in the Republican party a much higher position than they and the Irish had ever had in the Democratic ; instead of merely following in the wake of their party, they finally became equally privileged factors, which, through accentuation of their particular claims, and taking part in the shaping of the party's programme, were in general very effectual in the further political development.

These promotions of the Germans in political matters affected their social status. They began to have much more intercourse with the Americans, and though at first it was only the politicians who frequented the restaurants, halls for gymnastic sports, and balls in order to canvas for votes, others gradually found pleasure in German convivialities ; the fancy-dress balls of the Gesangvereine, of the Arion and Liederkranz in New York, for instance, as well as the *Vereine* in St. Louis, Chicago and Milwaukee, became quite famous, and the tickets often sold at a very high rate. German vocalists were now engaged for the choirs in Churches, German musicians played in the public and private balls, and at last German-English schools were established, surpassing the public schools in thoroughness and scope. Finally we see men like Schurz, Praster, Hassaurek, Körner, and others in the National Convention of the Republican party, or in the Upper Council, some as provisional presidents, some as members of the committee on resolutions or party platforms, exercise an influence as honorable as it was important on the further development of the Republican creed.

The influence thus won was a great advantage to the German press and the German language in general. It became the rule in large towns with many German residents to publish in a

German paper, and at the expense of the town, German translations of the proceedings of the Council meetings, as well as the ordinances and even annual reports of the different departments of the Municipal Administration (as, for instance, in St. Louis, the reports of the Board of Public Schools, 300 pages long). Through this the papers received yearly grants to the amount of many thousand dollars, a circumstance which is of great importance in explaining the extraordinary political power these favored papers acquired. Besides this, the German element which now began to make itself felt, insisted on the introduction of German into the programme of instruction in public schools. Stress was laid on the fact that German was not being taught in those schools; the Germans had been obliged to establish their church and private schools, and the amalgamation of the different nationalities in the common Government school, so much to be desired for the general good, had thus been hindered. As early as 1843, the Board of Education was requested by the German burghers of the first ward of St. Louis to establish a school in which the English and German languages were both taught. The answer was that under the Statute touching State schools, no school could be established except one in which only English was taught. In 1859 the superintendent of the public schools of St. Louis recommended the introduction of instruction in German, but the advice was only followed in the High School. Not until 1864 was the German language introduced on trial as a branch of the regular instruction in five schools. In 1865, Herr Francis Berg was nominated assistant superintendent of the German instruction in different schools. The German children now flocked thither; new schools were necessary, and in 1870 the number of scholars entered for German instruction amounted to 7,894, or 46¼ per cent. of all the white children entered in the district schools. In Cincinnati the Germans obtained similar succees even earlier; in Chicago German was first introduced in primary schools in accordance with an act passed by the State legislature 1861, and is now taught in the majority of the same as well as in the High School, but not without occasional attacks from a portion of the English press and embittered Know-nothings; Detroit, Buffalo, and New York followed the example set by the West, while in San Francisco, in the so-called cosmopolitan schools supported by the town, French and German were taught, and after a short interruption are again taught now.

It would be interesting to make observation and comparison of the various methods of this instruction, of the effect of the same on the English instruction, and finally of the participation of American-born children in German instruction. It is further much to be desired that teachers should be constantly training in Germany for such posts in the above mentioned schools, because really the continuance and extending of German teaching in the public schools of the United States depends on the proficiency of

the teachers. The question is of vital importance for the preservation of the German language, the German character and influence.

The great war against the rebellion of the South, (1861–65), heightened the claims of the Germans on their new Fatherland and the respect of the Americans for their services. Among the generals of the volunteers, we find the German names of Sigel, Bleuker, Schurz, Osterhaus, Salomon, and among the colonels, that of old Hecker and many other '48 men. The German regiments gloriously distinguished themselves on all the battlefields, and it is no empty boasting when we affirm that no other of the nationalities represented in the extensive Union has contributed so strong a contingent to the millions of the army as the Germans have. German influence had thus risen to its culminating point in different provinces, and here and there the Germans began to boast of their being in the front of the Republican camp to a degree that aroused a reaction in opposition. The admittance of the negroes to the suffrage lessened the potency of the Germans. Now, if they wished to assert their position, they must earn afresh through their work, what originally a political constellation, (since 1854), had, as it were, thrown into their lap. New and difficult problems had arisen, how to put an end to the party tyranny into which party discipline had degenerated, and how to acquire for themselves, and for the nation, true independence, and through that liberation from a corruption of the political and social life which menaced everything. This struggle forms the essence of the third period.

(To be continued.)

Our Household Pests.

III.

THE CLOTHES' MOTH.

THE Clothes' Moth is a member of an order of Lepidopterous insects—the Tineæ, an order which contains the smallest of thrown moths. It is a fragile, downy little creature, as delicate as the substances which are its haunts, yet it is nevertheless a destructive agent. The actual moth, however, is not the agent of destruction, but rather the larva or maggot, its offspring. But then, while the moths are readily recognizable, the larvæ may be overlooked, on account of their concealment among the folds of the material in which they spin their tubes. Yet it should also be remembered that in destroying a moth we destroy the possible parent of a large progeny of maggots.

It is rather surprising to note how these little pests will

multiply in an undisturbed clothes' cupboard, or wardrobe; articles of cloth, silk, velvet, etc., which have lain undisturbed for the space of a few months, will oftentimes be found riddled by their ravages, as with shot holes. In opening out the folds of the materials, there will be found the tiny tube-dwellings about a quarter of an inch long, formed of the fibres of the honey-combed materials. On detaching and bringing one of these tubes to the light, a little white maggot will cautiously poke out, first its tiny speck of a brown nose, then a scrap of its body, and reconnoitre the coast on every side. Gradually the greater portion of the dainty tube-dweller will emerge as though both curious and indignant respecting the reason of this rude interference with the noiseless tenor of its way of life. Now touch it with a drop of chloroform, and place it on the stage of the microscope, using a very low power.

What a white, glistening, fat-looking creature it is. One wonders how Nature is able to transmute the dry nitrogenous and carbonaceous matters in the silks and velvets into that moist, oily-looking adipose tissue, and to elaborate from those original unpromising elements the mouth organs, the tracheal vessels, regular segments, and many feet of the elegant little hermit, which makes its abode in a dainty apartment of silk or velvet. On looking at it carefully, we recognise something which we have already seen elsewhere. This soft bodied creature has a strong, horny, mandibulate mouth. Mandibles, maxillæ, palpi, and so forth, all are there, and by these the caterpillar is able to cut and shear the fibres of the cloth stuffs amidst which it burrows. Note also those tiny limbs. They are sixteen in number. But while the fore-legs terminate with a tiny hooklet, the hinder ones, termed pro-legs and claspers, are somewhat suggestive by their shape of an elephant's foot, and instead of bearing a hooklet, they are fringed or ciliated around their margins. These fringe-like processes enable the caterpillar to retain a firm hold while walking, by furnishing the necessary resistance for the propulsion of the fore part of the body. The fore legs are situated on those segments which correspond with the future thoracic segments of the perfect insect, and may therefore be considered as the embryonic limbs, but the pro-legs and the claspers disappear finally, with the change into the pupal condition.

Our caterpillar, after having cast its skin several times during increase of growth, spins for itself a cocoon of silk in a fold o the cloth upon which it has subsisted. It is so spun that the larva does not touch the material itself, but becomes completely encased in the silken lining of its own weaving. The enclosing folds immediately around the cocoon are so completely drawn together that a tiny particle of the latter protruding from one end of the crease usually affords the only indication of the presence of its occupant. To render the deception the more complete, the color of the cocoon usually harmonises pretty closely with that of the cloth, silk, or velvet in which it is spun.

Gradually the changes which result in the formation of the chrysalis take place, and this again developing into the moth, the perfect insect eats its way out to light and liberty. Him, therefore, we will now proceed to examine minutely.

The first thing we remark is the rapid and complete transformation the mouth organs have undergone. Unfortunately, it is not an object easy of examination, for if we attempt to dissect it, the multitude of the tiny scales with which it is clothed interfere with our operations, and if we dissolve in caustic potash, the parts are so delicate that they run much risk of fracture. However, by dint of much care, we observe the following characteristics ; long antennæ, large compound eyes, very large labial palpi, and an organ variously named, sucker, tongue, haustellum, and proboscis, neatly curved round in spiral form in front of the head. As an opaque object it is truly pretty under the microscope, with its scales overlapping like the feathers of a bird, and its hairs and scales softly variegated, and blending a rich brown with the purest white. But that haustellum or tongue—we seem to have got quite beyond the bounds of comparative and analogical structure in relation to the insect type of mouth. Here surely is no trace of the mandibulate jaws, neither mandibles, maxillæ nor lips, such as we were able to discern under changed aspects in the flea and the bug. But let us be sure about this, for we may be perhaps a little hasty in generalising from first apppearances and impressions—are we sure there is neither atrophy nor hypertrophy of parts in the mouth of our clothes' moth ? Let us look more closely.

Well, by carefully cleansing the mouth in caustic potash, we are able to identify in a fairly satisfactory manner all the typical parts. There, though faintly distinguishable, is the labrum, flanked by the mandibles, scarcely visible, but still present in a rudimentary condition. The labium is also there with its palps. The labial palpi, very large and recurved, are conspicuously present, but apparently the maxillæ have given place to a new organ, the haustellum or proboscis. Now here is a marvellous story of development. The Tineæ require no solid food in their perfect state, so the mandibles have become dwarfed, and the maxillæ have developed into the sucking proboscis of the insect, an organ not suited for tearing, or dividing food particles, or assisting in any way the action of cutting mandibles, nor for piercing like a knife or lance, but for *suction* only. The maxillæ have really united—the serrated joint being clearly visible under a high power—to form one organ, *the* organ of the mouth, finely striated with muscular rings adorned with scales and hairs, furnished at the termination with fine filaments for the retention of viscous matters, and endowed with retractile power ! When at rest it is curled round, and protected within the flanks of the labial palpi.

Now is it not a singular fact that the larvæ of the butterflies and moths always possess mandibulate mouths, notwithstanding that the perfect insects always have mouths of the haustellate or

suctorial type? We know that the higher organisms pass through the lower stages of existence during their period of embryonic growth, and that the study of embryology often throws unmistakeable light upon obscure or lost links in the chain of evolution. Among the insects, those families possessing the most perfect mandibulate mouths are the oldest in point of time. This, coupled with the fact that the larvæ of the Lepidoptera are mandibulate, and that the mouths of flies, fleas, bugs, and butterflies are plainly derived from and are modifications of the mandibulate mouth, leads us to the inference that in the mandibles of the insects we come nearer to the original type of the Arthropods, in which the parts of the mouth are modified head segments, and their palpi and antennæ modified footstalks, than in those piercing and suctorial mouths of the orders before named. And in fact the highly specialised Orthoptera appeared, as we have already mentioned, in the Devonian Strata, but the Lepidoptera have not been found in formations older than the Tertiary. Putting these facts together, the conclusion seems obvious that between the two boundary stages of the life-history of the moth, there is an immense history of development, æons of evolutionary work producing those modifications which now occupy the few days or weeks passed in the pupal case. But if the connecting links are by no means readily recoverable from the geological abyss, we are none the less certain that the metamorphoses of the insects simply reproduce their development in time.

Now, in relation to these metamorphoses, we allow ourselves to be blinded in some degree by the diversity existing in outward forms, and the apparently sharply and strongly-defined changes which they imply. From the egg to the caterpillar, or to the footless grub, from these to the chrysalis or inactive pupa, and again to the highly-developed insect, the changes are striking and apparent to all—even the most unobservant. But changes as great take place within the egg or the placenta, though, being concealed therein, they fail to arrest our attention so forcibly. And the analogy between embryology and metamorphoses holds good in this respect, that the organism, in the course of development to the mature form, passes successively through the lower stages which the type has passed through during the countless ages of its growth. In the case of the cockroaches and crickets, which leave the egg already possessed of the true insect form, but wanting wings, the metamorphoses, as popularly understood, are absent, and the changes which the insect undergoes are really less striking than those of the frogs, newts, and crabs. But though those changes are masked in the egg, they as truly take place as in the majority of insects where they are not so masked, and the cricket is as truly metamorphosed as the butterfly, whose larva leaves the egg at a very low stage of development. Then, further, the change of state from pupa to image is not, on reflexion, so striking as it appears to be, being simply a casting-off the outer integument, *within which* the necessary development has been proceed-

ing during days or weeks previously. In any case, we regard the larva as a more ancient form than the winged insect, and as bearing witness to the existence of what was once a complete organism, but long since merged by evolutionary forces into the perfect insect.

Nature is always lavish of her gifts even to the most insignificant forms. The butterflies and moths are richly dowered in this respect. The fringing of the wings and limbs of our moth, though one of the homeliest of the tribe, is truly beautiful. The whole insect, body, wings, limbs, antennæ, mouth-organs, are covered with those delicate scales and hairs which prove such favorite microscopic objects, whether as transparent mounts to show their markings, or opaque on dark background for their colorings. The fine dust which one brushes off from one's fingers becomes the feather-like forms seen under the microscope. Yet these, fine though they are, are not single membranes simply, but double, with coloring matter interposed between. They are probably dried up cell walls, and taking this view, the striations or ribbings which they exhibit would be the corrugations due to the desiccation of the cells.

Many persons are at a loss how to distinguish a moth from a butterfly. Now, they are very readily distinguishable the one from the other. The antennæ of the moth taper towards the tip. The antennæ of the butterflies, on the contrary, are knobbed at their extremities. The butterflies never fold their anterior wings when reposing, but maintain them in an erect posture—the moths always fold them over the posterior pair. The butterflies are always day-fliers, the moths, for the most part, are nocturnal in their habits. These characteristics are quite sufficient to enable anyone to identify the members of the scale-winged insects.

J. HORNER.

The Art of Keats.

WHEN Mr. Irving, some ten years ago, made a sensation in London by his remarkable creation of a melodramatic Hamlet, it was said that strange questions were known to be put with bated breath in the boxes about the fourth act or so. "What is the end?" and "What becomes of Hamlet?" were among the problems alleged to have been thus propounded by persons who discovered on trial that the social make-believe of knowing Shakspere as a matter of course, somehow did not procure one a thorough familiarity with his works. The story was doubtless in large measure an embellishment—at least it is difficult to believe that any of the numerous patriots who know Shakspere by faith alone would thus break down convention—but it is an effective way of setting forth the tendency of poor humanity to

lose hold of literature which everybody is presumed to know; and it would bear telling in regard to more things than "Hamlet." In the perusal of some of the many criticisms which have lately appeared on Keats, there is apt to arise a suspicion which can most concisely be expressed in the bold generalisation that it is not the popularity of a poet which produces new editions, but new editions which maintain the poet's popularity. One speculates as to whether Mr. Forman's recent magnificent edition of Keats supplied a felt want, or whether the want came to be felt after the date of publication; and whether it was then experienced by many who were unable to satisfy it. And one can hardly resist the conclusion that there is a close relation between the amount of cerebration going on in the critical world, and the size and cost of the new editions with which that world is confronted.

Whatever be the demerits and motives of the critics singly and in the mass, they have assuredly the merit of stimulating the public to read. It is pretty certain that the production of Mr. Forman's edition has indirectly promoted the sale of others, and also led to much dipping into "Endymion." The result must in many cases have been a certain degree of perplexity; and though Mr. Forman's edition has drawn forth much pertinent and educative criticism, there is perhaps still room for an attempt at a reasoned estimate of the value of Keats' work. The body of criticism on Keats, indeed, is about as difficult to assay conclusively as the poet's performance. There is first to be dealt with the phænomenon of the laborious and costly reproduction of all Keats wrote; then the explicit and implicit homage paid him by an intelligent critic like Mr. Forman, and many able writers in the press; and against this is to be set the considerable mass of detraction got by adding admissions of admirers to charges of censors. The difficulty presents itself in a peculiarly precise and puzzling form in the critique by Mr. Arnold prefaced to the selections from Keats in Mr. Ward's "English Poets." One sentence in that paper begins with: "We who believe Keats to have been by his promise, at any rate, if not fully by his performance, one of the very greatest of English poets;" and a page or two further on comes this final judgment: "His 'Endymion,' as he himself well saw, is a failure; and his 'Hyperion,' fine things as it contains, is not a success." How is a guileless reader to reconcile such utterances? Keats' longest poem, which may practically be reckoned his most important, is pronounced a failure; the next longest is put in the same category, leaving but a small quantity uncondemned; and this by a critic who thinks he was by his promise, and in large measure by his performance, one of the very greatest of English poets. No reasoning can well acquit Mr. Arnold of having left a hiatus in his work; but it is perhaps possible to reach a position from which at least the rationale of both the eulogy and the detraction may be perceived; and at which the admiration of one school may be partly sympathised with at the same time as the impatience of their extreme opponents.

One dispute about Keats may be settled by approaching it straightforwardly and simply. There is a common impression—indicated in Byron's reflexion on the erroneous story of Keats' sufferings from adverse criticism, and in Carlyle's contemptuous reference to him—that the author of "Endymion" was a feeble creature, seriously lacking in self-control. That view of him is strongly supported by some of the letters to Fanny Browne, one of which, written before his illness, is singled out by Mr. Arnold with some severity, but not altogether without justice, as having "in its relaxed (*sic*) self-abandonment something underbred and ignoble." Mr. Arnold, however, goes too far when he says it is "the sort of love-letter of a surgeon's apprentice, which one might hear read out in a breach of promise case or in the Divorce Court." Foolish surgeon's apprentices do not say such things as this: "I have been astonished that men could die martyrs for religion—I have shuddered at it. I shudder no more—I could be martyred for my religion—Love is my religion—I could die for that." The matter can best be seen round by contrasting these passionate outbursts with Keats' protestations at other times of his disposition to regard women as he did roses and sweetmeats, as "children to whom I would rather give a sugar-plum than my time." Now the passion and the puppyism are alike natural consequences of British social arrangements, which at once discountenance the sexual instincts, and tend—then greatly and still much—to develope in women only the sexual attractions. It is the result of our asceticism that we both find passion ignoble, and are capable of being ignobly passionate. The chances are that Keats did not do more "underbred" things than the average "well brought-up" young man whom Mr. Arnold would cite as a model.

Here, then, there need be no confusion. Keats, let us agree could be both masculinely superior to the sexual instinct and masculinely slave to it; and it consists with either fact that he should before his illness show so much "flint and iron," as Mr. Arnold puts it—such a haughty and secure superiority to popular opinion. Nor is it astonishing that he should at one time speak slightingly about poetry and the popular appetite for it; and at another proclaim his thirst for glory, his devotion to poetry, or proudly declare the public his debtors for his verses; such changeableness being as well ascertained a quality of young manhood as any species of fickleness is of the other sex. If any insist on being rigorous, let them remember that Keats' was probably a diseased organism long before he began to spit blood; that phthisis goes with both erotic and intellectual precocity; and that precocity is in itself disease.

If it be settled that apparently conflicting views of Keats' character are simply contemplations of him in different aspects, it may be possible to come to a satisfactory decision about the value of his poetry without pronouncing any school of criticism to be out of court—to harmonise the judgment that "Endymion"

and "Hyperion" are failures, with the verdict of an *Athenæum* critic that "not in English literature, nor perhaps in any literature, is rapidity combined with steadiness of growth so astonishingly as in Keats' case." After much theorising it is beginning to be generally understood that a poet is really, as old maxims had it, a specialist; that he starts with a peculiar gift of expression, and that he cultivates that gift. Carlyle, who of all critics possessing genuine insight, is about the least patient, the least careful to check himself, is responsible for some amount of misconception on the subject. The passage in the "Essay on Burns," in which he contemns Keats and dogmatises on the nature of poetry, is worth remembering in this connexion:

> "Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats, where the whole consists in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague random tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest or disjoined from them, but rather the result of their general harmony and completion. The feelings, the gifts that exist in the Poet are those that exist, with more or less development, in every human soul: the imagination which shudders at the Hell of Dante is the same faculty, weaker in degree, which called that picture into being."

There is just enough truth here to carry the error. If poetry is no separate faculty, how is it that such a strong imagination as Carlyle's own, even when united with a keen sense of literary art and a remarkable mastery of language, could not produce good verse? He has everything but the final felicity of being at home in metre—a case scarcely to be paralleled save in that of Charles Lamb. Two such cases, however, are amply sufficient to prove that besides understanding and imagination, the poet must possess three special aptitudes, full command of words, a subtle feeling for cadence, and an equally subtle sensibility, by force of which last he is for ever attracted to the uncommon, whether beneath the common or beyond it. Having these, he may, by reason of other endowments or limitations, be either a great poet or only a charming one; but, great or limited, his function as poet is to see and say things in the finest way rather than to teach; and in point of fact, instead of having all his faculties in harmony, he must cultivate his gift partly at the expense of his other faculties, and best succeeds when most possessed by that one. Now Carlyle spoke ignorantly when he allowed Keats nothing but a "weak-eyed maudlin sensibility." Keats' critical judgment at times shows itself as robust as that of Burns, and considerably more subtle. There is not in English literature anything closer, firmer, or more clear-headed in the way of terse self-criticism than the preface to "Endymion." To call the writer of that merely maudlin is absurd. The remarkable thing is that a young poet should combine such a power of rigorous judgment with such a capacity and passion for painting cloudland. What we must believe is that Keats had the intellectual endowment to make a great poet in time, though so much of his work is of the kind we should expect from one less than great.

But the first thing to be set forth is the measure in which he possessed the poetic faculty proper. That, instead of possessing a mere "random tunefulness of nature" he had a singular aptitude for cadence and a marvellous capacity of exquisite phrase is now pretty universally admitted. Mr. Arnold goes so far as to say that "no one else in English poetry, save Shakspere, has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness." Carlyle's "random" may be defended by some on the score that Keats' good things are found among so many bad, but that does not seem to be what Carlyle meant; and if he really could appreciate the goodness of the good things it was his business to distinctly confess their existence. A conclusive illustration of Keats' power of melody and choice phrase is the "Ode to a Nightingale," certainly one of the most beautiful poems in any language; and one stanza is about as decisive as the entire poem.

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I heard this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fancy lands forlorn."

It must be confessed indeed—even Mr. Forman allows it—that the logic of the stanza is wrong; and it will scarcely do to argue, as Mr. Forman does in regard to the faulty first stanza, that the obscurity is appropriate; but, setting aside the fourth line, which has a rhyme-making ring, there can be no debate whatever as to the bewitching beauty of the lines and the strange charm of their "cloudy companionship." Nor can there be found in our language more "melodious pain" than this:

. . . That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou amongst the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Nothing more musically melancholy has been done before or since, and here no touch could be wished different. Had Keats always or often written thus his position to-day would be triumphantly secure; but unhappily only a very small proportion of his work can be put beside the "Ode to a Nightingale." That he has, nevertheless, ranked since his death as a generally successful

poet is the result of two causes, one the scarcity of perfect work, the other the inability of most readers to discriminate clearly between good work and bad. It may seem presumptuous to say it, but it must be said that the most prominent critics still distinguish ill between Keats' fine and inferior workmanship. There is a very general recognition of the admirable character of the sonnet "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer;" but very little reference to a finer sonnet of his still, which I will here quote.

Keen, fitful gusts are whispering here and there
Among the bushes, half leafless and dry;
The stars are very cold about the sky,
And I have many miles on foot to fare.
Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair;
For I am brimful of the friendliness
That in a little cottage I have found;
Of fair-haired Milton's eloquent distress,
And all his love for gentle Lycid drowned;
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
And faithful Petrarch, gloriously crowned.

That, I make bold to say, is the best sonnet Keats wrote, though, strange to say, Mr. Arnold has not had it inserted among the pieces given in the "English Poets," which include eight sonnets. The Homer sonnet, though distinctly done in the grand style, and terminating, as Mr. Forman observes, "with the noblest Greek simplicity," is of a less rare kind of execution. With the exception, perhaps, of the last two lines, it could quite conceivably have been written by, say, Leigh Hunt,[1] who was capable of the orstund roll of the earlier part, and who might have avoided the one weak line in the sonnet—

Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.

The first eight lines, in short, show no incomparable inspiration; whereas the whole of the sonnet quoted, I submit, is poetical in the highest degree. It has the crowning grace of an entire, a divine simplicity, beside which the Chapman sonnet savours of artificiality; and its tiptoe finish is as unmatchable in its way as that of the other, whether you call it Greek or not. A poet, besides being genius and artist, has his special inspirations, his lucky moments; and one of these gave birth to the most perfect poem of Keats, in which the one shadow of a spot, the irregularity of the second line, is hardly more a blemish than a dimple. *(To be continued.)* J. ROBERTSON.

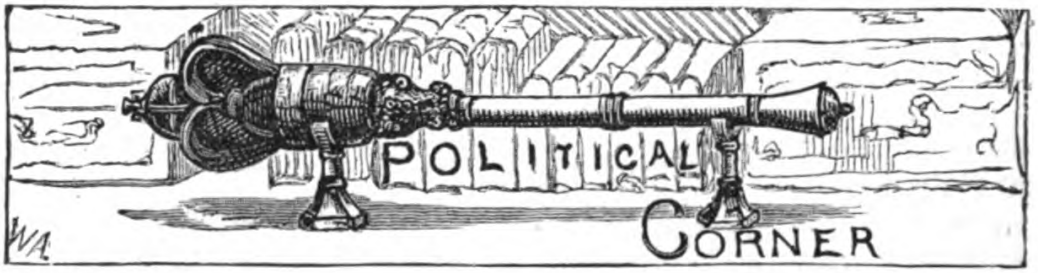
[1] Lest any hastily scoff, let me point out that when Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and Keats agreed each to write a sonnet on the Nile, Leigh Hunt's production was decidedly the best of the three. The two opening lines:

It flows through old, hush'd Ægypt and its sands
Like some grave, mighty thought, threading a dream—

and the line on Cleopatra:

The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands—

would have done credit to any English poet. Yet this sonnet, too, is excluded from the "English Poets."



SIR BARTLE FRERE is dead, and by way of special honor his remains rest in St. Paul's Cathedral. He helped as much as any man of this generation to the mischief and crime in Afghanistan, and he did more than most men to bring about the trouble and dishonor in Zululand. To him the colored pagan had small right to existence when the needs of the Christian conflicted. Sir Bartle Frere conscientiously enough thought himself very pious and very good, and no doubt quite as conscientiously described me as too impious and too bad to be a legislator. Yet on his memory must rest the stain of the lives lost at Isandulana, and of all those who died at Cabul. I at least spoke and worked for peace and honesty, when he prayed and intrigued for war and annexation.

MORE wantonness with dynamite. Mad, purposeless crime, without even the explanation afforded in Moscow by Russian tyranny. These wretched hirelings who scatter explosives, regardless of whom they injure, have sorely wounded liberty, and given excuse for Tory and Whig reaction. In a country where it is possible for the Parliamentary leader of the extreme Irish party to speculate in land reform as a matter of probable business, and where the strongest words in denunciation of the Government came from pen and tongue, unhindered, the use of explosives can only serve those who desire that force and fear should be masters.

EGYPT is not very far away, but it is almost as difficult to learn the truth as to events occurring there as it would be if the telegraph did not exist, and all communication were cut off. According to rumors current whilst I write, the Government may possibly fail to carry its financial proposals in relation to Egypt, and in this case an early dissolution would be imminent.

The painful discussions in the French Chamber on the gross abuses in the administration of justice in Corsica serve to show that the Republican Government has, at any rate in that island, too readily followed the corrupt precedents set by the late Empire. M. Laguerre did real service to Republicanism by his eloquent and scathing exposure.

IT is not unworthy notice that considerable excitement has been caused in Belgium by the large number of votes recorded at Liège for M. Oscar Beck, a well-known local freethinker. We regret, however, to have to record that, in the elections of June 10th for Brussels, the clerical list was carried by a large majority, for the first time for many years.

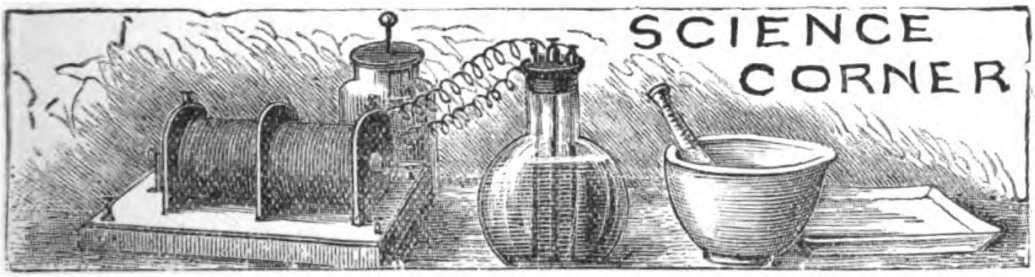
IN the United States, politicians are now busy intriguing, in view of the forthcoming presidental election; and financiers are mostly mourning the bankruptcies which have marked the recent panic. The selection of Mr. Blaine, as Republican candidate, for the presidency, by the Chicago Con-

vention, was not unexpected, but what to foreign eyes is a striking feature in that Convention, in which every state of the Union had delegates, was the selection of a negro as temporary chairman. Joshua B. Smith, slave senator, of Massachusetts, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and W. Lloyd Garrison, worked for but hardly dreamed this.

THE growing feeling against perpetual pensions is resulting in much commutation. The Duke of Leeds' share of the Schomberg pension, the Clarges pension, the Rutland pension, the Bedford pension, these have gone, and the Marlborough and Penn pensions have followed. But surely the Treasury might have tried to make some better bargain for the nation than $26\frac{3}{4}$ years' purchase, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer might have acted more straightforwardly in his communications with myself.

There is talk of a great London demonstration, in which the various great trade organisations of the country will take the leading part, by way of reply to the supposed intention of the Lords to reject the Franchise Bill.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.



MR. RICHARD PROCTOR, writing in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, says "Mr. Simms, of Oxford, has recently made a most interesting discovery. He finds that the bladder traps of Utricularia catch newly-hatched fish and kill them. Mr. Moseley has examined the evidence, and is satisfied with it. The jaws of the bladder traps of the plant close on the small fish, and hold them fast till they die. Mr. Simms supplied Mr. Moseley with a fresh specimen of the plant in a vessel in which were fresh young fish and spawn. and six hours afterwards more than a dozen fish were found entrapped. The fish are usually caught by the head, and in such cases the head is pushed as far into the bladder trap as possible, till the snout touches the hinder wall of the bladder. In some cases, however, the fish were caught by the tail. In three or four instances one bladder trap had caught the head while another had caught the tail, the body lying between the two bladders. As Utricularia possesses (so at least Darwin considered) no digestive powers, it is rather a puzzle to know what it wants with the unfortunate fishy small fry. Verily nature is full of quaint mysteries."

I CANNOT vouch for the following, for my own observations, since reading it, have not endorsed those of M. Sauvageon. "M. Sauvageon, of Valence, has studied the different phænomena which are produced in a cup of coffee when the sugar is put into it, and the results of his observations transform it into a barometer. 'If, in sweetening your coffee,' says M. Sauvageon, 'you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the con-

trary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre." The idea is at least odd. Perhaps my readers will observe.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Francis Galton's "Rede" lecture will be published. Mr. Galton chose for his subject: "The measurement of Human Faculty," and urged that particulars should be collected regarding eye-sight, hearing, breathing capacity, etc. At the John Hopkins University, U.S.A., few students objected to having physical measurements taken, and many valuable statistics had thus been obtained. Mr. Galton suggested that it would be well to emulate this example by opening a laboratory at Cambridge, for the investigation of this subject.

An Anthropometric Laboratory, as suggested by Mr. Galton, has been opened at the Health Exhibition, under Mr. Galton's superintendence. It is furnished with a series of ingenious apparatus for testing the various capabilities of the human body. The velocity and force of a blow, the strength and power of the eye, the susceptibility of the ear, the strength of lung, the correctness of judgment of the eye, besides the height and weight of visitors, can here be correctly tested. Each visitor receives a card on which the results of the various experiments are registered, and an exceedingly trustworthy and interesting record of personal characteristics is thus obtained. The means by which these results are obtained are well worthy of examination, being at the same time simple and efficient.

Nature, of May 1st, has a most interesting paper on the "Absorption of Water by Plants," from the pen of Francis Darwin. Mr. Darwin describes an ingenious instrument he has devised for measuring the rate of absorption.

M. Pasteur claims to have discovered a way of protecting dogs from *rabies* by inoculating them with the virus taken from a rabid dog, after attenuating it to a considerable extent. If M. Pasteur continues his discoveries there will scarcely be room on our bodies for all the different kinds of "vaccination."

In the obituary of the month come the following: M. Bontemps, well-known by his works on pneumatic telegraphy; Dr. Tweedie, formerly physician at the Foundling Hospital, and author of some valuable medical works; Prof. J. C. Schiödte, Danish entomologist.

An interesting antiquarian discovery has been made near the village of Ceic, in Moravia. There is a mound near the village, and Hofrach von Hochstetten, the keeper of the Imperial and Royal Museum for Natural History recently sent his assistant, Herr Szombathy, to examine the spot. Four laborers cut three feet down into the mound and found some skeletons. The skeletons were in layers, which were only separated from each other by a layer of earth scarcely two feet thick. Further examination showed that the skeletons in the different layers were placed in different directions, at right angles to one another and diagonally, but always close together, and that they comprised persons of all ages and of both sexes. The skulls are broad, with large brain cavities, and Herr Szombathy assumes that they belong to a north Slav race, and to judge by the size and structure of the bones, to a strong race. The bones were brittle, and when exposed to the air and sun crumbled into dust. The corpses were probably placed there, at the same time, at a period of war or plague.

COLONEL DONNELLY has been appointed the permanent head of the Science and Art Department, of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education.

DR. MORELL MACKENZIE has written a seasonable pamphlet on hay-fever. He ascribes it to the pollen of flowers irritating the mucous membrane of the respiratory passages.

AT Untervinti, in the Pusterthal, Tyrol, close by the old post road, a burial place has been discovered, which probably dates from the Roman occupation. Bronze buckles, a silver armlet, and a piece of amber, brown with age, and pierced through, together with a few bones, were all the objects found. The great Roman road which led from Aquileia to Vipltenum passed through the Pusterthal. On the Bavarian and Hessian frontier, also near the Maine, where excavations have been systematically carried on for years, some very interesting discoveries have been made lately. Among them is a brick kiln, in fair preservation, not far from the place where two similar kilns were found not long ago. In six different spots the explorers were able to come on portions of what was formerly a deep, wide trench, the Roman *limes* in this region. The trench was chokefull of fragments and *debris* from the ancient tile manufactory that was close by.

THE following is the "Return relating to Experiments on Living Animals," made by Mr. Geo. Buck, Inspector for 1883:—

1. The names of the 44 persons who held licences during any part of the year are given in the subjoined tables, in one of which are entered the names of the 32 licensees who performed any experiments; and, in the other, the names of those, 12 in number, who performed none.

2. The total number of experiments of all kinds performed during the year was about 535. Of these, 256 were done under the restrictions of the license alone; 55 under certificates in column 2; 122 under certificates in column 3; 102 under certificates in column 4. Four or five experiments on dogs and cats were performed under the certificates in column 4, which, however, are enumerated with those under the certificates in column 2.

3. As in all the experiments, except those done under the special certificates in columns 2, 3, and 4, which dispense either entirely or partially with the use of anæsthetics, the animals are rendered insensible during the whole of the experiment and are not allowed to regain sensibility, no appreciable suffering would be caused if the provisions of the Act were faithfully carried out, which I have every reason to believe was done.

(a.) With regard to the experiments under certificates, in column 2, as they all consisted in simple inoculation with, or in the hypodermic injection of morbid matter, the pain inflicted in the cases in which any result ensued, would be no more than that which accompanies ordinary vaccination and its consequences.

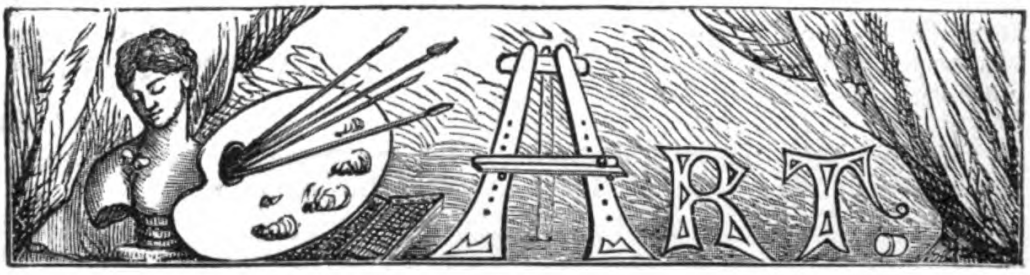
(b.) Of the 122 experiments performed under certificates in Column 3, 114 also consisted principally in inoculation with various septic matters, or morbific organisms, for the greater part connected with an important enquiry into the nature of tubercular affections. From the returns I have received from the various operators it would appear that no pain was inflicted in these cases except in about fourteen or fifteen instances, in which disease was produced, but which was very trifling. In the remaining eight cases, in which more serious operations were

required, as these were effected under anæsthesia, the only suffering in the animals that survived, would be that which attends the ordinary repair of a surgical injury.

4. It may therefore be stated that the amount of direct or indirect suffering from the performance of physiological experiments during the past year was wholly insignificant, and limited to about fourteen or fifteen animals.

The following are the headings of the columns referred to:—1. Permitting experiments in illustration to lectures (use of anæsthetics necessary). 2. Special for experiments without anæsthetics. 3. Dispensing with the obligation to kill the animal before recovering from anæsthesia. 4. Permitting experiments on cats, dogs, horses, mules, or asses. 5. For the further advancement of knowledge by testing previous discoveries.

ANNIE BESANT.



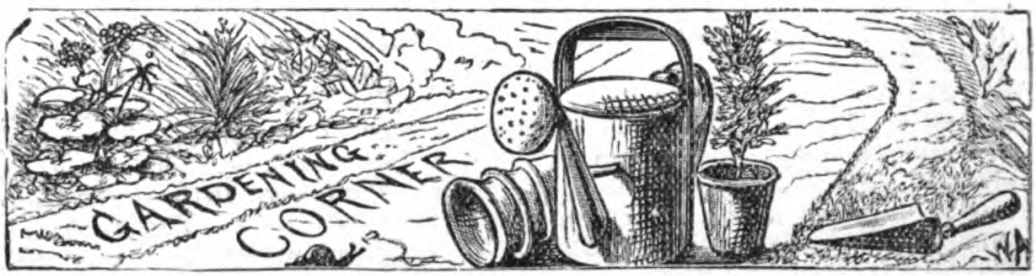
FOR the picture side of Art the Academy still is the most prominent study. Everyone seems pretty well agreed that the exhibition at Burlington House is below the ordinary level, which, Art knows! is never a very lofty one. There are a number of children, scarcely one of whom is "a child as is a child," as Boots at the Holly Tree Inn was wont to put it. There are many—far too many—portraits, most of them of the most direful non-interest, by nature of their originals. Yet here it is curious to notice how a real work of art fascinates even if the subject is unworthy, though here the hyper-critic may suggest that, if the subject is unworthy, the work cannot be one of real art. As a basis for a discussion on this intricate point, you may take the picture of a quite ordinary M.P. by Frank Holl, or that of a quite ordinary parson by Ouless, in Gallery No. II. The works, as paintings, are wonderful. One other portrait, I regret to say, a Herkomer, ought to be purchased by the Licensed Victuallers' Defence Association. It is a picture of the chairman of the Church of England Temperance Society, and ought to do more to convert teetotallers than any amount of songs in praise of wine. For one cannot but conclude that the severe attack of colic from which the gentleman is suffering must be due to persistent water-drinking. The only competition against the licensed victuallers might be on the part of the disestablishment people, who would be able to gain no end of adherents by exhibiting the portrait of this unhappy clergyman as a sad illustration of the evil effects of a State Church. Another depressing thing is the ill-treatment of Shakspere. More than one of his heroines figure in the galleries, and they are labelled duly with their names. The names are necessary, for otherwise not even Mr. Furnivall could tell for whom the pictures were meant. A Cordelia that might be a Desdemona; a Beatrice that looks like one of Dickens's colorless females; a quite ordinary Hermione; a Romeo and Juliet who will never be able to get away from the balcony—they are much too

wooden—these are among the works that make lovers of the pictorial and of Shaksperian art doubly pained. On the whole the land and sea-scapes are the best things in the Exhibition, of which one must reluctantly say that "bad is the best." Two out of the three Vicat Coles are in his usual summer, sunny manner, and Graham's "Sea-Mist," though a utilisation of effects long familiar to us from his hand, is nevertheless very beautiful.

Musically, the most important event has been the advent of German Opera to London. Follies, like creeds, die hard, and it is an interesting, if somewhat painful, speculation how long the craze for Italian Opera will last. That it is doomed to be deposed from its former high estate by the richer, riper, truer German school, no observer of the signs of the musical times can doubt. And these who are in doubt would do well to go, if it be possible, on successive evenings, and hear first a Meyerbeer or a Mozart opera, and, second, a Wagner work. You will listen to "Les Hugenots" or "Don Giovanni," and be delighted with sweet sound; you will listen to "Die Meistersinger," and be strengthened, calmed, inspired with hope, lifted altogether to a higher level of being. The reason is not far to seek. In Italian Opera you have the isolation of music from all else. There are, of course, a story, dresses, scenes, actors and actresses, or, more correctly, singers. But they do not hang together. They have little or no connexion with the music; other than that of time and space. The whole is a Nebuchadnezzar's image. With one of Wagner's works all is changed. One mind, and that a very great mind, has constructed the plot, written the words, composed the music. The result is a complete and consistent work of art. The impression made upon you is of a finished and beautiful *whole*. The solidity of the German artists who interpret Wagner, a solidity that is never dull, or, indeed, anything other than strong and sweet at once, helps much to the effect, but it is in the main due to the dominant genius of the poet, dramatist, musician whom men are only just beginning to understand, when it is too late to do him any other than posthumous honor.

Dramatically, the production of "Chatterton" at the Princess's is of the greatest interest just now. The life of Chatterton is so meagre as to details that a considerable exercise of ingenuity was sure to be requisite to make a play with, for title, his name. The ingenuity can hardly be said to have been exercised, for no play is produced. Practically "Chatterton" is a monologue. Truly there are four other characters in the piece, all most excellently represented by Mrs. Huntley, Emmeline Ormsby, Mary Dickens, and George Barrett. But they are only for the purpose of, in schoolboy phrase, "feeding" Wilson Barrett in the one part of the one-part piece. In this he is very admirable. He has taken enough pains with the conception and the out-carrying of the character to make the painstaking invisible. He has to show the growing hopelessness of the poet, his rebellion against his very poverty, his rejection of the well-meaning kindness of his landlady, his sudden resolve to turn to drink, his equally sudden change of determination when he sees the depths of degradation that may open before him, the agony of a love that he thinks unrequited, the taking of poison, the after-discovery that the woman he worships has left in his room a letter with money, and with the promise of a future that is to be bright with her love, the death after the leaden-footed happiness has come. Here is, indeed, matter for an actor, and to say that Wilson Barrett misses almost nothing of all that is required here is to praise highly, but not too highly. The poison-taking and death are managed in a manner quite unconventional. This, considering the number of deaths with which the modern stage is crowded, is in itself a

remarkable achievement. Best of all, however, is the whirlwind of feeling on the discovery of the letter—a whirlwind upon which himself and his audience alike are carried away. He is poisoned, let us remember, when he finds the letter. In him there is not half an hour of life; yet, in the wild delirium of his happiness, he wholly forgets the dread truth. More than that, he makes us forget it also. Literally, for a few moments, I myself did not remember that the boy was dying. Then the remembrance came slowly back to me, and with it the terrible expectance of the moment when this life, wild with delight, would re-awaken to the full consciousness that it was ending, and ending with the cup of happiness brim-full against lips that were a dying. EDWARD AVELING, D.Sc.



JULY.

IN our last paper we gave some hints on the preparation of strawberry runners, and stated our intention of devoting the space at our disposal this month to some details on the culture of this delicious fruit. And first, we must supplement what we said in our last on propagating the runners. Be careful in selecting these to take them from fruitful plants. For, from whatever cause, some plants in a plantation will often be found much more inclined to sterility. And as such plants almost constantly send out the earliest and strongest runners, which are all but certain to inherit the sterile habit of the parent plant, care should be taken against propagating these, to avoid future failure. A little trouble in selecting is far from being labor lost, in small gardens, where every foot of ground is an object. Take runners then, if possible, from the best bearing plants. After that, the next point in strawberry culture is the preparation of the soil. Many put off this important operation till July or August, when they are about to form their new plantations. Where practicable we would recommend its preparation in the winter. Trench it the depth of 24 to 30 inches, putting in plenty of good manure as you proceed. The strawberry delights in a deep, loamy, or rather adhesive soil. In light, sandy soils, the strawberry grows well enough as to leaves and straw, but in our experience it never fruits well in these conditions. Having finished the trenching, and left the surface rough, so as to expose as much of it as possible to the action of the winter's frost, you may in spring plant the ground with a crop of early potatoes, or early cauliflowers, which can be cleared away before the ground is needed for the strawberries. When the ground is clear, dress it again with well-rotted stable dung, and dig it carefully over. The ground is now ready to receive the plants. Employ only runners that are stout and healthy, with a round, plump bud in the centre, which have (as directed) been selected from vigorous-fruiting plants; for, in our view, barren plants produce a barren progeny. If your runners were layered in pots filled with a rich compost, they will soon fill these with roots, and when you are assured that such is the case, they can

be severed from the parent plant, and may be planted immediately. We recommend planting them in beds, two rows in a bed, with an alley between each bed. Make the beds 3½ feet wide and the alley 2½ feet. Place the plants 2½ feet apart in the row, in half-quincunx order, thus: . . . . This gives them more space, a matter of great moment in their culture. But whether the ground is formed into beds or not, which is simply a matter of choice, the plants must be allowed ample space. If they are to be planted in rows, the ground not being formed into beds, each row in that case should be 3½ feet apart, and the plants at least the same distance apart in the row. Strawberries highly cultivated want plenty of room to develop, and they well repay liberal treatment. They require plenty of water in dry weather. Keep the plants free from runners, and the ground clear of weeds. From a plantation so made a respectable crop of fruit may be looked for in the following year. The crop will be the heaviest the second year. But the largest and handsomest individual berries will be gathered the first season. On the subject of their management during their growing and resting season: Early in the spring they should receive a thorough good cleaning; every dead and decaying leaf should be cleared away, every runner cut off, and the ground be well hoed and weeded. This should be repeated from time to time, and as the runners appear they must be cut off, except when wanted for propagating a new stock. As soon as the plants are in flower, some protecting material should be placed beneath the trusses of bloom, to prevent the fruit from being injured by heavy rain. Some for this purpose use clean straw, others apply litter from the stable, others, again, take the grass mowings from the pleasure grounds. Where none of these can be had, spent tan-bark from a tan-yard, or cocoa-nut fibre waste will be found good substitutes. With regard to sorts we can say but little, as for the last twenty years we have had no means of growing and testing new sorts as they have been introduced. But for an early sort we used to grow Black Prince, and we do not know if any other has superseded it; and for a main crop for culinary purposes, Keen's Seedling used to be our favorite. This was succeeded by British Queen, and a few others; and for a very late crop the Elton Pine and the Fragmore Late Pine kept up our supply. In the garden of a ducal establishment, where we received our first initiation into the mysteries of garden-craft, we remember that a plot used to be set apart for the cultivation of the small Alpine, or wild strawberry of our woods; its piquant flavor recommending it to the favor of the female head of that "Dukery." This taste in one so highly born and so delicately nurtured, must have been, we should think, a "survival," for it was a favorite with the aristocracy of former days; as we learn from Spenser, and from Tusser, it was the custom to grow it just as it came from the woods. Spenser says:

> One day as they all three together went
> Into the wood to gather strawberries.—*F. 2., ii.*, 34.

and Tusser thus:

> Wife, into thy garden, and set me a plot,
> With strawberry roots of the best to be got;
> Such growing abroad, among thorns in the wood,
> Well chosen and picked, proved excellent food.—
> *September's Husbandry.*

And even in the next century, Sir Hugh Plat said:

> Strawberries which grow in woods prosper best in gardens.—
> *Garden of Eden*, 1-20.

In all likelihood, the strawberries which Shakspere makes Glo'ster speak of as having seen growing:

> My Lord of Ely, when I was last at Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
> I do beseech you, send for some of them.
> . . . . . .
> Where is my Lord Protector? I have sent for these strawberries.—
> *King Richard III., Act iii., Scene 4.*

In all likelihood we say these strawberries in the bishop's garden, and which tempted the appetite of the royal duke, were the common strawberries of our woods, transplanted from their native *habitat*, and doubtless improved somewhat by cultivation. And how these strawberries were appreciated by our forefathers we have a strong proof in old Isaak Walton's glowing words: "Indeed, my scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did; so if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling" We doubt, however, if with our present experience of good strawberries many of us moderns would join in this high praise of the strawberries of Shakspere's or Isaak Walton's day; for their varieties were very limited, and the quality of their fruit very inferior to those now in cultivation. Besides the wild one (Fragaria vesca) they had the Virginian (F. Virginiana), a native of North America, and the parent of our scarlets; but they do not seem to have had the Hautbois (F. elatior), or the Chilian, or the Carolinas, from which most of our good varieties have descended. No need of our commending the delicious flavor and freshness of the strawberry so acceptable to all, but it has another charm known, however, but to few, and said to be only discernable by the few. Among "the flowers that yield sweetest smell in the air," Lord Bacon reckoned violets, and next to that is the musk-rose, then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most cordial smell." There is a considerable interest connected with the name of the plant, and much popular error. It is supposed to be called strawberry because the berries have straw laid under them, or from an old custom of selling the wild ones strung on straws.

> "The wood nymphs often times would busied be,
> And pluck for him the blushing strawberry.
> Making for them a bracelet on a bent,
> Which for a favor to this swain they sent."
> *Brown's Brit. Pas.*, 1-2.

What the word really means is pleasantly told by a writer in "Leeman's Journal of Botany, 1869." How well this name indicates the now prevailing practice of English gardeners laying straw under the berry in order to bring it to perfection and prevent it touching the earth, which without that precaution it naturally does, and to which it owes its German name *Eidbeere*, making us almost forget that in this instance "straw" has nothing to do with the practice alluded to, but is an obsolete past participle of "to strew" in allusion to the habit of the plant.

W. Elder.

MR. ALEXANDER WHEELER, always earnest in his defence of liberty, has issued a tract combating the idea that "vaccination has greatly lessened the mortality from small-pox." [1]

"The Religious Tract Society is issuing a series of "Present Day Tracts," [2] that deserve careful reading from sceptics. Four volumes, containing twenty-four tracts, written by eminent Christians, have been published, and we recommend them because every Freethinker should be well acquainted with the enemy's ground.

Hail, Posterity!

OH! noble ones that are to come
  And tread the earth where we have been
  But gazers on a fairer scene
When we and all our works are dumb!

How shall ye know what thoughts were ours—
  What yearnings towards the times to be;
  What strainings of dim eyes to see
The heights beyond our beacon towers?

So strong in your triumphant calm,
  Ye may but turn a downward gaze
  To wonder at the miry ways
By which we passed to seek for balm.

And we at best, with baffled brain,
  Can only murmur in our dreams
  Of forms with which the future teems
And which to paint we strive in vain.

But oh! 'twere meet that ye should know
  We held high faith that ye should be:
  That in far days should rise the free
Strong souls to whom our yearnings go.

We do but lift a voice to tell,
  If haply ye may ever hear,
  We held the vision of you dear,
And loved your goodness passing well.

We might not do that we desired;
  But we had never joy to turn
  And rest in peace that ye would spurn:
We stretched hands forward and aspired! M. J. R.

[1] "Vaccination, 1883." By A. Wheeler. London: E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

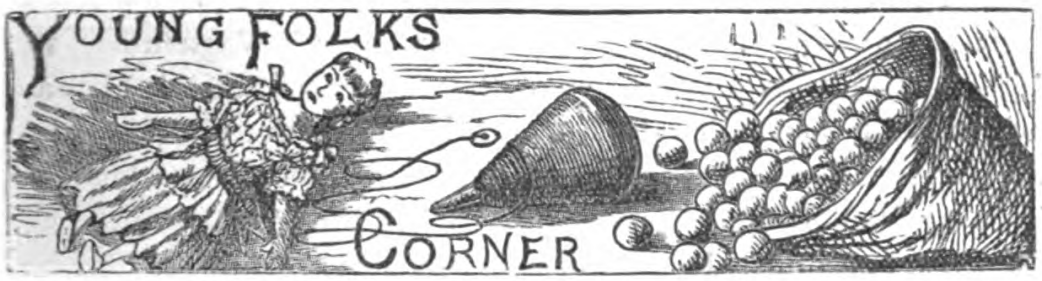
[2] "Present Day Tracts." By Various Writers. London: The Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Anecdotes.

HERE is a puzzle for leisurely people culled from the *Evening Standard*; it is a cryptogram published in a London paper: "Cousin.—882L4F7 ETL D 54T H5D 3T88TD VL4 a59 458 RLFT 21R 8214F I QT48 82TDT H5D 75RT 54TT37T? 714A 85R5DD 5Q L8 8T4 OLVF 2TDT T3TtT4 821D8a A5E O3T77 a 59 ELD314 A I 35 tT a59 QL8VTE 82DTT 259D7 85ELa. Let us now take Poe s method. Assuming the cryptogram to be English, a mere counting of the most frequent letters shows that 'T' stands for 'e.' If this be so, the last word but two ends with a double e. Few short English words do so, and in most of those an 'r' precedes the doublet. So '82DTT' might be 'spree' or 'three.' If it be the latter we shall find the '82' elsewhere, as 'th' is a very common combination of letters. As it occurs five times, we may assume it. We have now four most important letters, and we know that 'D' stands for 'r.' Looking to the early part of the line above, we find the word '85R5DD5Q.' This word has a doubled 'r,' with the same letter preceding and following it. Such a letter must be a vowel, and can only be an 'o,' giving us for the word 'to-orro,' of course this is 'to-morrow;' and by applying our knowledge to the next two words we find that they must mean 'at ten.' With regard to the 'I' standing alone in two places, it can, in our language, be only 'I' or 'A,' and we have seen that it is not the latter, With this start any person of ordinary intelligence will make only five minutes' work of the rest of the cipher. And the start has been effected quite *en régle*, without any lucky guessing.

IN a storm on a lake the other day there were two passengers in a boat, one tall and strong, the other weak and small. As the danger of sinking seemed imminent, the big man fell on his knees and began to pray. "No, no!" cried out the boatman, sensibly: "let the little one pray, you take an oar."

WHEN it was first proposed in Parliament in 1753 to take a census of the nation, the bill was rejected. Mr. Matthew Ridley, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, said "that the people looked upon the proposal as ominous, and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemical distemper should follow the numbering." The people then really believed in the Bible; now they only pretend to believe.



The Story of Giordano Bruno.

(*Continued from page* 378).

FOR two years Bruno found rest in the bosom of Würtemburg University, Würtemburg where there prevailed "liberty of speech and love of literature." "Würtemburg," he said, "is the Athens of Germany. Minerva the virgin is its mother!" And he left behind him his grateful words of thanks to this noble asylum of learning and of liberty, words that each should remember who may now tread the sacred streets of that German town:

"You did not question me as to my faith, which you did not approve; you regarded only my love for charity and peace, for philanthropy and philosophy; you allowed me to be only the friend of wisdom, the lover of the muses; you did not forbid me to proclaim freely opinions contrary to the doctrines received among you . . . Although philosophy is among you neither end nor means; although your piety, sober, pure, primitive, makes you prefer ancient physics and the mathematics of the past, yet you allowed me to profess a new system . . . You did not grow angry; you shewed wisdom, humanity and urbanity, with the sincere wish to help and to serve . . . Far from restraining liberty of thought and from tarnishing your reputation for hospitality, you treated the traveller, the foreigner, the proscribed, as friend and fellow-citizen; you allowed him to protect himself against poverty by teaching; you repelled all the calumnies circulated about him during the two years that he spent within your walls, beneath the shade of your hospitality."

There is nothing to show why Bruno quitted this peaceful retreat, where he was safe, honored, and beloved. Perhaps his

fiery warrior spirit could not rest happily where no combats were raging, and he yearned once more for the turmoil of hot theological controversy. Be that as it may, he left Würtemberg in 1688, and went to Prague, where the Emperor Rudolph II. was holding his Court. To the Emperor Bruno presented some mathematical theses, having learned that Rudolph was a friend to learning, but Bruno's heresy tainted his mathematics, and the Christian ruler turned a cold face on the heretic thinker. So he travelled to Helmstadt, where he became tutor to the eldest son of the reigning Duke of Brunswick for a few brief months, and then, the Duke dying, persecution struck at him once more. Bœthius, the head of the clergy, excommunicated him in open church, and all men thenceforth regarded him as outcast. For one year of struggle he held his ground, and then finding life was being made impossible to him, he passed out once more among strangers, teaching ever the doctrines that he loved.

And now Frankfort knew him for a few brief months, from June, 1690, to February, 1691, and here he published his last works, while his home life was cared for by a family named Wechel, a member of which had been a friend of Sir Philip Sydney. In Frankfort came to him a letter which drew him back to Italy, drew him into the jaws of that Inquisition from which he had fled, and which had had its sleuth-hounds on his trail ever since. See him as he bends over the letter, his cheeks flushing with the thought of Italy. The scroll was signed "Giovanni Mocenigo;" it prayed him come to Venice as tutor, assuring him of full safety and of cordial welcome. The young noble who wrote was of a house strong enough to protect, and he pledged his faith that secure home on Italian soil awaited the brilliant teacher, whose name for the last ten years had been ringing through Europe.

The letter dropped from Bruno's hands, as he rose slowly to his feet, and turned to the window which opened towards the south.

"Italia! Italia!" he sighed, his own soft Neapolitan tongue falling from his lips in cadences most musical. "My beautiful, my beloved; shall I indeed see you once more? Oh, to feel the air of Italy, after the heavy air of the north! Oh, to see the skies of Italy, after these dull greys that are never blue!"

His eyes sparkled, his pulses throbbed—but suddenly his head drooped, and a weary sadness settled on his face.

"The Inquisition! What noble house can guard me from the cruel claws of the Roman wolf? Italy, which cradled me, will be my grave, I fear me, if I listen to the pleadings of this youth, and dwell in Venice. Here, at least, I am safe; and if one town grows too hot for me, another is open to me. But there! O Italy! thy palaces cover the dungeons, and thy beauty is the mask over the face of the familiar."

The struggle of uncertainty was long; but at last the yearning for Italy, the home-sickness triumphed, and Giordano Bruno set his face Italianwards. He travelled through Switzerland, paying a brief visit to Zurich, and then, crossing the Alps, saw stretching below him, in their autumnal glory, the sunny plains of the Italy he had loved and left. He turned his steps first to Padua, unable to resist the temptation of raising his voice for science in that famous town, whose University had on its roll the most illustrious names of Italy. His audacity struck his friends with terror: "It is said that the Nolain (Bruno)," wrote Acidalino from Bologna to Forgacz, Baron de Gimes, then in Padua, "is living and teaching among you. Is it so? What can that man be doing in Italy, whence he was forced to flee? I am astonished, stupefied, and cannot believe the rumor true, well authenticated as it is."

A storm soon gathered round the intrepid heretic, and Bruno fled to Venice; and in March, 1692, we find him established in the palace of Giovanni Mocenigo. Here for about two months he dwelt in safety, pouring out to his pupil the treasures of learning he had acquired. Often and often, as they passed silently in their gondola along the narrow water-ways, they conversed freely on the controverted questions of the day, on the Copernican theory, on the authority of Rome in matters of science. Often as the stars shone down from the cloudless sky, Bruno gazing at them would dazzle his companion with his dreams of other inhabited worlds and of the manifold life in endless forms distributed over the endless Universe. Little did he guess that those views of his, spoken freely in friendly converse, were repeated day after day by his pupil's lips into the ear of a dark-browed confessor, who later, in a parlor of the Inquisition, met his fellow-priests and

took counsel with them how Bruno might be betrayed unto them, that they might put him to death.

ANNIE BESANT.

(To be concluded.)

Real Heroes.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

PART II.

"Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time."

ON Faraday's return to England he was re-engaged at the Royal Institution, with higher duties, and a salary of £100 a-year.

When he was twenty-five years old, he gave his first public lecture. Up to that time he had been merely assisting others, besides storing up knowledge on his own account. But from this time forward, he began, by lectures and magazine articles, to give to the world at large the results of his own thoughts, experiments, and studies; and, as time went on, of his original discoveries. At thirty years of age he married, and took his bride home to his rooms at the Royal Institution. His wedded life seems to have been without a cloud. This is what he himself said about it in in his note-book:

"25th January, 1847.

Amongst these records and events, I here insert the date of one which, as a source of honor and happiness, far exceeds all the rest. We were *married* on June 12, 1827. M. FARADAY."

When engaged in serious work, Faraday usually wore an expression of grave earnestness; but he could be merry enough at times, was fond of fun, and had a hearty pleasant laugh. Once, when after months of often-repeated experiments, he saw what he had long wished to see—the electric wire moving round the magnet, and the magnet round the wire, his joy was so great that he startled his assistant by dancing round the room, his face aglow with delight, exclaiming, "There they go! there they go! we have succeeded at last!"

For many years he continued to lecture publicly, and his lectures grew more and more popular. Those who have heard him say, that there was an irresistible charm in his voice and manner.

At Christmas he used to give courses of lectures to children. He was led to do this partly by his love for children and partly also by his wish to influence education generally. He had a firm belief that science ought to form part of all education, and that all would be better for such teaching. In children he took special

interest and gave much pleasure to the little folks of both sexes.

The scene is thus described by J. H. Gladstone : "The front rows are filled with the young people, behind them are ranged older friends and many of his brother philosophers, and there is old Sir James South, who is quite deaf, poor man, but who has come, as he says, because he likes to see the happy faces of the children. How perfect is the attention ! Faraday, with a beaming countenance, begins saying something about a candle or a kettle that most boys and girls know, then rises to what they had never thought of before, but which now is as clear as possible to their understandings. And with what delight does he watch the performances of nature in his experiments ! One could fancy that he had never seen the experiments before, and that he was about to clap his hands with glee at the unexpected result. Then, with serious face, the lecturer makes some incidental remark that goes far beyond natural philosophy, and is a lesson for life."

All through life Faraday loved children. He had none of his own, so he petted his little nieces. If they came into his laboratory, he would leave his graver work to amuse them. Like a magician he could make pretty purple flames start up and disappear at his bidding, causing the children to press their little hands to their ears, while they laughed with delight. When friends brought their little ones to see him, he would often, as he talked, make for them tiny paper purses, and putting half-a-crown into each purse, would slip them into the children's hands when they left him.

The same man, who loved so well to play and laugh with little children, made some of the most important discoveries with regard to electricity and magnetism that the world has ever known. He was the first to prove the connexion between magnetism and electricity, and was the discoverer of magneto-electricity, or electricity produced by the aid of magnetism. For example, if a coiled wire has a magnet introduced within its turns, an electrical current runs through the wire.

He also discovered electro-magnetism, or magnetism produced by the aid of electricity. For example, if a piece of iron which is not magnetic is surrounded by a spiral of wire, and an electrical current is sent through the wire, the iron becomes a magnet.

Faraday's discoveries have already been of great use to the world. The beautiful electric light that dazzles and delights us in many parts of London and elsewhere, is mainly the result of his labors.

Sometimes we see lines of wire stretched across the streets, and we know that the same kind of wires are spread over a great portion of the earth, and even under the sea. By this means messages are flashed literally with lightning speed to India, America, and Australia.

"It is," says Professor Tyndall, "Faraday's currents that spee l from place to place through those wires." The same writer says :

"As far as electricity has been applied for medical purposes, it has been almost exclusively Faraday's electricity."

"Strong as a man and pure as a child." The words fitly describe the character of Michael Faraday, child-like he was in simplicity and mirthfulness, in exquisite purity of thought and aim. Man-like he was in the ardour and energy with which he worked at his life pursuits, in his scorn of cant and hypocrisy, in the wrath and indignation that filled his heart when he heard of any act of wrong or injustice.

Money, that great temptation that has served to dim the lustre of many a noble life, had little charm for him. Had he so pleased, he might have become a rich man. Many an offer was made him of work that would have helped him to realise a large income; but such work would have hindered the greater, nobler labors that have made the name of Michael Faraday so renowned. He chose the better part, and remaining comparatively poor, worked till extreme old age at those studies that, in a two-fold sense, have flooded the world with light.

J.

Puzzles.

HISTORICAL SIMPLE ACROSTIC.

Archbishop of York, Lord Chancellor, and Prime Minister of England.

1.

First of England's religious reformers.

2.

A French town besieged by the English, saved by a Norman.

3.

An Archbishop who helped to gain Magna Charta.

4.

Secretary to the Governor of Ireland in 1580, and a great poet.

5.

A collector of unjust taxes for a king, beheaded by order of the people.

6.

An adjective applied to the last of the Stuarts. [8 marks.]

BURIED RIVERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The initials give the name of an English town.—1. I shall eat an apple. 2. Do you see the crab? 3. Often enter the Zoo. 4. Dryshod over the water. 5. Open the door, well-a-day! 6. Will you knit the sock?

[6 marks.]

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Stripped of my externals, I am but a jest. [4 marks.]
2. Why should people never starve in the desert? [2 marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

A gentleman coming to town asked the owner of a boarding-house what his board, etc., would cost for one month. £10 was the sum asked. The gentleman then asked what he must pay for so long as he could place his wife, five children and himself in different positions every day at dinner. The owner of the boarding-house replied, £5. The gentleman accepted the terms. Find how long he stayed. [8 marks.]

If the tonnage of the "Great Eastern" ship be 20,000 tons, find how many pins she will hold, 200 to the ounce. [8 marks.]

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

FLOWER ACROSTIC.—LILAC.

Laburnum.
Ivy.
Lily of the Valley.
Anemone.
Cowslip.

OLIVIA: Auricula is not of the Buttercup family.—AJAX: Leek is not sweet-scented, and Aster is not of the Buttercup family.—WANDA and OTTILIE: Crocus is not related to Primrose.—VALIANT: There can only be five letters in the whole. Look at the answer and see what an acrostic means.

CHARADES.

Cant-er-bury. Library (Lie-bray-rye).

BURIED TOWNS.

1. Cairo (O care, reversed).
2. Calcutta (call cutter).
3. Madras.
4. Harrow.
5. Eton (eat on).
6. Liverpool.

CRACKED NUTS.

To solve No. 1, it is necessary to find out how much 1 inch of candle costs in each case (or what 1d. buys; it does not matter which way it is taken). Thus:

$8\frac{1}{2}$ inches cost $\frac{9}{6}$ or $\frac{3}{2}$

1 " " $\frac{\frac{3}{2}}{\frac{17}{2}} = \frac{3}{17}$

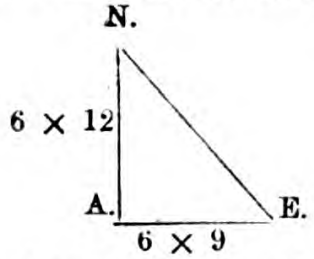
Also:

$10\frac{1}{4}$ " " $\frac{11}{6}$

$\frac{41}{4}$ " " $\frac{\frac{11}{6}}{\frac{41}{4}} = \frac{\frac{11}{3}}{\frac{41}{2}} = \frac{22}{123}$

Then compare $\frac{3}{17}$ and $\frac{22}{123}$ by reducing them to the same denominator: $\frac{369}{2091}$: $\frac{374}{2091}$. The cheaper candles are those at 9d., in the proportion of 369 to 374.

No. 2. One ship sails east, the other north from A.



The distance between them will be that of a right-angled triangle, with sides 72 and 54.

$$72^2 + 54^2 = x^2$$
$$5184 + 2916 = x^2$$
$$\sqrt{8100} = x$$
$$90 = x$$

They will be 90 miles apart.

TOTAL MARKS POSSIBLE, 30.—Hypatia, Quicksilver, Hawkeye, Thasso, Scheherezade, 30 marks; Olivia, Beelzebub, 29; Cetewayo, 28; Valiant, 27; Our Corner Man, 25; Loki, 23; Aladdin, Wanda, Ottilie, 19; Ajax, 18; Albigeoise, Cromwell, 14; Eureka, 11; Mignonette, 10; Jumbo. 8.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—29 marks last month are credited to OUR CORNER MAN.—AJAX: You should show your working of arithmetical puzzles, or you lose many marks.—LOKI: Your answer to Nut 2 is quite right. No knowledge of trigonometry is wanted to answer the question. You made a slight errror at the end of Nut 1. Compare $\frac{8}{11}$ and $\frac{7}{9}$ again.

PRIZES.

(Total maaks possible, 94.)

The FIRST PRIZE goes to "Cetewayo" (H. J. LESEMANN), who has gained 91 marks.

"Quicksilver" (H. WRIGHT) and "Beelzebub" (J. C. WOODWARD) tie with 87. The SECOND and THIRD PRIZES will, therefore, be divided equally between them.

"Hawkeye," barred by a quarterly prize, gained 91 marks, and stands well for the Annual as does "Scheherezade," with 86. "Our Corner Man" came near this quarter's winners, with 83.

YOUNG FOLKS' PUZZLE-CORNER RULES.

ANY girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on pages 62 and 63. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

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Our Corner.

In the August number will appear a most interesting article on the founder of the Russian Revolutionary Movement,

PAUL PESTEL,

from the pen of GERTRUDE LAYARD.

I have also made arrangements with Mrs. EDGREN, a well-known Swedish writer, to publish in these columns a drama from her pen, entitled,

"TRUE WOMEN,"

which deals with knotty questions touching woman's position. This will begin in the September issue.

ANNIE BESANT.

EDITOR.

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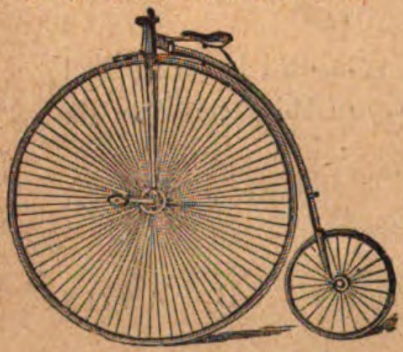

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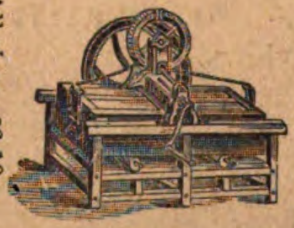

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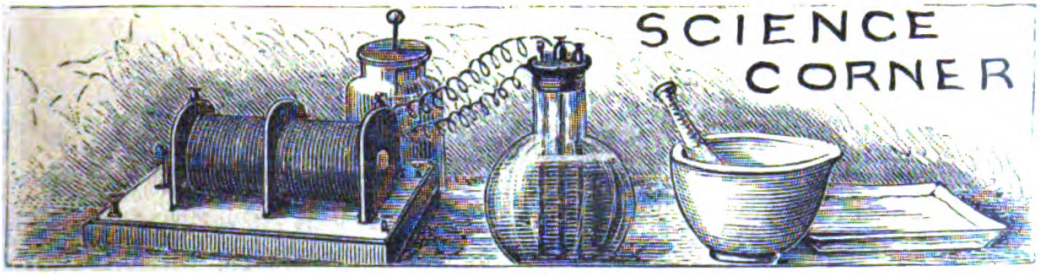

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Autobiographical Sketches.

By Annie Besant.

VIII.

The struggle was a sharp one ere I could decide that intellectual honesty demanded that the question of the Deity of Christ should be analysed as strictly as all else, and that the conclusions come to from an impartial study of facts should be faced as steadily as though they dealt with some unimportant question. I was bound to recognise, however, that more than intellectual honesty would be here required, for if the result of the study were—as I dimly felt it would be—to establish disbelief in the supernatural claims of Christ, I could not but feel that such disbelief would necessarily entail most unpleasant external results. I might give up belief in all save this, and yet remain a member of the Church of England: views on Inspiration, on Eternal Torture, on the Vicarious Atonement, however heterodox, might be held within the pale of the Church; many broad church clergymen rejected these as decidedly as I did myself, and yet remained members of the Establishment; the judgment on "Essays and Reviews" gave this wide liberty to heresy within the Church, and a laywoman might well claim the freedom of thought legally bestowed on divines. The name "Christian" might well be worn while

Christ was worshipped as God, and obeyed as the "Revealer of the Father's will," the "well-beloved Son," the "Savior and Lord of men." But once challenge that unique position, once throw off that supreme sovereignty, and then it seemed to me that the name "Christian" became a hypocrisy, and its renouncement a duty incumbent on an upright mind. But I was a clergyman's wife; my position made my participation in the Holy Communion a necessity, and my withdrawal therefrom would be an act marked and commented upon by all. Yet if I lost my faith in Christ, how could I honestly approach "the Lord's Table," where Christ was the central figure and the recipient of the homage paid there by every worshipper to "God made man"? Hitherto, mental pain alone had been the price demanded inexorably from the searcher after truth; now to the inner would be added the outer warfare, and how could I tell how far this might carry me?

One night only I spent in this struggle over the question: "Shall I examine the claims to Deity of Jesus of Nazareth?" When morning broke the answer was clearly formulated: "Truth is greater than peace or position. If Jesus be God, challenge will not shake his Deity; if he be Man, it is blasphemy to worship him." I re-read Liddon's "Bampton Lectures" on this controversy, and Renan's "Vie de Jésus." I studied the Gospels, and tried to represent to myself the life there outlined; I tested the conduct there given as I should have tested the conduct of any ordinary historical character; I noted that in the Synoptics no claim to Deity was made by Jesus himself, nor suggested by his disciples; I weighed his own answer to an inquirer, with its plain disavowal of Godhood: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good save one, that is God" (Matt. xix., 17); I conned over his prayers to "my Father," his rest on divine protection, his trust in a power greater than his own; I noted his repudiation of divine knowledge: "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, *neither the Son*, but the Father" (Mark xiii., 32); I studied the meaning of his prayer of anguished submission: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt" (Matt. xxvi., 39); I dwelt on his bitter cry in his dying agony: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii., 46); I asked the meaning of the final words of rest:

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke xxiii., 46). And I saw that, if there were any truth in the Gospels at all, they told the story of a struggling, suffering, sinning, praying man, and not of a God at all, and the dogma of the Deity of Christ followed the rest of the Christian doctrines into the limbo of past beliefs.

Yet one other effort I made to save myself from the difficulties I foresaw in connexion with this final breach with Christianity. There was one man who had in former days wielded over me a great influence, one whose writings had guided and taught me for many years—Dr. Pusey, the venerable leader of the Catholic party in the Church, the learned Patristic scholar, full of the wisdom of antiquity. He believed in Christ as God; what if I put my difficulties to him? if he resolved them for me I should escape the struggle I foresaw; if he could not resolve them, then no answer to them was to be hoped for. My decision was quickly made; being with my mother, I could write to him unnoticed, and I sat down and put my questions clearly and fully, stating my difficulties and asking him whether, out of his wider knowledge and deeper reading, he could resolve them for me. I wish I could here print his answer, together with two or three other letters I received from him, but the packet was unfortunately stolen from my desk and I have never recovered it. Dr. Pusey advised me to read Liddon's "Bampton Lectures," referred me to various passages, chiefly from the Fourth Gospel, if I remember rightly, and invited me to go down to Oxford and talk over my difficulties. Liddon's "Bampton Lectures" I had thoroughly studied, and the Fourth Gospel had no weight with me, the arguments in favor of its Alexandrian origin being familiar to me, but I determined to accept his invitation to a personal interview, regarding it as the last chance of remaining in the Church.

To Oxford, accordingly, I took the train, and made my way to the famous Doctor's rooms. I was shown in, and saw a short, stout gentleman, dressed in a cassock, and looking like a comfortable monk; but the keen eyes, steadfastly gazing straight into mine, told me of the power and subtlety hidden by the unprepossessing form. The head was fine and impressive, the voice low, penetrating, drilled into a somewhat monotonous and artificially subdued tone. I quickly found that no sort of enlightenment could possibly result from our interview. He treated me as

a penitent going to confession, seeking the advice of a director, not as an enquirer struggling after truth, and resolute to obtain some firm standing-ground in the sea of doubt, whether on the shores of orthodoxy or of heresy. He would not deal with the question of the Deity of Jesus as a question for argument; he reminded me: "You are speaking of your judge," when I pressed some question. The mere suggestion of an imperfection in Jesus' character made him shudder in positive pain, and he checked me with raised hand, and the rebuke: "You are blaspheming; the very thought is a terrible sin." I asked him if he could recommend to me any books which would throw light on the subject: "No, no, you have read too much already. You must pray; you must pray." Then, as I said that I could not believe without proof, I was told: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed," and my further questioning was checked by the murmur: "O my child, how undisciplined! how impatient!" Truly, he must have found in me—hot, eager, passionate in my determination to know, resolute not to profess belief while belief was absent—but very little of that meek, chastened, submissive spirit to which he was accustomed in the penitents wont to seek his counsel as their spiritual guide. In vain did he bid me pray as though I believed; in vain did he urge the duty of blind submission to the authority of the Church, of unquestioning, unreasoning faith, which received but questioned not. He had no conception of the feelings of the sceptical spirit; his own faith was solid as a rock—firm, satisfied, unshakeable; he would as soon have committed suicide as have doubted of the infallibility of the "Universal Church." "It is not your duty to ascertain the truth," he told me sternly. "It is your duty to accept and to believe the truth as laid down by the Church; at your peril you reject it; the responsibility is not yours so long as you dutifully accept that which the Church has laid down for your acceptance. Did not the Lord promise that the presence of the Spirit should be ever with his Church, to guide her into all truth?"

"But the fact of the promise, and its value are the very points on which I am doubtful," I answered.

He shuddered. "Pray, pray," he said. "Father, forgive her, for she knows not what she says."

It was in vain I urged that I had everything to gain and nothing to lose by following his directions, but that it seemed to me that fidelity to truth forbade a pretended acceptance of that which was not believed.

"Everything to lose? Yes, indeed. You will be lost for time and lost for eternity."

"Lost or not," I rejoined, "I must and will try to find out what is true, and I will not believe till I am sure."

"You have no right to make terms with God," he answered, "as to what you will believe and what you will not believe. You are full of intellectual pride."

I sighed hopelessly. Little feeling of pride was there in me just then, and I felt that in this rigid unyielding dogmatism there was no comprehension of my difficulties, no help for me in my strugglings. I rose and, thanking him for his courtesy, said that I would not waste his time further, that I must go home and just face the difficulties out, openly leaving the Church and taking the consequences. Then for the first time his serenity was ruffled.

"I forbid you to speak of your disbelief," he cried. "I forbid you to lead into your own lost state the souls for whom Christ died."

Slowly and sadly I took my way back to the station, knowing that my last chance of escape had failed me. I recognised in this famous divine the spirit of the priest which could be tender and pitiful to the sinner, repentant, humble, submissive, craving only for pardon and for guidance, but which was iron to the doubter, to the heretic, and would crush out all questionings of "revealed truth," silencing by force, not by argument, all challenge of the traditions of the Church. Out of such men were made the Inquisitors of the Middle Ages, perfectly conscientious, perfectly rigid, perfectly merciless to the heretic. To them heretics were and are centres of infectious disease, and charity to them "the worst cruelty to the souls of men." Certain that they hold "by no merit of our own, but by the mercy of our God the one truth which he hath revealed," they can permit no questionings, they can accept nought but the most complete submission. But while man aspires after truth, while his brain yearns after knowledge, while his intellect soars upward into the heaven of speculation

and "beats the air with tireless wing," so long shall those who demand faith be met by challenge for proof, and those who would blind him shall be defeated by his determination to gaze unblenching on the face of Truth, even though her eyes should turn him into stone.

During this same visit to London I saw Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott for the first time. I had gone down to Dulwich to see Mr. and Mrs. Voysey, and after dinner we went over to Upper Norwood, and I was introduced to one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. At that time Mr. Scott was an old man, with beautiful white hair, and eyes like those of a hawk gleaming from under shaggy eyebrows; he had been a man of magnificent physique, and though his frame was then enfeebled, the splendid lion-like head kept its impressive strength and beauty, and told of a unique personality. Of Scotch descent and well-born, Thomas Scott had, as a boy, been a page at the French Court; his manhood was spent in many lands, for he "was a mighty hunter," though not "before the Lord." He had lived for months among the North American Indians, sharing the hardships of their wild life; he had hunted and fished all over the world. At last, he came home, married, and ultimately settled down at Ramsgate, where he made his home a centre of heretical thought. He issued an enormous number of tracts and pamphlets, and each month he sent out a small packet to hundreds of subscribers and friends. This monthly issue of heretical literature soon made itself a power in the world of thought; the tracts were of various shades of opinion, but were all heretical, some moderate, some extreme; all were well-written, cultured and polished in tone—this was a rule to which Mr. Scott made no exceptions; his writers might say what they liked, but they must have something real to say, and they must say that something in good English. The little white packets found their way into many a quiet country parsonage, into many a fashionable home. His correspondence was world-wide and came from all classes—now a letter from a Prime Minister, now one from a blacksmith. All were equally welcome, and all were answered with equal courtesy. At his house met people of the most varying opinions. Colenso, Bishop of Natal, Edward Maitland, E. Vansittart Neale, Charles Bray, Sara Hennell, W. J. Birch, R. Suffield, and hundreds more,

clerics and laymen, scholars and thinkers, all gathered in this one home, to which the right of *entrée* was gained only by love of Truth and desire to spread Freedom among men.

Mr. Scott devoted his fortune to this great work. He would never let publishers have his pamphlets in the ordinary way of trade, but issued them all himself and distributed them gratuitously. If anyone desired to subscribe, well and good, they might help in the work, but make it a matter of business he would not. If anyone sent money for some tracts, he would send out double the worth of the money enclosed, and thus for years he carried on this splendid propagandist work. In all he was nobly seconded by his wife, his "right hand" as he well named her, a sweet, strong, gentle, noble woman, worthy of her husband, and than that no higher praise can be spoken. Of both I shall have more to say hereafter, but at present we are at the time of my first visit to them at Upper Norwood, whither they had removed from Ramsgate.

Kindly greeting was given by both, and on Mr. Voysey suggesting that judging by one essay of mine that he had seen—an essay which was later expanded into the one on "Inspiration," in the Scott series—my pen would be useful for propagandist work, Mr. Scott bade me try what I could do, and send him for criticism anything I thought good enough for publication; he did not, of course, promise to accept an essay, but he promised to read it. A question arose as to the name to be attached to the essay, in case of publication, and I told him that my name was not my own to use, and that I did not suppose that Mr. Besant could possibly, in his position, give me permission to attach it to an heretical essay; we agreed that any essays I might write should for the present be published anonymously, and that I should try my hand to begin with on the subject of the "Deity of Jesus of Nazareth." And so I parted from those who were to be such good friends to me in the coming time of struggle.

(To be continued.)

The Art of Keats.

(*Concluded from page* 45).

AMONG Keats' Odes, next to that "To a Nightingale" I should place that "On Melancholy." It perhaps never attains to the perfect music of the other, but it is just as distinctly an emanation of genius, the work not of a clever versifier but of a man whose imagination lives naturally in another medium than that of common-sense. It has the incommunicable distinction which comes of the laying on of the poet's hands. But this choice poem—which is in one respect more successful than the "Ode to a Nightingale," in that it keeps its high level to the very end while that falls in the closing stanza—is also carefully excluded from the collection in the "English Poets," while the second-rate "To Autumn" finds a place. Mr. Forman, again, after claiming that "in work later than 'Endymion' there are probably more passages wherein the thought or feeling, whatever it may be, is expressed with an almost absolute felicity than will be found in the like bulk of work by any other modern English poet," observes that "The Odes 'To a Nightingale,' 'On a Grecian Urn,' and 'On Indolence,' 'The Eve of St. Mark,' and 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' may be named among the most sustained examples of this lofty felicity." "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" is certainly a perfect success; but I make bold to say that the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is inferior to that "On Melancholy;" and that the "Ode on Indolence" and "The Eve of St. Mark," are not to be named in comparison. The two latter pieces will not for a moment support the claim of absolute felicity made for Keats, with their many prose lines,[1] their entirely earthly architecture, and their almost complete lack of eminent beauties. Mr. Forman, it is to be feared, has suffered that blunting of the critical sense which is apt to overtake laborious editors. In a note he speaks of "What I believe I am not alone in regarding as Keats' masterpiece—'Isabella.'" The avowal is decisive. If "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," the "Ode to a Nightingale," and the Chapman sonnet are to rank as masterpieces, "Isabella" is not worthy of the name. Even "The Eve of St. Agnes," which Leigh Hunt preferred to it, is by no means deserving of the title, but it is a much less crude piece of

[1] Such as these, in the Ode on Indolence:

> "For I would not be dieted with praise
> A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce—"

farce rhyming with grass.

work than "Isabella," which is simply swarming with bad lines Take a handful:

> If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
> To every symbol on his forehead high—
>
> Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
> Was not embalmed—
>
> And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
> In blood from stinging whip—
>
> When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees
> To some high noble and his olive-trees—
>
> To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
> And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

There is no fine work here; no concision; no painstaking; the number of vile and far-fetched rhymes, and further-fetched ideas, is overwhelming; and to quote all the passages vitiated in the process of rhyming would fill pages. Nothing could be worse than the bankrupt line with which the poet crowns the crowning picture:

> At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
> *And Isabella did not stamp and rave.*

Some of us have since remedied the omission.

Not long ago a writer in a leading London journal spoke of "The Eve of St. Agnes" as one of the most perfect poems in the language—a judgment almost enough to make one despair of newspaper criticism. That poem is not nearly so bad as "The Pot of Basil;" but it has sufficient faults to ruin it. It has one or two fine lines—this for instance:

> The music yearning like a god in pain—

but a deplorable number of bad ones, of which let one sample suffice:

> not one breast affords
> Him any mercy in that mansion *foul*
> Save one old beldame, weak in body and in *soul.*

"Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "Lamia," it must be said, are all as distinctly failures as "Endymion." "Lamia," which Lord Houghton calls "quite the perfection of narrative poetry," will perhaps be the last defended. It, too, has its fine passages, such as:

> ever, where she willed, her spirit went
> Whether to faint Elysium, or where
> Down through *tress-lifting waves* the Nereids fair
> Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly stair;

and

> Like a young Jove with calm uneager face;

but, like "Isabella" and "The Eve of St. Agnes," besides having many artistic blemishes it has the fatal, all-penetrating defect of entirely subordinating the theme to the execution. In all three cases Keats has made his subject a mere excuse for a long-drawn panorama of word-painting, and when the painting is for the most part slovenly what is left to be said? The truth is, Keats was a boy,

though truly a marvellous one; and for a boy to do work that is both extensive and elaborate is hardly possible, be he as precocious as he may. Though he have the most excellent critical taste—and Keats was on the whole an excellent critic—he cannot yet have co-ordinated his creative and critical faculties sufficiently. He can rarely produce the most thrilling effects, which are those got by the effortless distillation of much feeling and experience, as Browning's

> Dear dead women, with such hair, too! what's become of all the gold
> Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

If he is a born poet his very wealth of images will at first lead him astray. He will "ever let the Fancy roam," and if he attempts large canvasses they are sure to be diffusely filled. It is, indeed, an open question whether perfect poetry can ever be got on a large scale—whether Poe was not right in disallowing all long poems. The day of the epic is done; and one grows a little dubious even about "The Ring and the Book." However that be, the weakness of Keats' long poems is all too obvious. We go through "Endymion" looking idly for sweet things, not finding many, and struggling through much marshy ground; the tragedy of Isabella's story never really rises on us; in the "Eve of St. Agnes" we are chiefly impressed by the bric-à-brac and the confectionery; the pathos of the Lamia's lot, the weird side of the legend, are never reached. Nor can one well gainsay the verdict of Mr. Arnold that "Hyperion" too comes short of being a success. They do not stay with us, those Titans in reduced circumstances, strong as is much of the poet's versification in comparison with his previous performances. One regards the poem involuntarily as a piece of technique, and finds it striking and interesting as such; but that is all. It leaves us cold—Shelley's and Byron's admiration notwithstanding. It was very like Shelley, who could see that "Endymion" was "replenished" with faults and disfigured with false taste, to pronounce "Hyperion" in large part written "in the very highest style of poetry." It was high-toned, it breathed enduring defiance of tyrannous power, and it was done in the grand style; all shining excellences in Shelley's eyes. But the fatal fact remains that it is elaborate to no purpose—a kind of feat of artistic training, which could at best serve to put the artist in "condition." A long poem, to be endurable, must have action; and what action could be got here, save of that kind which, in the language of the horse-mart, means "no go"?

And yet, failures as his elaborate works were, there remains ample ground for saying that Keats was a great poet, prematurely cut off. His failures were the inevitable and instructive failures of a boy aiming at great things. To have failed as he did at his years was to show greatness; to succeed to the extent he did was hardly a better proof. It may be set down as an axiom that only a great poet can do a perfect piece of work, however small, of a great kind; and Keats really did this. Though of course it must be kept in view that, had he not carried in him the seeds of

disease, we probably should not have had from him such precocious work, we yet constantly feel that had he tried he would have produced poetry which would have superseded all his early productions, as the mature works of other great poets have done theirs. He was no mere sensualist, despite the strong sensuous tendency recognisable in his features. He had a true heart, great sympathies, noble aspirations. In politics he was as definitely radical as his friends, Hunt and Shelley ; he could not die in peace amid the despotism of Naples. He was resolutely determined to get knowledge ; he made the keenest appraisement of his contemporaries ; he was relentlessly self-critical ; and he saw his way to great things. "One of my ambitions," he writes, "is to make as great a revolution in modern dramatic writing as Kean has done in acting." Boyish, no doubt ; but though "Otho the Great" is a failure, it is certainly not so very bad as Mr. Lowell would make out ; indeed, to my mind its opening lines, and still more those of the fragment "King Stephen," suggest not altogether feebly the thick thunder of Shakspere, whose technique, one can surmise Keats perceived and assimilated as readily as he did that of Milton. This quick intelligence is powerfully suggestive of great capacities. At an age when most poets and blank-verse playwriters are, as it were, but beginning to see that there is such a thing as technique, he had a delighted and confident appreciation of it. See with what a specialist's gusto he dilates on Milton's art :

"Milton has put vales in Heaven and Hell with the very utter affection and yearning of a great Poet. It is a sort of Delphic abstraction, a beautiful thing made more beautiful by being reflected and put in a mist." "The light and shade, the ebon diamonding, the Ethiop immortality, the sorrow, the pain, the sad sweet melody, the phalanges of spirits so depressed as to be 'uplifted beyond hope,' the short mitigation of misery, the thousand melancholies and magnificences of the following lines [he quotes Book I. l. 533-567], leave no room for anything to be said thereon, but 'so it is.'" "Book VI. line 58. *Reluctant*, with its original and modern meaning combined and woven together, with all its shades of significaticn, has a powerful effect."

And his criticism of his own work, when once it is fairly out of his hands, is just as certain. There is the ring of perfect sincerity in his avowal of the faulty character of "Endymion," his admission that it is "slipshod." The rapidity of his advance is indisputable. In Book I. of "Endymion" he had originally written a passage of six lines describing Peona's song, in which there were such touches as "the fainting tenors of a thousand shells," "a million whisperings of lily bells," and "the nightingale's complain, caught in its hundredth echo"—characteristic work, and not without charm, as Mr. Forman indicates ; but the florid strokes were all struck out, and a marginal alteration left the passage thus :

'Twas a lay
More subtle-cadenced, more forest-wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child—

the finest couplet in "Endymion.[1]" "Lamia," Lord Houghton tells us, Keats "wrote with great care after much study of Dryden's versification;" and the poet writes of his work on it: "I have great hopes of success, because I make use of my judgment more deliberately than I have yet done; but in case of failure with the world I shall find my content." There is as little of Dryden in "Lamia" as of Spenser in the early "Imitation of Spenser;" failure as it is, it attains a much more advanced versification than Dryden's. And the poet's "I shall find my content" is memorable. His long poems will in course of time be left to the reading of the literary specialists—there will be no time for people of all-round culture to go through the inferior work of all the poets—but now that we have them, and think of the poet's grave, we cannot wish they had not been published. Were they nothing else, they are noteworthy documents in the history of literary evolution. All our subsequent poets take something from Keats. Tennyson's debt has long been recognised; we find pieces of pure Tennyson in "Hyperion," as:

> Until at length old Saturn lifted up
> His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
> And all the gloom and sorrow of the place
> And that fair kneeling goddess; and then spake
> As with a palsied tongue.

Our other great poet, too, is singularly forestalled in the remarkable song, not to be found in the "English Poets," which Keats wrote to the Spanish air Miss Reynolds used to play him; those lines—

> Lift the latch! ah gently! ah tenderly, sweet!
> We are dead if that latchet gives one little clink!

and the "lips pulp'd with bloom," are very Browning. And here, in "Hyperion" spoke Mrs. Browning before her time:

> Leave the dinned air vibrating silverly.

Not in water, assuredly, is Keats' name written. "What porridge had John Keats?" asks Mr. Browning, sardonically pointing to the success of subsequent mediocre imitators. Well, one is glad to think of the "I shall find my content."

J. ROBERTSON.

Paul Pestel.

LOVERS of music have often expressed a wish to know more of the man who wrote the beautiful air called "Pestel," having only a vague idea that he was a Russian or Polish prisoner of some political importance, and they fancy they remember reading somewhere that the song notes were found scratched on the wall

[1] The superiority of the second version of "Hyperion" to the first is quite singular.

of his cell after his execution. Strange, that the founder of the Russian revolutionary movement should be only remembered by a tune!

Paul Pestel was born at St. Petersburgh, in 1794. His father was a member of the Imperial Council under Alexander I., and acted for several years as governor of Siberia, though he had never been there in his life. Pestel the younger went into the army at an early age, and served as a cavalry officer in the campaign of 1815. From the first he was conspicuous for his energy and strength of character. On one occasion, at Bar-sur-Aube, seeing some Bavarians ill-treat the inhabitants, he attacked them sword in hand at the head of his soldiers and drove them off, undeterred by the consideration that these Germans were the allies of Russia. On his return to his native country at the close of the war he found that two officers, the brothers Mouravieff, had started a political society in Southern Russia. Pestel was now twenty-one, and an ardent Republican. He and many of his brother officers had imbibed the ideas of the French Revolution, which the coalition had been formed to put down, and the iron despotism at home seemed more hateful to them than ever. He at once enrolled himself as a member, and as genius never fails to take the lead where all are on an equal footing, he soon became the heart and soul of the new movement, which under his guidance developed a bold and distinct aim—the substitution of free institutions for absolutism in Russia.

Pestel's influence was felt from the outset, and the vague aspirations of his companions took shape under his tutelage. He showed them whither they were going, and transformed men of thought into men of action by the impetus of his powerful mind, never trying to impose his will upon the rest, but organising and strengthening the association by introducing method and suitable regulations. He forbore to put forward Republican doctrines till he had brought his comrades up to his own level, and kept their enthusiasm within the bounds of moderation when the pupils showed a disposition to go farther than their teacher. In conducting the political education of new adherents, young men of his own age and station, he displayed great tact and fertility of resources in leading them step by step to his own conclusions. For ten years—from 1815 to 1825—his political society was a school in which the true principles of government were taught, and for all that time Paul Pestel was headmaster.

Hitherto the reformers had trusted to what they were told about the liberal tendencies of Alexander I., hoping to win him over to their views. The Czar listened to them quietly, and then remarked that for such fine things society was not ripe. It was ripening more quickly than he imagined. There was a widespread feeling in favor of a change in the political system, though opinions were divided as to what was to come after. Most simply wished to get a reasonable Constitution. In 1818, Pestel was appointed aide-de-camp to Marshall Wittgenstein, and shortly

afterwards he became colonel of a regiment of the line at Kiatka. In 1823 the Marravieff society was dissolved, and in its stead arose the Society of the South, under the leadership of Pestel, and the Society of the North, inspired by the Poet Ryleief. Pestel had now four affiliated societies under his care. He had some trouble in making his friends at St. Petersburg understand that they could not expect to do the work of years in a few months, and that before proclaiming the Republic they must make it.

Though strong in abstract questions the Northerners were weak in action. They chose Prince Troubetzkoi, a man of feeble character, for their supreme head. One of them asked a member of the Southern Society whether they had not succeeded in finding an admirable chief. The revolutionist smiled sadly, and said, "Yes, he has a fine figure." The most remarkable man in the Northern Section was the poet Ryleief, whose writings were known all over Russia. Some of his versified popular legends possess great beauty of expression. If the new movement could only have gone on sowing liberal ideas broadcast for some years longer it might have achieved great results. Unfortunately the crisis was precipitated by events, and the blow failed because it was struck too soon.

The death of Alexander I. occurred in December, 1815. Constantine, the next in succession, had in 1822 resigned all claims to the throne, but his younger brother Nicholas caused him to be proclaimed, resolved not to accept the crown till he had refused it for the second time. As Constantine was at Warsaw, three weeks elapsed before the answer was received. During this interregnum the utmost confusion prevailed, and contradictory oaths were administered to the army. When Nikolai Paulovitch ascended the throne the adherents of Constantine seized this departure from the regular order of succession as a pretext for revolt, and joined forces with the Northern Society. Nicholas was warned by one of his generals that a great portion of the army was disaffected, and he at once prepared for hostilities.

Early on the morning of the 16th the order was given to swear the troops; some whole detachments refused to obey, and joined the insurgents, led by Ryleief, who conducted the attack against the imperial troops in person. The Czar ordered a charge of cavalry, and gave the command to fire. The officer passed on the order to the gunner, and seeing that he hesitated, threw himself upon him, exclaiming, "Did you not hear?" "I did, but after all they are our comrades." "Well, if I commanded you to fire upon myself would you dare to disobey me?"

The man reluctantly fired and the battle began. When the insurgent soldiers saw the cannons pointed towards them they compelled the mass of the people to retire, saying: "Go away, the game is becoming dangerous. You must not get killed for us." They made a brave fight for it, though they knew that resistance was useless. They were swept away by grape-shot and sabred by the cavalry; at ten in the evening the struggle was over. Holes

were made in the ice of the Neva and filled with the bodies of the slain. What had partly determined the society at St. Petersburgh to strike at once was that they knew they were betrayed. The Czar had been apprised of the existence of the two societies, which were too large to be kept secret much longer, and they exclaimed in desperation: "Our scabbards are broken, we can no longer hide our swords."

A great number of the nobility were on their side, and many officers of high military rank. Not a few members of powerful families promised their support. Some of these kept their word, but not so Troubetzkoi, the man with the "fine figure," for whom poor Ryleief waited in vain.

The princely coward took refuge in the house of the Austrian Ambassador, to whom he handed over all his papers, which were afterwards to cause the loss of so many lives, and then fled into the presence of the Emperor, who was surrounded by his staff, to sue for pardon, "just as a frightened hare seeks to hide itself in the midst of the hounds," to quote the expression of a Russian writer.

When the civilian, Ryleief, was heading the armed rising at St. Petersburgh, Pestel was already arrested at Moscow. He was betrayed by a captain of his regiment named Mayboroda. When warned of his danger by a friend, he only said: "Save my Russian Code."

This was his plan of a Republican Constitution, and a summary of all his political opinions. Though carefully buried, it was found by the police. It is said to be still extant hidden away among the secret archives of the empire. Meanwhile Bestujefs and the Marravieffs were striving with desperate energy to raise the southern provinces. A priest read from the pulpit a Republican catechism drawn up by Bestujef. But the ground was not prepared, and the seed could not come up.

Sergius Mouravieff called upon a company of grenadiers to shout with him: "The Republic for ever:" The men in vain asked each other what might be the meaning of that new cry; and an old grenadier, leaning on his musket, said, "We will shout 'The Republic for ever,' if it so please your grace—but, after all, who is to be the Czar?"

The Marravieffs and Bestujef were arrested on the night of the 25th, and carried to St. Petersburgh with Pestel to share Ryleief's dungeon, and these master-spirits of the age representing the genius, courage, and virtue of young Russia, were thrown into dark cells, loaded with irons, and kept upon bread and water. An official inquiry was instituted, the Emperor himself taking part in the examination of the prisoners—121 in number—who were impeached by prejudiced accusers and sentenced by servile judges. When brought before the tribunal, Ryleief said boldly: "I am the principal author of the events of the 16th. If anyone deserves death for that day's work it is I"; and all the rest showed equal courage. After an eloquent

outburst against the evils of despotism from one of the prisoners, the Grand Duke Michael exclaimed: "That man should have his mouth stopped with a bayonet!" "You asked just now," remarked the accused quietly, "why we wanted a Constitution; it is that such things should not be said." To Michael Bestujef, Nicholas said: "I might perhaps pardon you if I could feel sure of possessing in you henceforth a faithful subject." Whereupon Bestujef replied: "Why, sire, that is precisely what we complain of, that the Czar can do anything, and that he is bound by no law. Allow justice to have free course, and let the fate of my countrymen no longer depend on your caprice or momentary impressions."

During the interrogation Pestel gave proofs of his customary firmness of character. He was careful not to implicate his friends by his answers, fearing to involve them in the fate which he knew to be in store for himself, but he never sought to deny the responsibility of his actions, and declared himself more than ever confirmed in the Republican faith. These investigations, which extended over five months, revealed to the unpopular Czar the infinite number of his enemies and showed him their real aim, which was not merely a change of dynasty but a political and social transformation. But he missed the meaning of it all, and was incapable of learning the lesson of the time. Fear is cruel, and all the prisoners were condemned to death. Thus the Emperor had an opportunity of showing his clemency by commuting some of the sentences to life-long banishment to Siberia. On July 25th the official massacre, as it may be called, took place in the citadel, where the gibbets were erected in public.

Pestel and the other officers were compelled to look on for a whole hour while the ghastly preparations for their execution were prceeding; their swords were broken over their heads and their epaulettes burnt. The rope to which Ryleief, Marravieff and Bestujef were suspended broke, and they lay wounded on the ground for half an hour while a new rope was being brought, when they were led to death a second time. Marravieff remarked, with a touch of grim humour: "In this God-forsaken country even such a simple matter as hanging a man by the neck is bungled over;" and Ryleief replied in the same strain: "Decidedly nothing succeeds with me, not even death!"

The next day the Czar sent one of his aide-de-camps to the poet's widow, to assure her of his protection, but the noble woman exclaimed: "Tell your master that the only favor that I crave of his grace is to let me share my husband's fate!"

Pestel and his friends knew the intolerant spirit of the new Czar, who was hated in the army on account of his excessive harshness, and they dreaded the advent of a reign of oppression for their country. The career of Nicholas, Emperor of All the Russias, fulfilled their most gloomy anticipations; for now began a period of unmitigated tyranny, without the semblance of constitutional government.

Russia may be called the youngest of the nations of Europe—a promising but backward child, whose development is a slow process. Her rulers have been so little in the habit of recognising the growth of a desire for improvement among the higher classes, that had the Emperor Alexander's attention been directed to the awakening of the mind of the country, as shown by increased activity in all departments of thought, he would probably have deemed it beneath his notice.

Hitherto absolutism had prevented all progress and stifled all aspirations, providing no outlet for the energies of the young, and taking no thought for the morrow of intellectual development. The literary and philosophical movement at the beginning of this century, called Nihilism, reminds us of the Revival of Learning under Francis the First, for Russia lags two hundred years behind the rest of Europe. There were the same enthusiasm, the same thirst for knowledge, the same worship of genius. Newspapers were multiplied, magazines were started, books and pamphlets sprang from the hands of the printer like the armed Minerva from the brain of Jupiter.

Every work of merit published in England, France, or Germany was at once translated into Russian, and eagerly discussed. Nihilism was the negation of all doctrines not founded on pure reason, a bold declaration of war against everything that could impede or shackle the development of the human mind.

The word was not used in a political sense till a much later period. In fact, politics were then hardly thought of, and it was not till the close of the war with Napoleon, when the Russian soldiers brought back a taste for liberty with the soil of France on their boots, that the spirit of Radicalism, hitherto only applied to philosophical speculation, was turned to the affairs of the country. Then it was that the thinker became a Revolutionist, and took the oath of Hannibal against the present unjust order of things.[1]

The Marravieffs, Pestel, Bestujef and Ryleief were the advanced guard of the Russian Republican army. The poet's last words before his arrest contain an unfulfilled prophecy: "What our dreams presented to us as the decree of heaven was not yet resolved on high. Patience! Let us wait a little longer till the measure of our wrongs is filled up. The wrath of heaven will

[1] The Russian Revolutionist is intensely practical. Bakounin used to discourage all discussions of visionary schemes as waste of valuable time. "Let me hear no more of this vague talk," he would cry. "Abstract speculation is a nice amusement for those who have nothing to do, but we must not fritter away our energy, for we have need of it all. If our heads are in the air, we cannot see where we are going." When Alexander Herzen was asked what he and his fellow-iconoclasts meant to put in the place of what they were so bent on destroying, he replied: "We can only answer, it is not for us to decide. The grain of salt dissolved in water crystallises itself afresh. When the spring comes a new life shall arise." He added: "Our revolutionary opinions of to-day will to-morrow take the place of existing conservatism. This is the perpetual motion of life, and thus the transformation we call the Revolution will be accomplished by means unknown to us."

yet overtake our oppressors. In history God is retribution." Pestel's Russian code was his last will and testament; his country will one day carry out his wishes. The spirit-stirring, though pathetic, air which he bequeathed to the next generation may be considered to be the Russian Marseillaise; the music itself suggests the words:—

RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY HYMN.

Air: "PESTEL."

When a martyr fell,
Who suffered death, for freedom fighting,
In his prison cell
Was found the song he had been writing.

Chorus. Though his name is cherished duly—
Borne on music's wings, all the wide world o'er;
Yet the land he loved so truly
Is oppressed, and grieving sore.

Solo. Friends! the plaintive strain,
Bequeathed to us by noble Pestel;
Henceforth shall remain
The best beloved song of Russia.
Still in prisons dark,
Strong minds give way—true hearts are breaking;
Long the night has been,
But now the nation is awaking.

Chorus. Hand in hand we stand united;
All our feuds forgot—faithful unto death.
Pledged to serve the cause we fight for,
With our latest breath.

Solo. Swear! to do and dare—
To spread the light and aid the dawning.
Swear! to watch and wait—
Through youth to age, from night to morning.
Soon the light must come,
E'en now it glimmers from afar.
See! upon us beams
Day's harbinger, the morning star!

Chorus. Russians! Give your hearts to liberty!
To our country's wrongs she redress shall bring.
Give our people equal rights and laws;
Rid the land of priest and king.

Solo. Then our Commonwealth
Shall for the mournful past atone;
Make the future bright,
And call the nation to the throne.

GERTRUDE LAYARD.

Insects and Flowers.

VI.

THE common Verbena of the gardens and of the nosegays is popular and sweet scented enough to have given a name to a perfume. You may see it on the chemist's (and druggist's) counters. So popular and so sweet-scented is the flower, that it is difficult to believe that this Verbena is a near relative—by birth—of the Vervain. The native parent of the cultivated Verbena is in truth not of the most cultured order. It lives on dry waste grounds, as if it were one of Mr. Swinburne's damosels, in Europe that lies south of Sweden and Norway, in the north of Africa, and in the west of Asia reaching to the Himalayas. Its rigid stems, small-flowered spikes, and minute lilac corollæ, cannot be any great attraction to insects. Yet small as is the corolla, it has honey at the base of its short tube, and our Vervain is probably entomophilous.

The order Solanaceæ is, in aspect, threatening. Its flowers are strong and lurid in color. They have little tenderness about them. The mere names of them sound morbidly. Henbane, Nightshade, Belladonna, are not the names to conjure up "becks and nods and wreathed smiles." The looks of these plants do not belie their nature. The fœtid Henbane, with its corolla of yellow veined with purple (unless it grows in Surrey, Norfolk, or Edinburgh), the Nightshade with its purple or its white flowers that give place to red, or yellow, or black berries, the Belladonna or deadly Nightshade, named Atropa after Atropos, one of the Fates, greenish-purple in color—all these are harmful enough to man. It is true that of the same order as that to which all these, and of the same genus (Solanum), as that to which the Bittersweet or common Nightshade belongs, is the harmless necessary potatoe. On the whole, however, the members of the order Solanaceæ are dangerous, poisonous plants. But whilst they are all this to man, it is certain that to insects Henbane, Nightshade, Belladonna, are attractive. The very colors and markings that repel us by their uncanny look, and the fœtid odor that disgusts man, are a lure to the less-æsthetic insect, and in the case of the Henbane, at least, to these is added the enticement of honey

An order of climbing plants calls for notice next; this is the natural order Convolvulaceæ. Our British flowers of this order are at most only half-a-dozen. These are arranged in two genera, of which one is so strange a plant as to induce some botanists to give it an order all to itself.

This abnormal creature is the Dodder, a slender, twining plant, with reddish stems and never a single leaf. This pest of the farmer and the flax-grower occurs as a parasite upon Vetches, Clover, Flax, and, less unhappily, on Furze, Thyme and Heather. It

keeps for the most part to the south of York, and in Hampshire and Jersey of the Channel Islands, I have known it give no little trouble. In Jersey, where, as a boy-botanist, I first made the acquaintance of Dodder, our introducer was a most unpleasant odor that I found came from the matted masses of the gruesome little parasite, that were covering and taking the life out of the Heath plants.

And one of the worst things about this parasite is that it begins life as an ordinary, well-conducted, independent plant. From the seed of the Dodder, a genuine, self-supporting plant develops, with root in ground, and green, or at least greenish, parts. But this promise of fair things is early broken. Very speedily, the plant first leans upon, next becomes attached to, and finally is wholly parasitic upon something better than itself. Then the root that had been fixed in the ground, and had absorbed thence food for the Dodder, dies away, and all supplies are taken from the host.

In the especial connexion that is our present study, *i.e.*, in the relation of plants to insects, we may note that this aberrant member of the Convolvulaceæ is possibly entomophilous. Although its whitish, red-tinged flowers are individually small, they are clustered together in compact little heads, that are likely to catch the eyes of insects. And we must remember that the plants on which dodder is parasitic, the Vetches, Furzes, Heaths, are all entomophilous. Insects drawn to these first by virtue of their superior attractions might be led to a flirtation with the humbler companions of the prouder beauties. Or in less hyperbolical language, pollen-carriers for the host-flower might also do the same work for the parasite-flower.

This degraded and eccentric form of flower (the two adjectives are far from synonymous) differs in so many details from its ally, the Convolvulus, that there is little room for wonder at the idea of certain botanists that these two plants ought to be placed in separate orders. Hence the genus *Cuscuta* (the Dodder) is at times erected into a special order, known as Cuscutaceæ.

Less doubt—so little as to be no doubt—exists as to the entomophilism of Convolvulus, or at all events of the most common of the three British species of the genus. That is the small Bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*). This haunter of fields and waste places, from the midsummer months until, with September, the autumn is ending, has honey, and is slightly odorous, and its flowers, white or pink, are as much as an inch in diameter; the honey is placed far down in the flower, below the feet of the stamens. If by any chance cross-fertilisation is not effected, after a time the Bindweed flowers fertilise themselves. In this same plant we find a very interesting adaptation, that must have required an exceedingly long time for its gradual evolution, *viâ* natural selection. When the weather is rainy the flowers close, so that the pollen cannot be injured by the rain. As they also close at night-time, it is just possible that the effect may be due to the

absence of light when wet weather is to the fore. But probably the former explanation is the more correct.

The second of the three kinds of Convolvulus is the Calystegia or *Convolvulus sepium, i.e.*, of the hedges. Everyone knows this large and beautiful flower. Its solitary white or pink blossoms are as much as two inches in diameter, and from their great size they may attract insects. Only by size, and the startle of white amongst the green of hedge and thicket, can this desired end be brought about. For the Calystegia has no scent, and has no honey. Nor does it close up when the rain comes, like Bindweed. At night, however, like its sister, the big white flower does close. And this seems to favor the view taken above as to the independence of the rain and night closing in Bindweed. Strangest of all facts in the history of these climbing Convolvuli of the hedges is this. On moonlight nights they remain open, gazing the hours through at their larger selves in the sky.

Of the third member of this genus, *Convolvulus soldanella*, a procumbent plant, seen on sandy sea-shores, the corolla is large, and pale purple, or pink. Probably, therefore, this is entomophilous.

I pass lightly over three of the five orders that are left of the group Corollifloræ, *i.e.*, of the dicotyledonous plants, whose petals are at once united to each other, and hypogynous, or free from all adhesion to the gynœcium. These three are : Oleaceæ, Polemoniaceæ, Plantaginaceæ. The first-named includes of English plants only the Privet and the Ash. The Privet is sweet of smell, and with dense little heads of star-white flowers, is probably attractive to insects. On the other hand, the Ash-flowers are probably anemophilous. In the first place, the Ash is a tree, and trees are in the majority of cases at the mercy of the winds for cross-fertilisation. There is a fitness in the fact that the flowers of the plants whose leaves and branches are most wind-exposed, should depend on the winds for their pollen transference.

The Polemoniaceæ are only represented by Jacob's Ladder, with its blue or white, largish flowers. This is found in copses, and by the sides of woodland streams, in the northern England, and is entomophilous. The last of the three orders just named is interesting, as it reminds us of the regularity with which gradations occur between our groups of plants or of phænomena. This plantain order (Plantaginaceæ) we might expect to find wholly anemophilous. By the roadside, and in waste places, the plaintains for the most part grow. On the top of their long, flexible flower-stalks is borne a close head of dull-colored, inconspicuous, scentless flowers. From each flower depend four long stamens, shaken by the wind, out into which they dangle. Nevertheless, in the face of all this, varieties of certain of the species exist that are as undoubtedly fertilised by the agency of insects as other varieties of the same species, and other species of the same genus, are fertilised by the agency of the wind.

The two last orders of this group are more interesting than the

three just considered. They are the Borage order and the Heath order.

The order Boraginaceæ takes its name from the Borage, sacred to the memory of claret-cup. It includes the following plants, in addition to the naming one: Bugloss, Comfrey, Alkanet, Lungwort, Forget-me-not.

The Bugloss (*Echium*) has flowers from three quarters of an inch to an inch in diameter, that may be white, red, purple, or blue in color. According to the late Hermann Müller, this genus has quite lost all power of self-fertilisation.

The large yellow, red, or purple flowers of Comfrey (*Symphytum*), the smaller, but brighter, blue flowers of the Alkanet (*Anchusa*), the leaves with pale green spots of Pulmonaria or Lungwort, all tell of genera that are insect-fertilised.

Myosotis, or the forget-me-not genus, presents a peculiar arrangement, that ensures the ever-desirable cross-fertilisation. In the young state of the flower, the style of the gynœcium is long, and thus the stigma is carried out beyond the stamens, and beyond the colored corolla within which the stamens lie. As a consequence of this arrangement, the first part to be touched by a visiting insect must in this stage be the stigma. If that insect has already been to an older flower of the same kind, it has, in all probability, brought thence some pollen that is now deposited on the stigma of the younger Forget-me-not. For as the flower ages, its corolla becomes longer, and with it, in the upward growth, are carried up the stamens. Hence it comes to pass, at length, that the stamens are on a level with the stigma, and now, any insect that comes to the Myosotis is likely to touch the anthers, and be dusted with pollen as soon as it comes. More than this. Not only does this change of relative position make cross-fertilisation possible. It ensures, in the event of cross-fertilisation failing, self-fertilisation, since the anthers and stigma are finally level one with another, and that before either has ceased to be ripe.

The order Ericaceæ is the last to be considered of this corolliflora sub-class. A series of very beautiful plants are members of this group. Whortleberries, Bilberries, Cowberries, Cranberries, Strawberry-trees, Bearberries, Heaths, Lings, Winter greens, Birds'-nests, are all flowers that belong to the Ericaceæ. Upon two of these only can I dwell. These are the Bilberry and the Heath.

On the moors of the north of England and all Scotland, climbing in some places to a height of nearly half a mile above the level of the sea, all through the later summer and early autumn months, the rose-red flowers of the Heath are a lure to insects. Each flower is bell-shaped, and hangs mouth downwards. In the very mouth of the pendent bell is the stigma, at the end of its long style. Further within the flower, surrounding the style, a little behind its stigma end, are eight anthers. These rest closely one against each other, so that the whole series makes a sort of cylinder around the style. Each anther has two openings, one on each side, whence the pollen might pass out. But if it did thus

pass out, all that would happen would be a passing in to the next anther through an exactly similar side-aperture. Further, each anther has in most heaths two processes projecting outwards from the cylinder formed by the eight anthers and surrounding the style.

When an insect comes to the flower of the heath, and climbs *up* into it (its mouth is always downward) in search of honey, the first thing touched is the stigma. On this the pollen from a flower visited more early may be deposited. But a further pressing up into the flower results in the insect's head striking against one or more of the projecting processes. With the shock the cylinder is broken; the anthers are no longer in close contact with their fellows to right and left, and the enclosed pollen falls on to the head of the insect.

All this strange and beautiful arrangement is repeated in the Whortleberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*), except that in this plant the style closes the opening in the eight anthers. In this case the apertures are on the inner faces, and not on the sides of the anthers. But the action of the bee is as in the Erica or Heath, and in each case cross-fertilisation is the result.

EDWARD AVELING, D.Sc.

(To be continued.)

Charles Bradlaugh.

AN ACROSTIC.

Champion redoubtable! brave in Freedom's cause!
Hero of many a desperate legal fight,
Against tyrannic, barb'rous, antiquated laws,
"*Right*" to deliver from its proud oppressor "*Might*."
Liberty thy watchword! peaceful liberty,
Equality, and world-wide brotherhood of man,
Social reform, these all are eloquent in thee;

Braver than thee or defter, none e'er led the van.
Religion rules the *heart;* its counterfeit—the *tongue;*
A parrot may be taught to senseless creeds recite!
Deeds and not *creeds* are thine, thy bow is ne'er unstrung!
Lifelong thou'st battled for "*Humanity*" and "*Right*."
A victim thou of Bigotry's envenom'd tooth,
Unbridled, lying tongues calumniate thy name,
Gracelessly slander'd, in religion's name forsooth!
Happier thou—guiltless—than the *saints* who thee defame.

H. NEWBURY.

Funeralia.

Translated from the Italian of M. R. IMBRIANI-POERIO,
By R. H. DYAS.

HIS last letter was dated New York: the echoes of a strong patriotic agitation in his Trieste had reached him across the Atlantic, and without a moment's delay he had embarked on an English vessel bound for Europe—his destination, Italy.

I knew that the companion of his sad life was with him. I knew that Giovanni, a Genoese merchant and our mutual friend, the same who had procured him the means of embarking, was expected to arrive in Italy by the same ship; nothing more, and amid the distractions of an active life, I had forgotten to note the days that came and went.

It chanced that early one morning in the beginning of the present year, as I was about to leave my house, Giovanni appeared before me upon its very threshold.

"Welcome," I said, "How long have you been in Italy?"

"A month."

"And where do you come from now?"

"From Genoa."

"And Marco? Is he there still?"

"Marco—Marco," he answered, "will never more tread the soil of unfortunate Italy!" And grasping my hand, as though to arouse me from the sorrowful impression caused by his words, he continued: "at least, he died free, his mind full to the last of the illusions that drew him hither; at least he is spared witnessing the scene of shame and cowardice now presented by Italy!"

For a moment I held my peace, overcome and silenced by the shock the news of my friend's death had caused me.

After a pause I rejoined: "No one, as you well know, is more grieved than I am at the degradation of our beloved country. But tell me—narrate the story of that unfortunate, for as such I always knew him—and it would seem that Fate has not been more merciful to him at the last, striking the mortal blow when he was far from his native land, instead of granting him the soldier's death he longed for! And his unfortunate wife?"

Whilst thus discoursing we had approached the sea, and to the sound of its waves breaking upon a neighboring reef, he related the following piteous tale—listened to by me in grief and silence, and now faithfully transcribed.

Do you remember the fine star with which his breast was decorated, and how, overcoming his modesty, we sometimes compelled him to show it?

When the peace of Vienna brought us the last great delusion of 1866, he returned to his Trieste with a proud hope still in his heart. "Insulted by France, betrayed and haughtily abandoned by Prussia," he said, "It was necessary to accept peace;" but it

was repeated that the King of Italy, when looking at the Julian Alps from Udine, had exclaimed: "Italy is made but not completed!"

And the thought of forthcoming redemption soothed the anger of Marco, and his implacable hatred of the stranger.

His father died under the Austrian rods in the great barrack—there where they have just assassinated our martyr—and poor Marco, wounded, as was believed mortally, once more saw his father's assassin's masters in his native city!

He began anew the holy work of conspiring against them, and notwithstanding persecution and a long imprisonment, he continued it nobly for eleven years, at the end of which he saw himself forced to abandon his native city, and take refuge on our side of the Isonzo.

It was during these years of suffering, of labor and of struggle, that he became acquainted with the young girl who proved so worthy of him, and who ended by becoming his wife.

On the accession to power of Cairoli he came to Rome, but as you well know there was none there willing to give him so much as a piece of bread, yet that much-honored veteran, Avezzana, overcoming his natural repugnance to ask anything of the monarchy, had accompanied him twice to the presence of the Prime Minister. But Cairoli, who two months before had proudly declared that "*he felt himself a Triestine even more than an Italian*," was already so invaded by the fear of compromising himself, that he dared not procure for a Triestine, whose breast had been pierced by an Austrian bullet at Bezzecca, the means of earning his daily bread!

And so passed away another long month; then came the Congress of Berlin—and to the lasting shame of Italy, her adhesion to that treaty which rendered Austria mistress of the Adriatic, and permitted her to fulfil her *mission of assassination* in Bosnia and Herzegovina!

Then Marco fled from Rome as he had fled from Trieste, but he had left Trieste full of hope, and now he was leaving Rome almost in despair.

With scanty means of living, accompanied by his courageous companion, he crossed the Atlantic and arrived in New York, where, active and intelligent, he met with sympathy, and before long obtained an honorable employment.

But his thoughts were ever directed toward Italy; the dishonor of his country vexed his soul, and the sufferings of his Trieste made him bound with anger at the remembrance.

That fiery nature which a tremendous wound had been unable to crush, was gradually wearing itself out, as though corroded by an invisible disease.

Even the smile of his beloved scarcely availed to rouse him from his melancholy; the thoughts that Trieste might rise in arms at any moment, whilst he was far away, devoured him. And then, he pined for the gentle zephyrs, the sun of Italy.

One morning this autumn he entered my apartment livid with anger. Confused rumors had arrived from Trieste; fresh provocations by the oppressors, manly protests on the part of the Triestines—hence cruel persecutions and wholesale arrests—and tears of fire shed by the oppressed, that threatened terrible vengeance, and an upheaval of the Italian soil under the feet of the Austrian Emperor.

"I *must* set out, I must hasten to Italy; my illness has consumed all our poor resources; give me the means of embarking, or I throw myself into the sea! There, in my Trieste, they are certainly fighting at this moment!"

I strove to calm him, but he was burnt up with fever, and would not be comforted till I had promised to take him with me in the English steam-vessel that was to sail next day.

We sailed. I had hoped that the excitement to which he was a prey would be lessened by exercise, but for him departure from America was the beginning of fresh activity.

Alas! the only rest possible for him was that of the tomb. The fever never left him, nor could it leave him more.

The first three days were passed by him on deck, which he paced without intermission, as though space were wanting; or, if he paused for a moment, it was to fix his eyes on the compass, from which he would raise them to gaze upon the horizon in the direction of Italy, of Trieste.

It seemed as though he sought to hasten the speed of our vessel with his will, as though he foresaw that gale whose advent he prophesied with all the enthusiasm of hope.

On the fourth day his strength failed him. Disease had triumphed over his body—not over his indomitable mind. He resigned himself into the arms of his wife, who, during those three days of anxiety—timid, thoughtful, vigilant—had watched his every step.

Once laid upon the narrow bed of his cabin, he felt that he would never rise from it again—that it was his fate never to see his country more. And yet his disease did not appear to be very serious, nor his danger imminent. Officers, passengers, the surgeon, were all desirous of being useful to him, for his story had become known amongst them, and the gentle creature who watched over him had excited the sympathy and love of all. But it seemed as if every attention on the part of strangers irritated him, the only company he desired being that of his wife and of myself, who, though not hitherto among his most intimate friends, was still his countryman. Thus, whilst the sound of every foreign tongue gave him annoyance, he seemed relieved when listening to that in which he had first learnt to speak.

His grand, his only comfort, was hearing us speak of Italy, but even this one soon proved vain; and at dawn of the fifteenth day we perceived only too clearly that his last hour was fast approaching. The dying man knew it also, and mustering all his remaining strength, exclaimed: "Ah, it was not thus that I hoped to end my

life ; with what joy would I have sacrificed it, fighting against the Austrians ! Oh why did that blessed ball not kill me at Bezzecca ? " But a stifled sob, heard suddenly from one beside him, made him start, and turning gently towards his Maria, he continued : "Forgive me, I did wrong to speak thus, for if I had fallen at Bezzecca I could never have known thee—I must have remained without the greatest consolation I have ever possessed, thyself—nor could I have found courage to pursue my task, such as it has been—my duty towards my country—and yet, the thought that I leave thee alone, deserted—I know, I know that thou wilt not be long separated from me, but when I think that I have not the consolation of dying for Trieste, the bitterness of this supreme hour overcomes me ! "

They remained alone till near midday, when an Anglican minister who was on board, asked permission to visit the dying man for the purpose of offering him the consolations of his faith. My friend was holding in his own the hand of Maria, which he never again relinquished whilst life remained to him ; a smile played for a moment upon his pallid lips ; we heard him answer : "Thanks, thanks for the kind thought, but my dear one has given me all the comfort I require, and I die in the Faith of Italy ; is not that enough ? but none the less, I thank you."

Soon after, he was in the last agony ; that manly breast was shaken with the death-rattle ; the opened shirt revealed it to our gaze, and the great scar turned to a deep red color.

At sunset, a ray of the setting sun penetrated through the cabin window, and fell upon his features. The lethargy of death was already upon him, but it seemed as though that light aroused him ; he opened his eyes and fixed them on the loved one he was about to abandon. Then he uttered the words : " Maria ! Trieste ! Italia ! " and closing both eyes and lips, he spoke no more.

Hardly was Maria aware of the cruel truth, than she arose with a bound, and uttering a long, piercing, terrible cry, the first—the only one—she threw her arms around that motionless neck, pressed her lips on the yet warm lips of the dead ; remained thus, absorbed, as it were, in one long, interminable kiss—and then, feeling that beloved body grow cold amid her burning kisses—she fell backward, and remained kneeling at the foot of the bed, from whence it seemed as if no force could evermore remove her.

Thus passed away the night, and also the day that followed. What was she thinking of ? Who could answer ? Yet it was not difficult to read her mind ; to do that, one had but to look upon her face. And on it dwelt all the anguish, all the struggles, all the despair, with which her mind was tortured.

The hardest hearts were moved at the spectacle of her grief, but all withdrew from her, none attempted to console her, since for grief like hers there could be no consolation.

For some time I stood looking upon her from the cabin door, and thinking of the tragic and cruel pass to which the sternness of events and the vileness of men had brought her. Alone in the

midst of the ocean, surrounded by people who knew not even her language, torn for ever from the man whose only comfort she had been upon earth—who for her had been the only motive for living—banished from her home, far from that fatherland which which she was rapidly approaching, yet which refused to own her for a daughter. Alone then in the world! without family, without country, and that for having too much loved family and country. A sad and solemn hour is that of expiring day ; more solemn and more sad in the midst of the ocean, where all around the great deep spreads away into infinity. But ineffably sad is the moment when, in the serene calm of a placid sunset without the excitement of the tempest—which disposes us to struggle whilst drawing us away from pensiveness and meditation—in the midst of the boundless sea, we give sepulture to the companion of our travels —to the one destined never to reach the longed for goal.

This was the hour fixed for the mournful ceremony. Four sailors and the minister descended into the cabin. The minister bowed himself reverently before the corpse, and with a gesture full of compassion made a sign to the men. The latter, having laid a plank upon the floor, placed the mortal remains of the hero upon it—his face covered with a sheet. Then they wrapped both corpse and plank in a coarse sail-cloth, and bound all together with a cord. Finally they attached a heavy iron ball to the extremity of the plank, close under the feet of poor Marco—and when all was done, they lifted that plank in their arms and carried it towards the cabin stair.

Maria—silent, motionless, in her corner, had let them act without pronouncing a word, without uttering a groan ; but when she saw them about to carry their burthen away, she sprang up and rushed after the men to the deck. Here, with hat in hand, drawn up into two ranks, stood the sailors ; the chief mate directed the mournful ceremony ; a little behind him, and bare-headed, stood the captain, looking with compassionate gaze upon what was being done

The passengers, dispersed here and there in groups, some leaning against the mast, some on the poop, some close to the bulwarks, looked on affected. Some of the women shed tears, many murmured prayers ; the bulwarks had been removed at the place whence the corpse was to be launched into the sea.

Hardly was Maria arrived upon deck than she cast an anxious glance around, then at last seemed to understand all. She fell upon her knees close to that plank which the sailors had laid upon the deck, prostrated herself over that body concealed beneath the sail-cloth, through which, notwithstanding, could be traced the noble and manly features of the dead—clasped it in her arms, exclaiming : " No, no, no ! this is impossible ! "

At that cry of anguish every murmur ceased, and as if by instinct, all gathered round. First the minister was beside the unfortunate woman, repeating I know not what words of reason and of comfort. But had he, instead of English, spoken to her in

the sweet tongue so dear to her heart, she would not have understood him. All she understood was, that these roaring and interminable waves must swallow up and conceal from her for ever her Marco! Then she turned her eyes from the greedy waves towards that adored and hidden head, with the firm resolve to contend the body so dear to her with the sea.

Meanwhile the last splendor of sunset was giving place to twilight. Profound silence reigned throughout the ship, interrupted only by the heartrending sobs of poor Maria. The sailors had opened their ranks; the mate, uncertain as to what course he should take, looked anxiously towards the captain, and the latter, confounded, seemed unable to come to a decision.

Maria, raising her eyes, perceived him, and understanding that at that moment all depended upon the will of that man, was in an instant at his feet, grasping his clothing in her hands, and addressing to him a prayer, strong, eloquent, piteous—such as to penetrate to my inmost soul, from whence it cannot be effaced so long as I have life.

"No, no, not in this sea, captain; not so far away from his own land, abandoned in the ocean without bounds. Captain, I implore you in the name of your country, in the name of your mother—wait till we are near Italian ground. You will, at least, throw him amongst Italian waves, the waves of his own sea, the waves of our sea. You see, I know him, captain, I know that he will sleep better there, more in peace; he will think himself laid to rest in his native earth, the native earth which the foreign soldier denies him; the native earth from which he was compelled to fly. You know, captain, he died yesterday evening, here, on my bosom; do not tear him from me so soon. You are a man of feeling and understand me. Not in this sea, no, no, no! or do you wish me to leap in the sea with him? Wait, captain, wait till we are in the Italian seas. I will manage so that this poor body shall cause you no trouble. You shall shut us up in our cabin, and I will watch over him alone till we are in the Italian sea. O merciful God, perhaps thou wilt grant that we be buried together in the Italian sea."

All this time the captain had not made the slightest movement, though the convulsive twitching that agitated his rugged features betrayed the increasing emotion within, and when the last notes of anguish sent forth by that mourner ended with the word *Italia*, as though an echo repeated the prayers of the unfortunate, his voice, usually so imperious, became soft, and turning towards the stern, he shouted: "Quartermaster, how far are we from the Italian sea?"

"Progress and Poverty":

A Review of the Theories and Proposals of Mr. Henry George.

V.—The Theory of Poverty.

Of all economic questions the theory of poverty is by far the most important. It is, indeed, scarcely too much to say that all the matters with which the economist has to deal are trivial by comparison with the genesis of want. It necessarily determines the general current of his doctrine; and its bearing on politics and morals is both obvious and weighty. An economist who goes wrong on this subject is in the position of an astronomer who denies the law of gravitation, or a biologist who turns his back on the Darwinian theory. The latter is, perhaps, rather too close an analogy, for Darwin has himself said that his doctrine is that of Malthus applied to the whole organic world, and it is the doctrine of Malthus which we are about to defend.

Mr. George sets himself in opposition to that doctrine, which he fairly enough states as follows: "That population, constantly tending to increase, must, when unrestrained, ultimately press against the limits of subsistence, not as against a fixed, but as against an elastic barrier, which makes the procurement of subsistence progressively more and more difficult. And thus, wherever reproduction has had time to assert its power, and is unchecked by prudence, there must exist that degree of want which will keep population within the bounds of subsistence."[1]

This correctness of statement does not, however, last long. In the very next paragraph he says: "Although in reality not more repugnant to the sense of harmonious adaptation by creative beneficence and wisdom than the complacent no-theory which throws the responsibility for poverty and its concomitants upon the inscrutable decrees of Providence, without attempting to trace them, this theory, in avowedly making vice and suffering the necessary results of a natural instinct with which are linked the purest and sweetest affections, comes rudely in collision with ideas deeply rooted in the human mind."

Now it is only necessary to refer to the preceding statement of the doctrine by Mr. George himself in order to show the misstatement involved in this. The Malthusian doctrine does not assert[2] that vice and suffering are the *necessary* results of a natural instinct. Its contention is that the instinct in question "when unrestrained"—a qualification which Mr. George has dropped—leads to "vice and suffering." Does Mr. George deny this?

[1] "Progress and Poverty," p. 66.

[2] "Make," is Mr. George's word, and it is a well-chosen one for his purpose.

Does he advocate the unbridled exercise of the sexual instinct? Does he say that this would not lead to vice and suffering? Malthusians do not say that misery and profligacy are inevitable. On the contrary they point how both may be avoided, not by eradicating or attempting to suppress "a natural instinct," but by regulating it in accordance with social needs. When exercised in accordance with an enlightened sense of duty, the instinct of sex *is* linked with the purest and sweetest affections. But, as there is but a single step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so between the most innocent domestic bliss and the coarsest brutality and penury, there is but the step which divides mastery over "natural instinct" from mastery by it.

I have thought it necessary to clear away this bit of misrepresentation, as Mr. George makes use of it to discredit with Liberals what I hold to be the true theory of poverty. "The Malthusian doctrine," he says, "parries the demand for reform, and shelters selfishness from question and from conscience by the interposition of an inevitable necessity. It furnishes a philosophy by which Dives as he feasts can shut out the image of Lazarus, who faints with hunger at his door; by which wealth may with a good conscience button up its pocket, when poverty asks an alms, and the rich Christians bend on Sundays in a nicely upholstered pew to implore the good gifts of the All Father without any feeling of responsibility for the squalid misery that is festering but a square away. For poverty, want, and starvation are by this theory not chargeable either to individual greed or to social maladjustments; they are the inevitable results of universal laws, with which, if it were not impious, it were as hopeless to quarrel as with the law of gravitation."[1]

Now I deliberately charge Mr. George, in this, with ignorant or careless misrepresentation. "Poverty, want, and starvation"—a veritable trinity in unity—are *not*, according to the Malthusian theory, "the inevitable results of universal laws." There is no "inevitable necessity" in the penury of man's lot as depicted by Malthusians. On the contrary, what makes their theory of such vast practical importance is that the demonstrated ultimate cause of poverty is strictly contingent and avoidable. Does Mr. George think that he will succeed very long in persuading anybody—even himself—that Malthusians are engaged in preaching the escape from that which they hold to be inevitable, and the defeat of that which they believe to be necessary? It is true that Malthusians do assert the existence of an inexorable law; but the statement of that law is in the form of an alternative, one half of which Mr. George suppresses. It is not poverty which is inevitable, but *poverty or parental prudence.* What a widely different thing this is, I need not say.

But Mr. George dislikes parental prudence. It is the Almighty, according to this would-be shining light of economic science, who

[1] "Progress and Poverty," p. 69.

sends children ;[1] and, to clinch the matter, "neither in classical creeds and codes, nor in those of the Jews, the Egyptians, the Hindus, the Chinese, nor any of the peoples who have lived in close associations and have built up creeds and codes, do we find any injunctions to the practice of the prudential restraints of Malthus ; but that on the contrary, the wisdom of the centuries, the religions of the world, have always inculcated ideas of civic and religious duty the very reverse of those which the current political economy enjoins, and which Annie Besant is now trying to popularise in England."[2] It is the wisdom of the centuries which are gone, the discredited "religions of the world," which are the stumbling blocks in the way of Mr. George's apprehension and acceptance of the theory of poverty as generally taught by economists. He acknowledges that "in the vegetable and animal kingdoms each species, by virtue of its reproductive power, naturally and necessarily presses against the conditions which limit its further increase."[3] This law, says the Malthusian, holds also of man, with this difference—that we, in consequence of superior intellectual provision, may be kept within the limits determined by our environment by the *anticipation* of evil, while our less endowed fellow-members of the animal kingdom are kept within those limits by being crushed against them when they attempt to pass beyond. The preventive check is thus man's most valuable prerogative. To give it up would be to level himself with the brutes in respect of reproduction, and perpetuate the struggle for existence. But this does not satisfy Mr. George. Man, with him "is an animal ; but he is an animal plus something else. He is the mythic earth-tree whose roots are in the ground, but whose topmost branches may blossom in the heavens!"[4] If Mr. George's topmost branches were not so perpetually blossoming in the heavens, his roots would have struck deeper into the earth.

I shall now dismiss Mr. George's theology, and discuss his mundane arguments against the law of population. And first I shall take an old one which he re-argues very ingeniously, and which has probably had great influence on his readers. "The globe," he says, "may be surveyed and history may be reviewed in vain for any instance of a considerable country in which poverty and want can be fairly attributed to the pressure of an increasing population." By this Mr. George seems to mean that there is no "considerable country" in which causes of poverty other than presence of population do not exist. He shows that this is so in India, China, Ireland. He might have done the same for every community, considerable or inconsiderable, which exists or has existed on the face of the earth ; and have demonstrated that, if the people are no better off than they are, it is because of this or that circumstance in their government, mental condition,

[1] Speech at St. James's Hall, 9th January, 1884.
[2] "Progress and Poverty," p. 77.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 91. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 96.

or habits. This I fully admit. If Mr. George's argument is valid, this admission is a fatal one. If, on the other hand, I can consistently make this admission, his argument is worthless. Let us see which of these alternatives is true.

Suppose the question at issue were, not the law of population, but the law of man's mortality. That law may be stated thus—that the tendency of the mechanism on which human life depends is to wear out or become inefficient. Go through the causes of death in the Registrar-General's returns, and what will you find? Men die, not because of the mere wearing out of their bodily frame, but because of disease, accident, or violence. No "considerable" number die of "decay of nature;" and even of the few whose death may be tabulated in this way, who can dare say that even one of them did nothing during his life which tended to limit it? Shall we then say men die because of consumption, murder, railway accidents, etc; and that, if these could be avoided, they might not die at all? Is the limit postulated by the law of man's mortality, as stated above, not a reality, because its operation is thus anticipated by other causes? If so, Mr. George may be right, for his reasoning proceeds on a parallel assumption. He cites the various social diseases and deeds of violence which set the proximate limits to man's productiveness, and assumes that there is no ultimate limit such as is asserted by economists.

Mr. George really does not know how an economic problem is to be solved.[1] "I do not merely mean to say," he argues, "that India or China could, with a more highly developed civilisation, maintain a greater population, for to this any Malthusian would agree. The Malthusian doctrine does not deny that an advance in the productive arts would permit a greater population to find subsistence. But the Malthusian theory affirms—and this is its essence—that, whatever be the capacity for production, the natural tendency of population is to come up with it, and, in the endeavor to press beyond it, to produce, to use the phrase of Malthus, that degree of vice and misery which is necessary to prevent further increase; so that as productive power is increased, population will correspondingly increase, and in a little time produce the same results as before. What I say is this: that nowhere is there any instance which will support this theory; that nowhere can want be properly attributed to the pressure of population against the power to procure subsistence in the then existing degree of human knowledge; that everywhere the vice and misery attributed to over-population can be traced to the warfare, tyranny, and oppression which prevent knowledge from being utilised and deny the security essential to production."[2]

Let it be noted, in the first place, that the Malthusian is repre-

[1] Students of political economy who desire a good and succinct statement of the nature of an economic problem, and of the mode in which alone it can be solved, should read Cairnes's "Logical Method of Political Economy."

[2] Progress and Poverty, p. 86.

sented as passing from "the natural tendency of population" to press beyond the limit of subsistence, to the assertion that it "*will* correspondingly increase, and in a little time produce the same results as before"—an utterly illegitimate inference which the Malthusian who knows what is meant by a tendency would certainly not make. Mr. George is guiltless of any attempt at wilful misrepresentation. The truth is he has no adequate notion of the scientific meaning of tendency. "On the presumption," we are told, "that population tends to double every twenty-five years, they [the descendants of Confucius] should, in 2150 years after the death of Confucius, have amounted to 859, 559, 193, 106, 709, 670, 198, 710, 528 souls."[1] In other words, a cause which *tends* to produce a certain result *should* produce that result—a cause which, *in the absence of counteracting causes*, would produce a given effect should have that effect *in the presence of counteracting causes*. "You say," Mr. George virtually asks the Malthusian, "that population, if unchecked, would double every twenty-five years; then why does it not increase in that manner when it *is* checked?" And this is the man who aspires to undo the work of Malthus and Ricardo, Mill and Cairnes!

In the next place, be it noted that it is admitted that "any Malthusian would agree" that "India or China could, with a more highly developed civilisation, maintain a greater population." But Mr. George does "not mean merely to say" this. He says that it could be done if "warfare, tyranny and oppression, which prevent knowledge from being utilised and deny the security essential to production," were to cease. No doubt; but I do not quite understand how "warfare, tyranny and oppression" are to vanish and civilisation to remain stationary. In the same way he deals with John Stuart Mill's assertion that "a greater number of people cannot, *in any given state of civilisation*, be collectively so well provided for as a smaller." Mr. George denies this, and submits "the question to the test of facts." But he alters the question before so submitting it. "There is," he says, "no necessity for abstract reasoning. The question is one of simple fact. Does the relative power of producing wealth decrease with the increase of population? The facts are so patent that it is only necessary to call attention to them. We have, in modern times, seen many communities advance in population. Have they not at the same time advanced even more rapidly in wealth? We see many communities still increasing in population. Are they not also increasing their wealth still faster?"[2] And, we may ask, has civilisation not advanced in those communities? or, if not, are they not in that early stage of settlement when, because of the abundance of land, the law of diminishing return has not come into operation?[3] "Is there any doubt," says Mr. George, "that while England has been increasing her population at the

[1] "Progress and Poverty," p. 78.
[2] *Ibid*, p. 100.
[3] See Mill's statement of that law, "Principles of Political Economy," chap. xii.

rate of two per cent. per annum, her wealth has been growing in still greater proportion?" Is there any doubt, I ask, that while this has been taking place England has progressed in that knowledge and practice of the arts of life which we call civilisation? And, if not, is not Mr. George, while pretending to reply to Mill, really evading the issue? The part of Mill's statement which I have italicised, he ignores. He thus, in the language of mathematics, turns the constant in Mill's statement of the problem into a variable; and when he brings out a different result, he fancies he has proved that Mill's working is incorrect.

I have one more criticism to make on this remarkable piece of reasoning. Mr. George cannot find "any instance" of the truth asserted in the law of population;[1] and he seems to think that this proves that law to be a fiction. There is exactly the same reason for regarding the first law of motion as a fiction. When Mr. George produces to me a body which, once set in motion, will continue moving for ever with uniform velocity in a straight line, I will show him an instance of a community which has multiplied beyond the means of subsistence and in the measure of its abstract fecundity. In the passage just cited in reply to Mill, Mr. George says; "There is no necessity for abstract reasoning. The question is one of simple fact." This shows that its author has not learned the very alphabet of economics. How can the effect of a cause which operates in the midst of a multitude of other causes be discerned by simple inspection? It is, perhaps, to be found among the subsequent phænomena; but how? To select one group of these phænomena, and assign it as the effect of the cause, without justifying this selection by what Mr. George calls "abstract reasoning," is sheer dogmatism. But it may *not* be found among the subsequent phænomena. It may be completely obliterated, and even reversed, by counteracting causes. If the Thames were flowing toward the sea, at the rate of four miles an hour, and I rowing up it at the rate of three miles an hour, my boat would move in the opposite direction to that in which I was pulling. The direction and velocity of my rowing could not be ascertained by simply observing the motion of my boat. The velocity of the tide would have to be calculated and allowed for. Economists assert that, other things equal, after a comparatively early stage in production, any increase in the number of the people lowers the remuneration of their labor. "Yah!" cries the new prophet, "Englishmen are much more numerous than they were, and their production per head has also increased." So it has, Mr. George, but a very young student of elementary physics would tell you that the rising of a balloon is as good an instance, to him who knows, of the law of gravitation as the falling of an apple. Apply this truth to economics, and although it will play havoc with your book, it will leave you better equipped for the task you have somewhat rashly

[1] "Progress and Poverty," p. 86.

undertaken. The result to which it may lead you may not be found by you in the "creeds and codes" of the Jews; but, as one of the most illustrious of your countrymen would tell you, "They didn't know everything down in Judee." D.

(To be continued.)

The Social and Political Position of the Germans in the United States.

By Dr. Schlaeger, Translated by Miss Coleman.

III.

The Period of Political Initiative.

New Fatherlands are in some respects like new wives; after living for a certain time with them, the eye, becoming more critical, discovers flaws under the brilliant surface, and the former Fatherland, the former wife, enjoy a relative meed of esteem again. Now, in the second period, pride in the great Republic, whose giant armies were formed and dissolved without detriment to freedom, formed the dominating characteristic; but even during the great war, voices made themselves heard, urging the hitherto vacillating policy of the Executive respecting the institution of slavery to more decisive action; approving Fremont's proclamation of Emancipation (for the Missouri Department), issued as early as August, 1861, though disavowed by Lincoln, and leading to the formation of an Opposition in the Republican camp itself, which, being averse to Lincoln's re-election, put Fremont forward as an opposing candidate at the Cleveland Convention (1864), and indeed on principle declared itself against the immediate re-election of any President. It was the Germans of St. Louis principally who, with extraordinary consistency, made the opinions they had held in 1861 of account in that Convention of the Radicals held in 1864. Though unsuccessful, Fremont did not really come forward as Opposition candidate, because otherwise the chances of the Democratic candidate (General McClellan) would have become too favorable. The principle of one Presidential term, only represented by Cleveland, was energetically insisted upon by Republicans like Wade, of Ohio, and an amendment of the Federal Constitution to that effect; and in 1872 the Liberal Republicans, at their National Convention in Cincinnati, and following them, the Democratic party, made it one of the bases of their party platforms during the last Presidential campaign.

At first that opposition could no longer be carried on, as through

the reactionary policy of the President "by accident," Johnson (since April 15th, 1865-69), the unreserved support of the Republican majority in Congress, and thereby of the Republican party in general, had become a national necessity. Not till after Grant's election (Nov., 1868) could serious efforts at reform be made within the Republican party without endangering the advantages gained by the war. They had now to combat new dangers, to place within bounds the corruption and demoralisation, which having grown up in the war and been nourished and promoted by the fluctuating paper currency, had given rise to a hunting after wealth which astonished even the dwellers in Wall Street, accustomed though they were to it, through the unheard of boldness or monstrous impudence with which it was carried on everywhere, in the palace of the Erie railway as at the Union Pacific, in the State legislature as in the Capitol at Washington, at the Exchange as in the usual intercourse of every day. Grant, who believed he had obtained his election more on account of his deeds which gave him a certain right to it, was in his official capacity nearly independent of his party, and the rule in the White House at last degenerated into a purely personal one, to which it was all the more difficult to offer resistance in that through the creation of a new system of federal taxation, as well as through the dangerous influence which the secretary of finance exercised on the money and gold exchange, the power of the "King in a dress coat" (as Heinzen in his zeal for the abolition of the office of President calls the first official in the United States), had grown out of all former proportion. To this came a second point: the Republican party, that is, its leaders, who made a pure business out of politics, needed Grant in order to keep themselves in the saddle, and in order eventually to insure for themselves the succession in the White House. Therefore whoever rose up against Grant and his wicked partners, had to make up his mind to being denounced as an enemy or traitor to the Republican party and cast out into outer darkness. And this soon happened to the two conspicuous U. S. Senators, Charles Sumner and Carl Schurz, when in December, 1870, they hurled their heavy attacks against the President on account of the shameful Dominic affair. At the instigation of Grant, Sumner was in 1871 robbed of his post of President in the Foreign Affairs Committee by the servile Republican majority, and the important place conferred on the Pennsylvanian, Simon Cameron, who regarded the whole world as purchasable, and himself filled a purchased senatorship. Schurz was punished by similar slights. But this only strengthened his resolution to stake his whole strength, his whole political existence, in combating the ever growing corruptive system. The important part which the new senator for Missouri (elected 1869 for a term ending in 1875) took and still maintained in the struggle which commenced at that time, and still continues, makes a short retrospective glance at his career necessary, all the more so that the best sides of German-Americandom find in him their true and

typical expression, and indeed have never possessed any more distinguished or better representative than he. He first came forward about 1850, in Wisconsin, helping to gain over this once strongly Democratic state to the Republican party. He even as early as that accomplished so much that he rejected the candidature for the office of Lieutenant-Governor as insufficient acknowledgment. On the national arena, in the summer of 1860, and during the gigantic campaign between Lincoln and Douglass (for around these the electioneering struggle of the North turned) he caused the greatest sensation through his systematically and brilliantly worked-out speeches against Douglas acting with powerful weight on the result, especially through his influence on the German element. Lincoln acknowledged his merit by sending him as ambassador to Madrid. Soon after the breaking out of the war, we find him as Major-general and commander of the 11th Army corps in the battle of Chancellorsville. After the war, being sent by Johnson to the South, he discloses the state of the same in an excellent report and puts an end to the presidential glossing over of facts. Being placed at the head of a great English paper in Detroit, he has the opportunity of learning the importance of the Press for the general development of State and Society which it dominates more and more, but not until he entered the St. Louis paper, the *Westliche Post*, for years an organ of the German initiative, did he find the Archimedian point, how to lift the American world off its hinges. In 1869, after violent opposition from different sides, especially from natives, he is nominated by the legislature of Missouri, United States, senator for 6 years and from that time forward he works in high politics with an unprecedented independence of party-fetters, with an interest for true reform which is hindered by no scruples with regard to candidature for the presidency, Schurz, as an adopted citizen, not being eligible for it according to the Federal constitution. The reform he worked for regarded not alone the administration but the party spirit itself, which is to the former what the source is to the river, and without the purification of which there was and is no hope of any fundamental improvements in the political and social conditions in the United States.

It is certainly difficult to draw the limits between party discipline and party tyranny, between the legitimate use and the abuse of party machinery; but professional politicians have an interest in their never being drawn at all. To characterise the iron party discipline of the Democratic party, they used, before the war, to say with regard to the Irish Democrats in the big towns: "They would vote for the Democratic ticket, even if the devil himself were at the head of it." But also in the Republican party slavery was developed, and the same abuse of party machinery which in former years they had done their best to blame and ridicule. There is a periodical tide in political life. The high tide is that of the party in its youth, the comparative purity

enthusiasm for a clearly conceived or expressed idea, for the accomplishment of which the forming of the party took place. Low tide sets in when the end has been attained, and there is nothing more to be done but make room for other new formations. Against this giving up of its place the party which has become dominant struggles hard, asserting that it is still indispensable for the nation, though in reality it is only the good posts that are indispensable to the party and its leaders. In place of enthusiasm—for there is no longer any grand idea to be enthusiastic for—comes common selfishness, which at last extinguishes even ambition, this last entrenchment honestly failing against corruption and cheating of the nation in so-called legal manner. Cynicism becoming rampant in the halls of the national representation, and men shrug their shoulders at the few who are stupid enough to be honest. It was during such a low tide and swampy time in the political party that Carl Schurz and a few others, supported, indeed, by different papers in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, formed the project of a reform of the nation in its head and members, and to this end set themselves in open opposition to the President and the whole official Republican party, who were in possession of the whole machinery and almost all offices in the towns, States and country. A new and real reform party was to be created, the Democrats having long since denied all reform tendencies, and their leaders in Congress and in the legislature, conjointly with the Republicans, used their position to fill their pockets. In the political province one was reminded of those augurs, who, living on the stupidity of a superstitious people, could not look at each other without laughing. The thing was first of all to deprive the Democrats of all the South, which ever since the war sulked to the Northern comrades of before the war, and had abandoned the hope of liberating itself by means of a Democratic victory from the carpet-baggers and Grant's satraps, who increased its debts immeasurably, and sucked out its marrow in every possible manner.

(To be concluded.)

Dr. Valery Vernon, Q.C.

I AM a woman and a law student. My name until the 1st August (inclusive) is Valery Vernon. After that date I shall be known to my clients, friends, and any others whom it may concern as Valery Jones. Not nearly so pretty, is it? But after all, "What's in a name?" I have repeated this question to myself so many times that I am almost reconciled to the change, and yet, you know, I think it quite against the principle of "the survival of the fittest," that when a woman has a pretty name she should be obliged to

change it for an ugly one. But this about names is quite by the way, and only the result of a little pettishness on my part. My age? Well, I don't think I feel inclined to tell it just now. This is not a South Kensington Examination, so the revelation is not compulsory. I beg to reserve the point.

In 187—, when I was about 19, I was studying for my first law examination at the London University. I had chambers at 1, Crozier Court, Temple. I attended the Law Courts by day and studied law by night. Austin's Jurisprudence was my favorite work. I mastered the differences between forbearance and omission, heedlessness and rashness, and similar complex points. The Institutes of Gaius and Justinian were ever welcome reading. It was pleasant to contrast my free and untrammelled position with the position of women under the Roman Empire. I knew all about the *patria potestas*, and had carefully discussed the question as to whether a man might bring an *actio confessoria* if his neighbor should build his house higher than his own.

My acquaintances said I was wearing myself to a skeleton, that my eyes looked like "burnt holes in a blanket," but I heeded them not until one evening, three weeks before the examinations. I had spent most of the day in the stifling, poisonous atmosphere of the Court of the Queen's Bench Division, Westminster. On returning to my chambers I had a wash, a hasty cup of tea, and sat down to read. Suddenly all was darkness, and when I came to my senses again I found myself in bed, ill. "Brain a little overworked, rest absolutely necessary," said the doctor. At first I fumed and fretted dreadfully at the idea of idleness, but after a little resigned myself with a fairly good grace to the inevitable. But, surrounded with my books, I found it very hard to resist the temptation to take them off their shelves. My fingers, unused to needlework, did not take kindly to the exchange of needle and silk for pen and ink, and more often would lie listlessly folded in my lap, whilst my eyes gazed unseeingly out of the window. I, who formerly had been gay, sanguine, and with my books had found my own company sufficient to myself, now became melancholy, despondent, and wishful of companionship. But I had no companions, and every day found me more and more depressed. Since I had left college—two years ago—I had lived quite alone. I had no near relations. There were one or two people with whom I might have claimed kin, but both the kinship and their place of residence were very remote from me. As long as I did not want to overdraw my allowance, my guardian had no interest in me. So you see I was quite alone.

One day I surprised myself by bursting into a flood of tears, because an acquaintance who had chambers above mine had failed to make the daily five minutes' visit, to which he had made me accustomed ever since my stupid illness. I was annoyed beyond measure at my weakness, and determined to put a stop to that sort of thing. Surely Valery Vernon had a soul above tears! I resolved to leave London, to go abroad. I did not much care

where I went, except that I would not go to Paris, I had been there already. I sent for a Continental time table, and my maid brought me a time table of the "new mail route to the Continent *via* Queenboro' and Flushing." I opened it at "London and Frankfort." "Well, why not go to Frankfort?" I thought. Frankfort was immediately decided on; I packed my portmanteau, gave my maid a month's holiday, and left the next night by the 8.30 train from Victoria. Notwithstanding that it was a calm summer night when I got on board the steamer at Queenboro', I thought I would at once go to my berth, which I had taken the precaution to secure before starting. So I proceeded to "Cabin No. 6," and settled myself in "Berth No. 1" before the boat began to move. Cabin No. 6 was a tiny compartment, the last of six cabins which faced another six. No. 6 contained four berths, two each side of the cabin, one berth above the other. Mine was a top one, and I stowed myself out of sight before intruders came. Soon two ladies came, viewed the cabin, voted it stuffy, although it was at the ship's side and the port-hole was open, and ordered their pillows to be carried on deck, where they would pass the night. A little later, a lady and gentleman came; the speedy exit of the gentleman saved me the trouble of protesting against his presence. The lady, his wife, remained, and next morning confided to me how her cabin had been taken possession of by two "foreigners," who asserted their right to two berths in that cabin, and laughed at her because she felt sea-sick, so she had sent the stewardess to seek her husband who found for her a berth in my cabin.

When the noisy gentlemen in the cabin opposite subsided, and our floating world grew quieter and quieter until little was heard besides the plash, plash of the sea, the throbbing of the engines and the drawing of chains and ropes, then, lulled by the cradle-like movement of the vessel, I began to sink softly into the land of sleep and dreams.

Before I was quite asleep however, a gentleman who with his wife had berths in the next cabin came to take possession of his allotted couch. As the partition between the cabins did not go to the roof, I had the enviable pleasure of making a third in the confidences of this gentleman, which I am bound to add consisted mainly of items of scandal concerning the "goings on" of some passengers on deck. This episode enlightened me a little as to the ways of the world, because heretofore I had always heard that it was only women who talked scandal.

After a while, however, all became quiet in the next cabin, and then at last I fell asleep. Fell asleep to be soon awakened by a loud, abrupt, joyless "Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" which seemed to go off like successive pistol shots close to my ear. I started up in my berth, clasped my money in one hand, and my penknife with the other, resolved to sell money and life dearly. But my resolve was quite unnecessary, for after sitting bolt upright, listening intently for some minutes, I could hear nothing but the throb, throb of the

engines like the beating of a great heart and the dashing of the sea against the boat. I sank back on my pillows, annoyed at the seeming delusion, when in the stillness again came the ghostly "Ha, ha!" and this was repeated at short intervals for the next quarter of an hour—by the gentleman in the next cabin. At the end of that time the "Ha, ha's" became intermingled with snores, so frequent that they awakened the wife of his bosom, who remonstrated in possibly affectionate, but certainly emphatic, terms. Quiet was once more restored, but alas! not my departed sleep, and at daybreak I arose, or rather descended, and went on deck.

After a hasty cup of coffee at Flushing—I had found it very difficult to get served on board the steamer, and made a note of it as an instance of the chivalry of man, as seen in waiters and my fellow passengers towards a woman travelling alone—we left that town by train, rather before half past seven in the morning, and reached Cologne at half past one and Frankfort at 10 o'clock at night. The next day I found that at Frankfort I had not escaped England; every one seemed to speak English, so once more I strapped my portmanteau and this time fled to Darmstadt, where I suddenly remembered that an old school friend of mine had relations. I sought out the Herr Professor Küssner, and nothing would suit him and the Frau Professorin but that I should stay with them, they had "heard so much of the learned Miss Vernon." I did stay with them, and very comfortable and contented I was for about a fortnight, and should so have continued to the end of my visit, but that in an evil hour they introduced me to an American resident there. Since Mr. Blaine spoke my language, my good German friends thought he could better explain to me the beauties and points of interest in and about Darmstadt, so they put me under his care for a "little walk." He commenced by asking whether I was a good walker, whether three miles would be too much. I promptly replied that I could easily walk three miles, but as I was not quite strong yet, that would be far enough.

When we started, my companion did not show the slightest disposition to show off the "lions" of Darmstadt, but instead, told me how deep, how profound was his admiration for my ability. "But—er, do you now, dear Miss Vernon, think the profession you have chosen is quite—er womanly?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Why not?"

"But, do you not think that the place of a beautiful woman is to adorn a man's house? That in the regulation of domestic politics she has quite as much work as she ought to be troubled with? Do you not think that this coming in contact with the working world must dim the beauty of her mind, and cloud over the mirror-like innocence of her soul?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" I exclaimed, with more emphasis than elegance. "In the first place, I don't believe in 'souls' or 'mirror-like innocence;' in the second, if by 'domestic politics'

you mean mending socks for a lord of creation, and minding his babies, that is work for her hands and not for her head; in the third" . . .

"Oh! dear Miss Vernon, please spare me," interrupted Mr. Blaine, stretching out his hands and smiling deprecatingly. "I could not think of arguing with a lady, I yield the point at once!"

I smiled superciliously, and thought of the last line of a song I had recently heard:

"So very like a man, he said."

After a few moments, Mr. Blaine resumed the conversation by asking: "Do you believe in spirits, Miss Vernon?"

"No," I answered, "I am happy to say I do not."

"I am sure you cannot have investigated the subject very deeply, Miss Vernon, or else a lady of your keen perception could hardly fail to realise the beauty and truth of the belief that the world is peopled with spirits."

I confessed I had not given any great attention to Spiritualism.

Mr. Blaine was now happy. Having discovered a subject about which I avowedly knew little, he set himself to work to enlighten me. He told me how somebody named Emma was to lecture somewhere (I must apologise for this vagueness, but I don't remember all the details), and as she was preparing her lecture a spirit came as a voice in her ear, and said: "What are you doing there, Emma?" Emma, unabashed by the phænomenon of an unembodied voice, replied: "Preparing my lecture." The spirit-voice commanded her to discontinue her preparations. If she trusted herself to the spirits, they would tell her what to say; but if she prepared herself, she should forget everything. She had faith, and in consequence delivered a most eloquent lecture. Then there was a young man, a farmer or ploughman (I am not quite sure which), who had never studied at all, and who by spirit agency suddenly became possessed of such thorough scientific knowledge that scientists from far and wide travelled enormous distances to hear his opinion on disputed points.

Mr. Blaine, once launched upon Spiritualism, required very little of my conversational powers, a "yes" or "no" now and then kept him going. But while Mr. Blaine was happy I was getting more and more weary, both in mind and body; the walk seemed everlasting. We started at three o'clock, and at seven I ventured to ask if we were not getting near to Darmstadt again. We had passed through some very beautiful scenery by the Mühlthal and Kuhlengründe and now were in a thick pine wood. The heavy atmosphere seemed to stifle me, and it was only by sheer force of will that I could keep on my feet. After my question my companion fell into silence, broken about twenty minutes later by, "I am afraid you must be very tired. I have come further than I meant. I am not quite sure where we are now, but we cannot be far from the Heidelberg road. If you will not be afraid to be left alone for a little, I will go up into the road and get a carriage."

"Yes, do," I said; "I will sit here till you come back."

Left alone, I sat down on the fir-needles and dreamily watched the fireflies in the steadily deepening darkness.

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The carriage did not come, so I found my way back on foot, and left Darmstadt the next day for London. I did not return to my old rooms, but took new ones and immediately settled down to my work. As I opened my book, a voice in my ear said: "What are you doing, Valery?"

"Preparing for my exam." I answered, without feeling in the least astonished.

"I am the spirit of Solon," said the voice, "and I and my brother spirits have taken you in our charge. There is an examination at the London University to-morrow. Trust to us, and present yourself; you shall pass with distinction.

"Well," thought I, "surely the next examination is six months hence. Perhaps there is some alteration, I will look in the Calendar." I took down the latest Calendar from the shelf, and there, sure enough, I found that the Intermediate Examination in Laws took place on the following day.

"But Solon," I objected, "it is no use for me to go up to-morrow; I ought to have given notice a month ago."

"Go," sternly replied Solon's voice.

I felt that there was no resisting this, so presented myself the next day at the University. As I was about to enter into some explanation and apology for my lack of notice at the Registrar's office, I was stopped by the official who said: "It is quite right, you were expected and a seat is reserved for you."

As my incorporeal friend had promised, I passed "with distinction," taking high honors in Jurisprudence and Roman Law. An incredibly short interval of time afterwards, I passed first the Examination for Bachelor and then the Examination for Doctor of Laws, and so brilliant was my latest success that I received the coveted gold medal. All this time, be it well understood, I never opened a law-book. The sensation created by my most astounding series of successes was so great that the judges and most distinguished counsel held a meeting, presided over by the most eminent judge on the bench, and passed a resolution with only one dissentient, that "The title of Queen's Counsel should be conferred upon Dr. Valery Vernon, and that she should be forthwith called to the bar."

You may guess how proud I felt! I had not the tiniest qualms of conscience as to accepting all the compliments showered down upon me. I knew I was an imposition, and that I really had no learning at all; but no one else knew it, and it was only when I contemplated the possibility of being found out that I had thoughts of forestalling the discovery by a voluntary revelation. Henceforth my services as counsel were eagerly sought after. I never lost a case, and my fame spread far and wide.

At length the day of reckoning came. I was engaged as leading counsel in a most important case, the nature whereof you will gather later on. I adjusted my gown carefully over my shoulders (I never let it slip over one shoulder, or fall half way down my back as some counsel are in the habit of doing), I took a last look in the glass to see if my wig was arranged becomingly (the wig harmonised admirably with my complexion, and I had no fancy that I should overleap that small step between the sublime and the ridiculous by having my wig inclined over one ear, or tilted over my brow, as is sometimes seen in certain members of the bar or bench), and confident that whatever might be my real knowledge of the law in the case about to be heard, at least my appearance left nothing to be desired, I stepped across the passage leading to the court. In the passage I nearly ran up against Mr. Oliver Jones, my old acquaintance of Crozier Court. Full of the sense of my own importance, I smiled affably and stretched out my hand condescendingly, only to be met with: "Get you hence, lawyer, *I* know you not." This was rather disconcerting; my face fell and so did my outstretched hand. Old memories came crowding upon me and I felt that this was a very curious mode of address for a man to adopt towards a woman whose hand he had been permitted to kiss, and whose lips he had once ventured——. But there, I don't want to go too much into details. Sufficient to say that I speedily recovered my outward composure, and with a significant smile and shrug of the shoulders to a by-stander, I passed on to the Court.

I was retained for the plaintiff, in the case of a man who claimed damages against a railway company, because the train had been drawn up at the station in such a manner that the carriage which he occupied stopped at a break in the platform. My client, thinking the platform was continuous, got out, and instead of stepping on the platform fell to the ground below, and broke his leg. Now my client was very stout, so stout that standing upright, he could not see his feet, so instead of following the usual method of going down steps, he always turned his face to the steps, and his back to the world. After casting ridicule upon my client's *embonpoint* and making a number of small jokes at his expense, the counsel for the defence, Sir Jarring Heaffard, changed his tone. He said it was against the law of God for man to progress backwards; that this insidious insinuation of blasphemy into the minds of the young as seen in the teaching that man might walk backwards although he was pre-ordained by God to walk forwards was immeasurably worse than that dynamite of which we had heard so much of late; the latter only imperilled our sinful bodies, the former—he said it with hushed voice and bated breath, he could not pretend to aspire to the declamation, perhaps eloquent, certainly noisy, of the counsel for the plaintiff, (meaning me)—the former by inciting to transgression against the law of God, imperilled our immortal souls.

I have already told you how my mind was recalled to old

times by meeting with Mr. Oliver Jones, and I suppose the effect had not worn off, for now hearing Sir Jarring Heaffard harp upon "the law of God," I recollected that Austin had something to say upon this point in his lectures upon Jurisprudence.

"Usher, bring me Austin," I cried.

Austin was brought, and I opened the book.

"What are you doing there, Valery," said a well-known voice in my ear.

"Looking at Austin," I replied, softly, for I did not want the people round about to think me mad, talking to nobody, as it were.

"Shut up the book, or you are undone," said the unembodied Solon.

But I was in no humor for having my mood crossed then, so rising, book in hand, I began: "My lord, I object." I was always very careful to say "My lord," and not "Me lud," as some counsel do. Mr. Justice South looked at me unamiably; he was the man who had opposed my admission to the bar.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to state your objection," he said.

"Yes, my lord, most certainly. I object to the 'law of God' being pleaded in this Court. In the note to Lecture V. on Jurisprudence the late John Austin says: 'An exception, demurrer or plea founded on the law of God was never heard in a Court of Justice from the creation of the world down to the present moment.' Although, my lord, I will not pretend to such an extensive knowledge of what occurred during the early days following the creation as seems to have been in the possession of the late John Austin, nevertheless I will venture to . . ."

But I could go no further. Judge, jury, counsel for the defence, my own client, all turned on me and shouted at me, all at once, for daring to question the law of God. The jury insisted on immediately giving a verdict for the defendants, and expressed their extreme disapprobation of the counsel for the plaintiff. Everybody shouted at once, everyone denounced me, and at last Solon's voice in my ear said: ". . . I am really very sorry to be so late. I hope you are not very tired of waiting."

* * * * * * * *

I opened my eyes, and collecting my thoughts with an effort, I recognised Mr. Blaine's face in the moonlight.

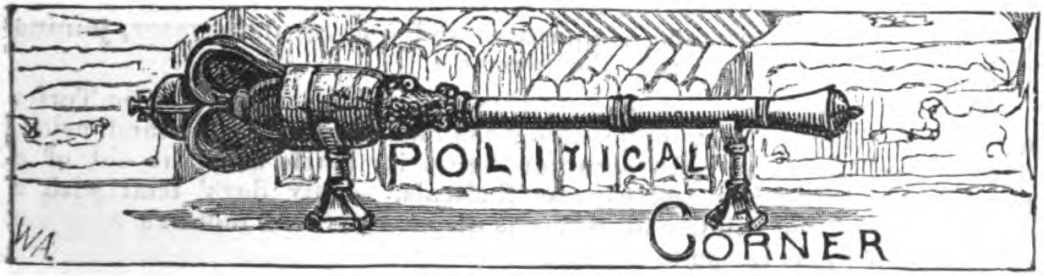
"I had to walk a long way before I could get a carriage, and then I lost my way in the wood in seeking you. It is not far off ten o'clock. I fear you must be very tired," continued Mr. Blaine. "I hope you were not very frightened. You almost look as though you had been to sleep."

"I should not be at all surprised," I said dreamily, as I raised myself stiffly from my couch of fir needles.

I stayed another week at Darmstadt, but went for no more walks with Mr. Blaine. I returned at the end of that time to the Crozier Court, Temple, and Mr. Oliver Jones persuaded me to

give up my law studies for awhile, promising to help me to a more interesting study. But although my law books have grown dusty on their shelves and the examination rooms l.now me no more, I intend to graduate in Laws some day, and for that reason I still continue to describe myself as a "law student."

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.



EARLY in the month, Miss Muller's goods were seized under distraint for Queen's Taxes, for Miss Muller, thinking that taxation without representation is robbery, refuses to pay taxes, as the tax-makers refused to allow her to vote. Northampton electors not unnaturally think that there is a great deal to be said for Miss Muller's action.

THE Franchise Bill has gone in triumph through the Commons, and has been contemptuously rejected by the Lords, and whilst I write it is said that if—as was suggested in these notes last year—a second Session be held this autumn, then that the House of Peers will stand firm, and for the second time reject the Bill.

AT Cleveland, at Blyth, and at Durham, the miners of North Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Durham have spoken out very clearly and very strongly, declaring their determination to stand by Mr. Gladstone against the Lords. In all parts of the country there are signs of equal determination.

THE National Liberal Federation have commenced well with their outspoken resolutions, and Mr. Schnadhorst deserves great credit for his bold policy. The month is to conclude with a congress of Liberal clubs at St. James's Hall and a monster meeting in the Agricultural Hall. Will the Lords fight? The Federation declares that "the refusal by a selfish, irresponsible and non-representative body to give effect to a measure of enfranchisement, approved by a great majority of the House of Commons, and finally passed by that House without a dissentient vote, is an unjustifiable and intolerable exercise of the power of revision entrusted to the House of Peers, and is a direct challenge for the commencement of a conflict which shall never cease until the legislative functions of the Second Chamber are so changed as to bring them into harmony with the principles of popular and representative government."

IT is after all doubtful whether or not there may not be a Franco-Chinese war in consequence of the repulse of the French troops at Langson. France claims a heavy indemnity, and the real attitude of China is unknown.

EGYPTIAN news is most perplexing in its contradictiveness. Berber has fallen, and it has not. Khartoum is taken, but is still standing out. The Mudir of Dongolah is treacherous, and has defeated the Madhi. Gordon is assassinated, and he is protected as a madman. France and England

are in accord, but there is no agreement between them. England is to withdraw her troops at a fixed date, but is to remain until the impossible is achieved.

POLITICAL strife in Ireland has involved the bringing to light of the existence of fearful crime in religious circles and amongst men of high position in society. The Secretary to the Irish Post Office, who joined with the Secretary to the English Post Office in 1877, in seizing as immoral our publications whilst being transmitted through the post, stands accused of most horrible crime. Poor Ireland! Shocking foulness amongst its rulers, and brutal murders amongst its ruled—and this under Christian government; oppressor and oppressed, however, joining to keep the bad Atheist out of Parliament.

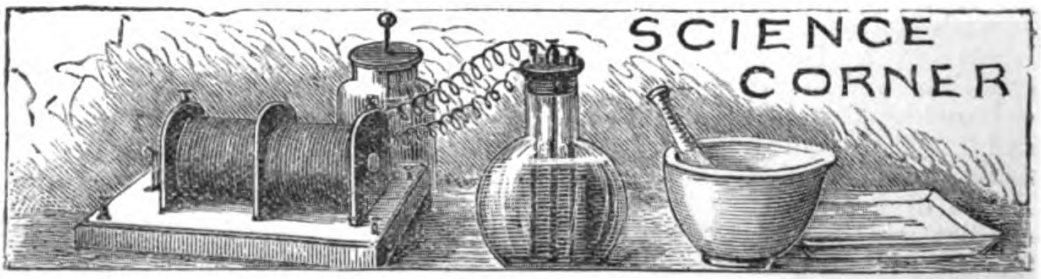
THE wearying struggle for constitutional right goes on. The Tories are firm in their obstinate opposition; the moderate Liberals stand aside, or help the Tories; and Northampton fights its battle with the aid of a few advanced Liberals and earnest Radicals. A six days' trial with a hostile verdict, the validity of which is disputed, is the month's addition to the list of items in the four years' war.

MR. WOODALL'S Woman Suffrage amendment was, in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's declaration, rejected by a considerable majority. My vote, therefore, if I had not been illegally prevented, would have only increased by one the friendly minority.

LORD ROSEBERY'S motion for the improvement of the House of Lords is only valuable as showing that the Reform of the Peerage as a Legislative Council is one of the matters which even a Lord thinks is likely to be soon brought within the range of practical politics. The *Saturday Review* says: "Lord Rosebery may, perhaps, not have intended to raise the question whether the House of Lords should continue to exist; but no smaller issue would necessarily have been involved in the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the means of rendering the House more efficient."

IN Norway it is said that King Oscar—beginning to fear lest the real love of the Norwegians for their constitution should prove more powerful than their habit of reverence for the monarchy—is now inclined to submit to the inevitable.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.



THE *Medical Record* says: "Attention has lately been drawn in one of our medical contemporaries to a disease met with in Siberia, known to the Russians by the name of 'Miryachit.' The person affected seems compelled to imitate anything he hears or sees, and an interesting account is given of a steward who was reduced to a perfect state of misery by his inability to avoid imitating everything he heard and saw. One day the captain of the steamer, running up to him, suddenly clapping his hands at the same time, accidentally slipped, and fell hard on the deck. Without having been touched, the steward instantly clapped his hands and shouted;

then, in helpless imitation, he too fell as hard and almost precisely in the same manner and position as the captain. This disease has been met with in Java, where it is known as 'Lata.' In the case of a female servant who had the same irresistible tendency to imitate, one day at dessert her mistress, wishing to exhibit this peculiarity, and catching the woman's eye, suddenly reached across the table, and seizing a large French plum, made pretence to swallow it whole. The woman rushed at the dish and put a plum in her mouth, and, after severe choking and semi-asphyxia, succeeded in swallowing it; but her mistress never tried the experiment again."

PROFESSOR A IRVING has published the following useful statement:— "Some weeks ago in experimenting with 'brown fuming nitric acid,' I happened to splash a portion of this powerfully corrosive liquid upon the skin of the face. The pain caused, I need hardly say, was very acute, and in a few minutes an enormous blister arose on the part affected. However, I luckily bethought me to try the effect of a diluted solution of sulphurous acid, of which I had a good supply made but a short time previously. The effect of its application was astounding. In a very few minutes the blister was reduced; the oxidising process of the strong acid was completely arrested, without having reached the roots of the hairs on the face; the painful irritation was completely removed, and in an incredibly short space of time the wound healed."

PROFESSOR CAYLEY, F.R.S., is the recipient this year of the De Morgan Gold Medal.

Nature says: "Prof. Stricker, of Vienna, has in the press a work on which he has been engaged for some time. Under the title 'Physiologie des Rechts' he has applied modern scientific methods to the investigation of ethical problems. The aim of the book is to examine the correlative conceptions of right and law in the light which is cast on them by the conceptions of development and of society as something more than a mechanical aggregate of independent units. The first part of the inquiry is psychological. The second treats of the relations of ethics to jurisprudence, dealing with the question of connexion of right with might as part of the general problem of evolution. The third discourses the question of punishment and responsibility."

SIR JOSEPH HOOKER, in a letter to Prof. Tyndall, bears witness to the good results that have followed from the opening of Kew Gardens on Sunday. He says that "The artisan classes are great frequenters of the Museums with their wives and families, and it is pleasing to see the delight with which the children recognise such articles as the sugar-cane, the coffee-plant, and its products, and the various implements used in their preparation, manufacture, etc. . . . During the last two years we have had in each year a million and a quarter of visitors, of whom the greater proportion are Sunday afternoon arrivals from every quarter of the metropolis and its surroundings. Let the numbers speak for themselves: 1882, Sunday visitors, 606,935; week-days, 637,232; 1883, Sundays, 616,307; week-days, 624,182." Yet in face of evidence such as this the Council of the Health Exhibition declines to open it on the only day on which many of the workers could visit it, while the latter are also rigidly shut out from their own property, the National Museums and Galleries.

THE *Oracle* says: "There is no remedy of such general application, and none so easily attainable as water, and yet nine persons in ten will pass by it in an emergency to seek for something of far less efficacy. There are

but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, and quickly wrung and applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. We have known cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism, as hot water applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, and kept applied to old sores and new cuts, bruises, and sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water, poured from a height of 3 ft. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bed time is the best of cathartics in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will alleviate any case of dyspepsia."

THE *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* takes the following from an interesting work by Dr. Otto Krummel, of Göttingen: "According to his calculations, the Atlantic Ocean has a superficies of 49,429,468 square miles; Indian Ocean, 45,462,040 square miles; Pacific Ocean, 99,897,917 square miles. Thus the total superficies of the three large oceans is 194,787,425 square miles. The Arctic Ocean has a superficies of 9,481,294 square miles. In the Arctic Ocean, Hudson's Bay has a superficies of 663,249 square miles, and the White Sea, 7,715 square miles; the Australian Sea, 5,112,491 square miles; Mediterranean, 1,789,029 square miles; Baltic, 257,589 square miles; Red Sea, 278,944 square miles; Persian Gulf, 146,837 square miles. Then come the seas that Dr. Krummel calls coast seas, namely: North Sea, 339,526 square miles; sea of Great Britain, 126,290 square miles; Sea of St. Laurent, 170,100 square miles; China Sea, 761,632 square miles; Japan Sea, 647,170 square miles; Sea of Okhotsk, 934,717 square miles; Behring Sea, 1,440,338 square miles; Sea of California, 103,678 square miles. The total superficies of these coastal seas is 4,523,460 square miles. Adding the Antarctic Ocean, the superficies of which is calculated at 12,696,236 square miles, the total superficies of all the seas is 231,915,905 square miles, while the total superficies of the continents and islands of the globe is only 34,354,950 square miles." These figures hardly bear out the old tradition that "The earth was made for man."

THE United States Government has sunk under its iron wharf at Key West, eighty steel sheets covered with different paints. The object is to see what paint will prove the most durable in the water, preparatory to putting it on the steel cruisers now in course of construction. Some years ago Mr. Bradlaugh discovered some sand in Italy, which mixed with paint made it incorrosible. He had some paint made, which stood all tests, but after selling a large quantity to a shipbuilder, that most Christian gentleman declined to pay an Atheist, and Mr. Bradlaugh threw over the matter in disgust.

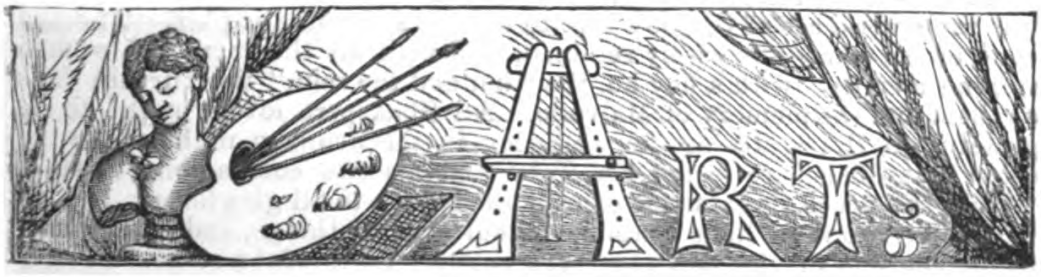
WATERPROOF luminous paper, which will shine in the dark, is, according to the *Papier Zeitung*, made as follows: 40 parts paper stock (pulp), 10 parts phosphorescent powder, 10 parts water, one part gelatine, and one part bichromate of potash.

A FLOWER has been discovered in South America which is only visible

when the wind is blowing. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and is about three feet high, with a crook at the top, giving it the appearance of a black hickory cane. When the wind blows, a number of beautiful flowers protrude from little lumps on the stalk.

Dr. Brown Sequard, the eminent scientist, lately beheaded a dog, having ready at hand the blood of another dog. This blood was injected into the arteries of the severed head; the eyes at once opened, and Séquard, calling the dog by name, they were turned towards him in answer. The experiment was a sickening one; but those who believe that "life" is a something which "leaves the body," would find it difficult to explain the recalling of sensation and intellect by the injection of arterial blood.

Annie Besant.



"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE LYCEUM.

On Tuesday night of this week, July 8th, another Shaksperian revival saw the footlights at the one theatre in London where we are sure to have a loving and a painstaking presentation of any of the Master's plays. The play was "Twelfth Night," or as you call it by its second title, "What you will."

Let me admit that the impression made by the play as a whole is that of a disjointed drama. It does not hang well together. It is not what a manager of to-day would call a good acting play. This is even true after all the necessary transpositions of scenes and speeches that had to be performed, and that have been performed with great skill, ere the comedy as written was presentable on the modern stage. But with all its disjointed nature the play's *disjecta membra* are so beautiful that, in the study at all events, the incoherence and inconsequence of "Twelfth Night" are forgotten, and even in representation they are largely hidden by the wealth of good things in the sweet play.

As to the whole of the general arrangements nothing is to be said but in terms of praise, with one great exception. It is difficult to speak in words that will not appear exaggerated of the scenery, the dresses, the staging of the play. As to all these, they are full of a beauty and a poetry in harmony with the piece and with the very names of Illyria, of Olivia, and of Viola. As an instance of the extreme care with which all is done, take this. One of the scenes, the "Market Place," the first scene of the 4th act, is before the audience literally for only two or three minutes. It is painted with as much elaboration and finish as if it were to be the setting of all the action of a long play. And I am fain to mention specially a front-cloth that intervenes again only for a few minutes between Orsino's palace and Olivia's garden (two full stage sets). It is the scene in which Sebastian and his sea captain, "the good Antonio, the honest

Antonio," of this play are first met. Only a front cloth as it is, the effect produced by the skill, I am not sure that I ought not to write by the genius, of Hawes Craven, the artist, is of great depth and efficiency.

But there is one great exception to the general finish of this fascinating performance. Of all the Shaksperian plays, "Twelfth Night" is the most musical. Not alone in the sweet sounding names of its two women or in that melody of words and thoughts that they, Orsino, and all true lovers make. The play is so rich in actual song and music, and alas! most of this is cut out in the Lyceum representation. The Clown (O rare Will Shakspere!) is a singing character. Four songs fall to his lot in the written version. Two of these are incomparable, "O Mistress mine," and "Come away, come away, death." Neither of these was sung on Tuesday night, and I am not able to say that S. Calhaem, who played the part of the Clown, atoned by any other great excellence for his incapacity to sing. As Shakspere wrote the comedy it begins and ends with music. As Henry Irving puts it on the stage, the exigencies of the re-arrangement of scenes relegate the music that is first the food and then the sad remembrancer of Orsino's love to the 3rd scene of the play. The end song of the comedy is wisely retained, and with all the men and women singing merrily "with a hey ho, the wind and the rain," the curtain falls on them and the memory of Malvolio. All Shakspere lovers ought to be grateful to Henry Irving for restoring in the drunken night scene the catch that Shakspere meant Sir Toby and his two companions to sing, "Hold thy peace," the music of which is known to all glee lovers.

One or two more little grumbles about general things, and I may turn to the analysis of the two chief characters. So careful a stage-manager as Henry Irving ought not to allow more than one pronunciation of the same word by different members of his company in one evening. The word "notable" appeared in two distinct forms on the night of the first performance. A second point is the comparative dearth of laughter throughout. This is due to the cause which I think the most serious indictment that can be formed against the manager of the Lyceum. His characters, after the great primary ones, are not filled by quite worthy artists. I know that it is a far cry from him and Ellen Terry in Shaksperian comedy parts to any other actor or actress that we have at present with us. The interval between these two and the rest of their possible helpers is not greater than that between the characters of Malvolio and Viola on the one hand, and those of Sir Toby and Olivia on the other. I cannot but think that there are men and women more capable of filling the so-called secondary parts than some at least of the supporters of Irving at the Lyceum. For a proof, let me record that the scenes between Sir Toby and Andrew Aguecheek went without a solitary laugh. David Fisher, as Sir Toby, missed altogether the rich, unctuous, racy, rollicking, anger-forbidding humor of the part. Francis Wyatt, as Andrew Aguecheek, was a fop more than a fool. The vacuous, serene, self-contemplative stupidity of the younger knight was never caught. Even in the garden scene, not one of the interlocutory phrases of these two unworthy worthies and their practical joke-companion hit the mark, the mark that Shakspere aimed at, and that actors ought to help him in attaining, a burst of laughter at every one of these compound asides to relieve the mutual tension due to the close following of the reading of the letter by Malvolio. These laughter reliefs are in the present representation of the play the more needful on account of the way in which Irving treats the character of Malvolio.

Ere I turn to a brief note on his conception of that character, and his execution of the conception, let me say a word or two of Ellen Terry. You in America last winter and spring fell in love with her (as an actress)

as if you had been Englishmen, or even Irishmen. When you see her as Viola-Cesario, you will be more in the depths than ever. Her first appearance, when the curtain rises for the first time, and she is seen high up on a rock looking out over a sea still sullen from the angry storm that had hunted for her life all night, a sea stained with the red of a sunrise recalling to her human blood that may be that of her lost brother Sebastian, from that moment to the end when she has learnt that at last she is to be "her master's mistress," the old inexpressible charm of Ellen Terry charmed us all again. That gesticulating forefinger was as much to the fore as in former parts, and one or two of the loveliest lines were not, I think, wholly understood by their fair deliverer. Thus the tender pathetic "She had better love a dream" was given lightly and nearly jestingly. It moved to laughter and not to tears. And the double-meaning answer to the Duke's question:

> "My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
> Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves:
> Hath it not, boy?"

was so spoken as to make me think that the actress had only seen one side of it. The reply is: "A little by your favor," and when we remember that the answer is not only to her lord, but to her lord and master and lover, the beautiful thought's-play in the heart of the boy-woman comes home to us when it has not apparently to Ellen Terry.

But with these one or two exceptions the part is deliciously played. It demands no great strength. It asks only for grace, sweetness, and delicate touches of pathos, and with all these it is furnished. Her turn of the body and face from the sea to the land when first Orsino's name is named, the meaning, unconscious as it were in her question, "Who's she?" when Olivia is first mentioned, the fun in the duel scene with her co-partner in fear, Andrew Aguecheek, and above all the mixture of emotions in the plea "Let me see your face" to her veiled rival, all this was as excellent as it could be. Especially was this last phrase given as one may think Shakspere would have had it given. He alas! never saw his women characters played by any but growing boys speaking "with a reed voice," a thought as pathetic as that Homer never saw the faces of the crowds to whom he sung his songs, and that Beethoven never heard the music of his later years. The blending of anxiety, expectation, jealousy, dread in the request "Let me see your face" led up finely to the half despair in look and voice when the face, once seen, she knew how fair her rival was, how hopeless her own case.

As to the Malvolio, I hardly know how to write. I fear my readers will think me one of the unreasoning mad Irving worshippers who, like Christians with Jesus Christ, detract from the true and noble nature of the man, with all its beautiful faults, by talking of absolute perfection. I have written as unfavorably of our greatest actor as almost any critic. But I hope that as I have never been blind to his faults, and they are many and great, so I have never been blind to his virtues. These are more in number and much greater in magnitude. And now, after this preliminary personal explanation, let me say at once that the Malvolio of Irving is, to my thinking, among the very highest of his creations. And more than that. It is to me a revelation. I have studied the play long and carefully, and I may fairly say that I know it nearly by heart. But until Tuesday night I did not know the character of Malvolio. So new was the conception, so startling, so thoroughly carried out, and withal so true, that I confess to being staggered. Unfortunately, the majority of the audience without a doubt, either did not understand at what Irving was aiming, or, if they understood, did not agree with his reading. My own impression is that they did not in the least degree comprehend what

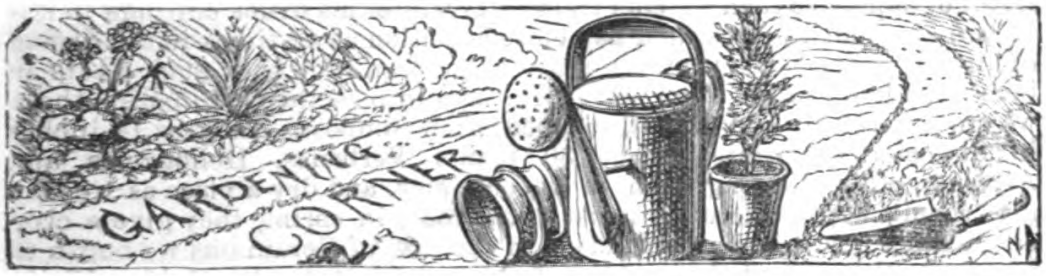
he meant to convey. And this, from no fault of his, but from the novelty of idea, and from the natural denseness of English audiences.

I must pass rapidly over everything in the treatment of Malvolio save the one new and tremendous notion. I would like to tell you by what subtle and variable and ever-consistent touches the low birth of the steward was hinted, to call all the little gestures and pieces of business so full of meaning with which the impersonation abounds, such as the impatience with which he hears that the youth from the Count is here with more love-messages for his mistress, the almost familiar tone of the old servant with that same mistress on the words "He *has* been told so" in the same scene, the unobtrusive yet most suggestive business when Olivia gave him the ring for Cesario. Nor can I dwell on all the details of the long letter-scene with its humor less forced than is the wont of most actors in this part. Only one little thing seemed to me, hypercritic that I am, to be wanting in the scene. The "demure travel of regard" is surely a line in which the word might be suited to the action, the action to the word.

The gradual growth of the great idea in his mind that Olivia loved him was shown as I believe none other could show it, and with that growth came as gradually the first indication of the new line he meant to take. He intended us to pity Malvolio, to weep for if not with him. From the moment when we see how completely he, the sport of others, is self-deceived, a feeling of incipient sympathy takes hold on us. At the end of the scene his exit was not with a pompous swaggering strut. Malvolio passed out with his face buried in his hands, strangely moved, overwhelmed with his good fortune. Then we began to see what real pain this foolish jest of Maria was, like most foolish jests, about to cause. But how much and how real the pain was not conceived until Malvolio was seen in prison. The scene is so arranged, with a wall, that of his cell, built down the centre line of the stage, that we see both his tormentors and the man himself. On the right hand are Maria and the plaguing clown. On the other lies Malvolio. He is in darkness. The mental and physical horror of darkness and the longing yearning for deliverance from a prison cell were never so realised, I think, before. And with all this agony (it is literally agony) there is the sense of the grievous wrong done to him, and the utter hopelessness of redress. My readers may be inclined to smile at me, but I declare in all seriousness the effect of this scene from the comedy of "Twelfth Night" on me was that of the intensest tragedy.

The critics, as a rule, do not appear to grasp what Irving intended them to grasp any better than did the first night audience. When it dawns slowly on them, controversy will set in as to whether this reading of Malvolio is true, or whether the old, broadly humorous one, that only moves men to inextinguishable mirth, is right. For my part, I have decided, or rather Irving has decided for me. His conception may be new to us of to-day. I believe it would be old to Shakspere.

EDWARD AVELING, D.Sc.



AUGUST.

We have reached the season of the year where the autumn propagation of bedding plants once more demands attention, and to the amateur and the professional alike how to produce a given quantity of flower-garden plants by the simplest possible means consistent with the production of a first-rate article is a matter of prime interest. In the autumn propagation of all flower-garden plants, excepting Geraniums and Calceolarias, the object is simply to prepare enough stock from which to propagate in early spring sufficient numbers to meet the requirements of your garden. Spring-struck plants, as is well known, are much to be preferred to those struck in autumn and winter, and the labor connected with such numbers is confined in the one case to weeks, while in the other it is spread over months. Looking at cuttings, such as Verbenas, Heliotropes, Alyssum, etc., before they are taken from the parent plants, there we find them in all the health attainable in a rich soil and under the influence of full sun and air. The end to be attained is not simply how to get these rooted and established as independent plants; this could be effected in many ways. But the question is how to effect it in the easiest, soonest, and most convenient way, and with the least amount of debility entailed on the plants in the process; and after they are thus rooted, how best to treat and dispose of them so that they can be wintered in the greatest health and robustness possible. To effect this we have found the following a method we can advise to all who have the means and appliances wherewith to try it. Early in August about a foot of last autumn tree leaves are put into the bottom of a cold frame, and beat firmly down. Over the leaves is put about three inches of suitable soil—say equal parts, loam, leaf-mould, and sand well mixed together. This is beaten down firmly with the back of a spade, and now the frame is in readiness for the cuttings; the required number of the different kinds is selected from the margins of the beds, or from where they can be most readily had. We make little ceremony about the selection and preparation of Verbena cuttings, only we take care to see that they are short, stubby, fresh cuttings that have not yielded blooms, and that the leaves are removed from the bottom joints to prevent damping. They are made, dibbed into the frame, and watered with as little delay as possible so that they are not allowed to droop and get injured by being dried up. When the necessary number is in, they receive water through a very fine rose, sufficient to moisten the three inches of soil. We then shut up the frame close, and shade the glass thickly during hot sunshine. In fact we do all we can to keep them as cool as possible. If the evenings are calm the lights may be drawn off for a few hours, and when put on for the night leave a little air on. In the morning, if the day is likely to be hot, dew them over with a fine rose or by gently syringing over head. Under such treatment they root with little trouble and without making much growth at the top—at least, as compared with cuttings struck later in the season in warmer quarters. The object is to get roots formed with as little heat and stagnant atmosphere about the cuttings as

possible, and so prevent their being drawn and weakly. The amateur who has no other appliance than the cold frame may winter his struck cuttings in it if he can keep out the frost and pay close attention at all times in the giving of air and water, etc. Our own practice is, when they have made roots an inch or so long, to lift them and prick them into earthenware pans; these we crock carefully and fill with a good, rich compost. In pans 14 inches in diameter we winter about 30 plants Verbenas, Heliotropes and Alyssum, etc.; standing them in as cool, airy, and dry a place as we can give them; kept moderately moist at the root, in spring they give a crop of cuttings beyond our demands. In the case of Geraniums we begin to propagate these about the middle of August, except with Golden Chain and the like tender varieties, which we put in at least a fortnight earlier; and we make it a point to have all in by the first week in September. For all the variegated varieties we prefer striking and wintering in 8-inch pots. These we crock carefully, but not heavily. Over the crocks we place a layer of decomposed stable manure if at hand—over that, to within 3 inches of the brim we place soil made up of one part loam and one part leaf mould, and the other three inches we fill up with leaf mould and sand equal parts, into which we insert our cuttings, Into each pot we put from 20 to 24, according to the habit of the plant and size of cuttings. We prefer large cuttings, as these root soonest, are least liable to damp off, and make the best plants in spring. These are dibbed into the pots as soon as made, watered, and placed in a position where the pots will stand on a dry bottom, and be fully exposed to the sun all day long; with no covering at any time, unless it be to throw off heavy and continuous rains. Most of the larger leaves we remove from our cuttings. In hot days, when water may not be needed in the soil, the cuttings are slightly dewed over head in the evenings when the sun has left them. We have found that cuttings of variegated geraniums, struck and wintered in pots of the size recommended, keep much better and are more conveniently managed, than when put into smaller or larger sizes, or into boxes. The advantage over boxes we conceive to be derived from the better drainage, and the more free play of air and light among the plants when in smaller and round detachments. The whole winter we keep them as dry as possible, and and in spring, when shaken out of the soil, there is a great amount of irritability about the whole plant, and their bunches of white roots are almost ready to take up the very sand itself. The common scarlet varieties we strike and manage in the same way, only we strike them in boxes with the object of economising space. We have boxes for these in which we strike 80 cuttings, which we winter on shelves hung near the glass in a greenhouse, and we bring 3,000 of these through the winter in comparatively small space and with little trouble. We will not here enter into the many methods which might be adopted under various circumstances for the striking and wintering of bedding plants; but will content ourselves with thus having detailed what we have found to be a sure and satisfactory mode where such means as are necessary are at command.

W. Elder.

Anecdotes.

WHAT is the difference between parsons and poultry? The ones are clerical, the others lay.

A COLORED preacher, in discoursing on the efficacy of earnest prayer, delivered himself in this manner: "I tell you, bredren, 'tis prayer what gibs de debil de lockjaw."

A MINISTER'S son once said to his father: "Pa, St. Paul was a Yankee." "How so, my son?" "Why in Romans, 8th chapter, and 18th verse, he says, 'For I reckon,' and none but Yankees ever reckon."

LAST winter two gentlemen were going up Chatham Street discussing the future state. One, apparently a Universalist, said in pretty loud tones: "No, sir, I don't believe in——" here his feet flew up and his head went down, but he finished his sentence in a still louder voice—"hell and damnation." The godless passers-by thought he was swearing.

"I AM a self-made man," said a native of Stonington, Connecticut, the other day, to a New York man, with whom he had been driving a sharp bargain. "Glad to hear you say so," responded the New Yorker, who had been worsted in the bargain, "for it relieves the Lord of a great responsibility."

YOUNG America, going to bed, handed over his new trumpet, saying, "Gran'ma, you blow while I pray."

A MINISTER once prayed: "O Lord, we thank thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that thou also art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

A FARMER thinks the words, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth," should read, "Thirst, everyone that hoeth," when the weather is as hot as it is now.

DR. G. J. ROMANES is responsible for the following: "Another little girl of the same age [4½ years] was silently watching her father write his sermon, and after protracted observation put to him the somewhat difficult question: 'Papa, does God tell you what to write in a sermon?' With some little hesitation our clerical friend replied in the affirmative, whereupon he was ignominiously nonplussed by the further question: 'Then, papa, why do you scratch it out again?'"

THE Story of "Giordano Bruno" will be concluded in our next issue. It is unavoidably held over.

Real Heroes.

MARTIN LUTHER.

PART I.

"Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time."

MARTIN LUTHER was the son of a rough German peasant who toiled all day in a copper-mine to gain bread for wife and children. A shrewd man, of strong common sense and quick wit was Hans Luther, the miner, religious in his own rough way, but though he had a firm belief in God, and perhaps a still firmer belief in the devil, his real religion consisted in being good, kind, brave, honest, in fearing no man, scorning to tell a lie, and fulfilling faithfully the few duties of his simple life. Over such a man the priests had little power. Once, when he lay dangerously ill, the parish priest of Eisleben came to talk to him about his soul, and suggested, by the way, that it would do no harm to the good miner's eternal welfare if he were to leave some of the money, collected by dint of many years of toil, as a legacy to holy Mother Church.

"I have many children," answered the miner. "I will give what I have to them; they need it more."

The first-born of those "many children" was Martin, afterwards the great Reformer. Four hundred years have passed away since baby Martin lay in his cot at Eisleben, and the good old miner knelt beside him, praying, in his simple, earnest fashion, that his boy might grow up like his name, Luther, which really means pure; in German, *lauter*. The elder Luther was ambitious for his little son. He himself was but a simple peasant, but Martin, he determined, should be a scholar, and should have the best education possible for a poor man's son. He therefore removed from Eisleben to Mansfield, and sent Martin, as soon as the latter was sufficiently old, to a day school there. A few years

later Martin was sent to school at Eisenach. It was then the custom in Eisenach, as well as in all the larger towns of Germany, for the poorer scholars to go in bands or companies from house to house, singing hymns, and receiving in return alms in money and food, and Martin Luther was one of these poor, singing scholars. He must have endured many a hardship during his school-days. At that time flogging formed a principal part of school discipline, and it is said that Luther was once beaten no less than fifteen times in one day. But in spite of scanty fare and plentiful beatings he was a bright, merry boy, fond of German legends and ballads, and delighting in music. His genuine love for music—a love that he retained to his life's end, was discovered by Dame Ursula Cotta, an Eisenach lady. Martin, in company with other poor scholars used sometimes to come and sing before her house. The intelligence of the boy's face and the sweetness of his voice attracted Dame Ursula's attention, and she often invited him into her house and gave him food and shelter. Finding him to be no ordinary boy, but one gifted with a rare intelligence, she befriended him in many ways, and, by paying his fees, enabled him to remain several years longer at the Eisenach school. She also engaged a professor to instruct him in music, and thus, in after life, Luther was able in times of sorrow and bitterness of spirit to turn to this art for consolation.

"Music," he said, "is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind, through which the heart is refreshed and settled again in peace. Music is a fair gift of God, and nearly allied to divinity, I would not for a great matter be destitute of the small skill in music which I have."

When Martin's school life was at an end, his father sent him to Erfürt University to study law. The most ardent wish of old Luther's heart was that his eldest son might, in some fashion, carve his way to name and fame. In those days there were but two main roads to distinction ; the army and the law. The younger Luther had no fancy for a soldier's life, so he went to Erfürt University, and there in all good faith, diligently studied law-books and attended lectures on jurisprudence, little dreaming of the wider field of action that lay before him. He passed the usual grades with great credit, obtained the degree of Magister, and seemed in a fair way to win further honors. But meanwhile in Luther's heart were springing up longings and desires which the study of law-books and the routine of college life were unable to satisfy. He was beginning to crave for some object or pursuit whereon he might expend the passionate enthusiasm, the fervid earnestness which warmed his heart and at times lent a strange, and as some said, unearthly gleam to his fine eyes. "Religion," so the priests had told him, "is the holiest pursuit of man." They had urged him to give his best thoughts to God, the Holy Virgin and the Saints. Luther, following the priests for want of better guides, did as many a noble hearted youth has done before and since his day, knowing no better. For awhile he neglected

studies, friends, home, even his beloved music, and devoted all his youthful energy, his keen enthusiasm, his fervid passion, to prayer, religious meditation and the study of religious books. Whilst he was still in this frame of mind an incident occurred which, it is more than probable changed the whole course of his life.

He was walking, late one summer's evening, along the high road leading to Erfürt, in company with Alexis, an intimate friend and fellow-student. The young men were yet several miles distant from Erfürt, when a violent storm arose. They walked on, whilst the thunder boomed and rattled above their heads, and from time to time the lightning lit up their faces and the surrounding country with its weird and lurid light. They had no fear, for they were young, high-spirited, full of health and hope. Suddenly a vivid lightning flash is followed by a cry from Luther —a wild cry of mingled horror, agony and despair, that sounds terribly in the stillness of the summer night. Alexis, but a moment since full of life and animation, lies a charred and senseless mass at Luther's feet, stricken dead by the lightning. Luther's horror was the greater, believing, as he did, that the lightning was sent in wrath and vengeance by an angry God, and that he himself might, at any moment, be stricken dead in similar fashion.

Had he but lived a few centuries later, he might have learnt from Franklin that lightning and electricity are identical ; that man can, if he will, bring lightning down from the clouds, play with it, experiment upon it, and even utilise it for the benefit of his fellow-men. To-day superstition is tottering on its throne, but in Luther's time it was all powerful, and every natural event that happened was held to be the direct work of God. Luther, knowing no better faith than this, fell on his knees, and in a passion of fear and religious ecstasy, vowed that if his own life were spared he would devote himself henceforward to God's service. "Help," he cried, "and I will forthwith become a monk."

A few weeks later, old Hans Luther, returning home weary from a long day's toil in the copper mines, learnt that his eldest son whom he had fondly hoped was to be the pride and joy of his old age, had determined to become a monk. It was a cruel blow to the poor old man. He held the lazy, useless life led by the monks in supreme contempt, and was wild with anger to think that his own Martin was about to bury his youth and talents in a monastery. Martin Luther waited for his father's consent before taking any definite step. For some time the old man was obdurate, hoping that his son might repent of his vow ; and thus it was not until two years after the memorable storm at Erfürt that Martin was ordained monk.

Hans Luther consented, after a good deal of persuasion, to attend his son's ordination dinner. Martin, observing that the elder Luther looked very melancholy and downcast, said at last :

"My dear father, why are you so sad? Why should you regret my assuming the monk's robe? It is a becoming robe, is it not?" "Is it not written in the Word," replied Hans, "that a man should honor his father and his mother?"

The first year or two of Luther's life as monk appear to have been a time of intense misery; full of regrets, dreads, doubts, and supposed visitations of the Devil. No wonder! Luther's earnest, ardent spirit required some task difficult of accomplishment, yet worthy of heroic effort; some battle to fight in a great and noble cause; and he found that he had condemned himself to lead for all his life the idle, dreamy, and often utterly useless existence of a monk. Small wonder that he was often ill, nearly always wretched and despairing.

Stampitz, the Superior of the Erfürt Convent, used to listen to Luther's confessions; strange outpourings of a restless, troubled spirit. He had a great regard for Luther, whom he plainly saw to be torturing himself to the verge of madness for want of some object other than himself whereon to expend his extraordinary earnestness and activity of mind. "My young monk needs work" thought Stampitz, "and work he shall have."

So he told "brother Martin" that he had procured for him the post of Professor of Philosophy and Theology, at Wittenberg.

At first Luther was horrified at having so much responsibility suddenly thrust upon him. He doubted his own powers, declared that he should not be able to carry on the thing for three months, and that Stampitz was killing him.

"Well, my son, replied the Superior, if you die it will be in the Lord's service, and how noble is such a sacrifice!"

But Luther's fears were unfounded, and work, as Stampitz had predicted, proved to be the best medicine for a heart that had too long preyed on itself for want of better food. At Wittenberg he regained much of his former health and good spirits, did not see the Devil quite so often as formerly, and came in time to be idolised by the Wittenberg students.

After a time he was made town preacher, and no one could listen to his sermons unmoved. His gleaming eyes, his impassioned voice, his earnest fervent eloquence mightily impressed the good townsfolk of Wittenberg, and many an honest burgher wont to be gently lulled to sleep by the droning tones of other preachers, found that he must perforce listen to every word that fell from the lips of the ardent young monk of Erfürt.

Stampitz, finding that he had not been a whit mistaken as to Luther's talents, despatched him on a mission to Rome, with a message to no less a personage than his Holiness the Pope.

Luther, delighted with his mission, and accompanied by a fellow monk from Erfürt, travelled on foot from Germany to Rome, for there were no carriages in those days, except for rich people.

The two monks had been six weeks on their journey when one day they perceived that they were nearing Rome. Luther, as

soon as he beheld in the distance the city, to him so sacred and so full of noble and holy associations, fell upon his knees and exclaimed, "I greet thee, thou holy Rome! Yes, truly holy through the blood of the martyrs which was here shed."

Here, where Paul had once lived and preached; here, where lived the Pope, the head of Christ's Church; here surely he would find true holiness, real religion, and faith, crossed by never a shadow of doubt. So thought the enthusiastic young monk, and most grievously was he disappointed. He was received in a convent, the very walls of which were of pure marble. To Martin, used to the rough structure and simple fare of German religious houses, it seemed more like a palace than a convent. The meals at which he sat down to eat with the monks were sumptuous feasts. There were not even fasts on Fridays, and when Luther ventured to remonstrate with the monks on this point, they flew into a violent passion and he was glad to escape with no bones broken. At each convent that he visited there was similar luxury, magnificence, indifference to religion. "And these men," thought truth-loving Luther, "have taken solemn vows to lead a life of humility, abstinence and holiness!" In vain he tried to find some comfort in the services of Rome's magnificent churches, but he found that mass was hurried over and gabbled through in most irreverent fashion, and he came away more sick at heart than ever. As for the Pope himself, he was the greatest disappointment of all. Instead of being a protector and guardian of the religion dear to Luther's heart, he was more of a soldier than anything else, and at that time his thoughts were entirely occupied with a projected war with France.

Luther was glad to get away from Rome, and to be back again in his native land. His journey to Italy made a deep and lasting impression upon him, and he said afterwards, "I would not take a hundred florins not to have been at Rome. I should always have had an uneasy doubt whether I was not doing the Pope injustice. As it is, I am quite satisfied on the point. Whoever has been at Rome knows well that things are worse there than can be expressed in words or believed."

From this time forwards he was the bitter and formidable enemy of the Papal power, about this time in the very zenith of its fame and splendor. J.

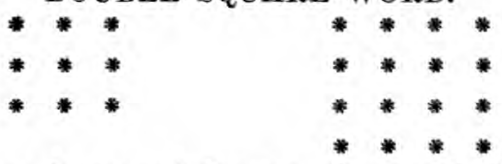
(To be continued.)

Puzzles.

CHARADE.

As late engaged by Fancy's dream,
I lay beside a rapid stream,
I saw my first come gliding by;
Its airy form soon caught my eye.
Its texture frail and color various,
Like human hopes and life, precarious.
Sudden, my second caught my ear,
And filled my soul with anxious fear.
Quickly I rose, and homeward ran—
My whole was hissing in the pan. [6 marks.

DOUBLE SQUARE WORD.



Left-hand square: 1, congealed water; 2, a vessel; 3, to finish. Right-hand corner: 1, soil; 2, any plane surface; 3, clean; 4, a fruit. The upper lines joined, give the name of an island. [6 marks,

(This counts as two puzzles.)

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When do two and two not make four? [4 marks.
2. What letters can never go out to dinner? [2 marks.

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. Show how to divide two by five so that the result may equal one thousand. [6 marks.

2. One-tenth of a rod is colored red, one-twentieth orange, one-thirtieth yellow, one-fortieth green, one-fiftieth blue, one-sixtieth indigo, and the remainder, which is 302 inches long, violet. What is the length of the rod? [8 marks.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.—WOLSEY.

1. Wickliffe.
2. Orleans.
3. Langton.
4. Spenser.
5. Empson.
6. Young (Pretender).

In Light 2, "Norman" was printed in mistake for "Woman." Joan of Arc was born at Domremy, in *Lorraine*. More attention should be paid to the *facts* alluded to in the Lights. For example: Laud, Essex, or Sir John Eliot cannot possibly be intended in Light 5. Nor was Anne the last of the Stuarts.

BURIED RIVERS.—LONDON.

Lea.
Ouse.
Nen.
Dove.
Orwell.
Nit(t)h.

---

1. Majesty (m-a-jest-y).
2. Because of the sandwiches (sand-which-is) there.

CRACKED NUTS.

1. The family party consisted of seven members. To find the number of changes possible, the continued product of all the numbers from 1 to seven (inclusive) is required.

$$1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 6 \times 7 = 5{,}040.$$

∴ The gentleman stayed 5,040 weeks.

2. In one ton there are 35,840 ounces.

∴ Tonnage of Great Eastern $= 35{,}840 \times 20{,}000 = 716{,}800{,}000$ ounces.

And 1 ounce holds 200 pins.

∴ $716{,}800{,}000 \times 200 =$ number of pins $= 143{,}360{,}000{,}000$.

TOTAL MARKS POSSIBLE, 34.—Captain Nemo, 28 marks; Olivia, Ottilie, Wanda, 27; Thasso, 26; Hypatia, 24; Our Corner Man, 23; Ajax, Loki, 22; Aladdin, 20; Albigeoise, 19; Eureka, Quicksilver, Hawkeye, 17; Cromwell, 15; Valiant, 12; Cetewayo, 11; Mignonette, 8; Jumbo, 6.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—An unsigned paper deserves full marks; unfornately, none can be credited. See regulation in June *Corner*.—ALBIGEOISE: As you show your working, you gain half marks.—CAPTAIN NEMO: Only *five* answers are to be sent. The first five only are marked. PRIZES: J. C. Woodward should have been J. C. Woodhead.

YOUNG FOLKS' PUZZLE-CORNER RULES.

ANY girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on page 127. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

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Our Corner.

In the September number will appear an article, entitled,

"THE OATH AT LATEST DATES,"

by MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Also,

"FISHING IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS,"

by CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

I fear that the article promised by Mrs. EDGREN will scatcely be ready in time for the September number.

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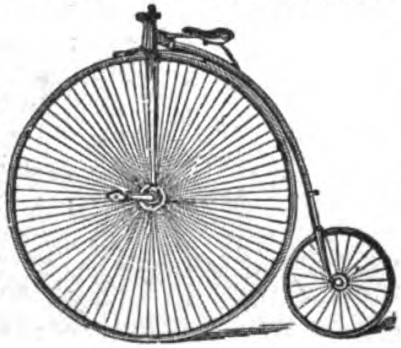

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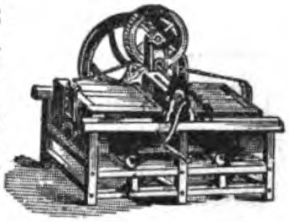

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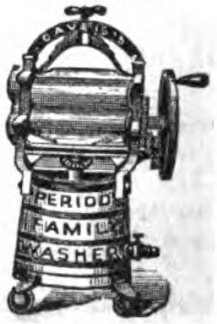

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IX.

My resolve was now made, and henceforth there was at least no more doubt so far as my position towards the Church was concerned. I made up my mind to leave it, but was willing to make the leaving as little obtrusive as possible. On my return to Sibsey I stated clearly the ground on which I stood. I was ready to attend the Church services, joining in such parts as were addressed to "the Supreme Being," for I was still heartily Theistic; "the Father," shorn of all the horrible accessories hung round him by Christianity, was still to me an object of adoration, and I could still believe in and worship One who was "righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works," although the Moloch to whom was sacrificed the well-beloved son had passed away for ever from my creed. Christian I was not, though Theist I was, and I felt that the wider and more generous faith would permit me to bow to the common God with my Christian brethren, if only I was not compelled to pay homage to that "Son of Man" whom Christians believed divine, homage which to me had become idolatry, insulting to the "One God," to him of whom Jesus himself had spoken as of "my God and your God."

Simply enough was the difficulty arranged for the moment. It was agreed that I should withdraw myself from the "Holy Communion"—for in that service, full of the recognition of Jesus as Deity, I could not join without hypocrisy. The ordinary services I would attend, merely remaining silent during those portions of them in which I could not honestly take part, and while I knew that these changes in a clergyman's wife could not pass unnoticed in a country village, I yet felt that nothing less than this was consistent with barest duty. While I had merely doubted, I had kept silence, and no act of mine had suggested doubt to others. Now that I had no doubt that Christianity was a delusion, I would no longer act as though I believed that to be of God which heart and intellect rejected as untrue.

For awhile all went smoothly. I daresay the parishioners gossipped about the absence of their vicar's wife from the Sacrament, and indeed I remember the pain and trembling wherewith, on the first "Sacrament Sunday" after my return, I rose from my seat and walked quietly from the church leaving the white-spread altar. That the vicar's wife should "communicate" was as much a matter of course as that the vicar should "administer;" I had never in my life taken public part in anything that made me noticeable in any way among strangers, and still I can recall the feeling of deadly sickness that well nigh overcame me, as rising to go out I felt that every eye in the church was on me, and that my exit would be the cause of unending comment. As a matter of fact, everyone thought that I was taken suddenly ill, and many were the calls and enquiries on the following day. To any direct question, I answered quietly that I was unable to take part in the profession of faith required from an honest communicant, but the statement was rarely necessary, for the idea of heresy in a vicar's wife did not readily suggest itself to the ordinary bucolic mind, and I did not proffer information when it was unasked for.

It happened that, shortly after that (to me) memorable Christmas of 1872, a sharp epidemic of typhoid fever broke out in the village of Sibsey. The drainage there was of the most primitive type, and the contagion spread rapidly. Naturally fond of nursing, I found in this epidemic work just fitted to my hand, and I was fortunate enough to be able to lend personal help that made me welcome in the homes of the stricken poor. The mothers

who slept exhausted while I watched beside their darlings' bedsides will never, I like to fancy, think over harshly of the heretic whose hand was as tender and often more skillful than their own. I think Mother Nature meant me for a nurse, for I take a sheer delight in nursing anyone, provided only that there is peril in the sickness, so that there is the strange and solemn feeling of the struggle between the human skill one wields and the supreme enemy, Death. There is a strange fascination in fighting Death, step by step, and this is of course felt to the full where one fights for life as life, and not for a life one loves. When the patient is beloved, the struggle is touched with agony, but where one fights with Death over the body of a stranger, there is a weird enchantment in the contest without personal pain, and as one forces back the hated foe there is a curious triumph in the feeling which marks the death-grip yielding up its prey, as one snatches back to earth the life which had well-nigh perished.

Meanwhile, the promise to Mr. Scott was not forgotten, and I penned the essay on "The Deity of Jesus of Nazareth" which stands first in the collection of essays published later under the title, "My Path to Atheism." The only condition annexed to my sending it to Mr. Scott was the perfectly fair one that if published it should appear without my name. Mr. Scott was well pleased with the essay, and before long it was printed as one of the "Scott Series," to my great delight.

But unfortunately a copy sent to a relative of Mr. Besant's brought about a storm. That gentlemen did not disagree with it —indeed he admitted that all educated persons must hold the views put forward—but what would Society say? What would "the county families" think if one of the clerical party was known to be a heretic. This dreadful little paper bore the inscription "By the wife of a beneficed clergyman;" what would happen if the "wife of the beneficed clergyman" were identified with Mrs. Besant of Sibsey?

After some thought I made a compromise. Alter or hide my faith I would not, but yield personal feelings I would. I gave up my correspondence with Mr. and Mrs. Voysey, which might, it was alleged, be noticed in the village and so give rise to mischievous gossip. In this Mr. and Mrs. Voysey most generously

helped me, bidding me rest assured of their cordial friendship while counselling me for awhile to cease the correspondence which was one of the few pleasures of my life, but was not part of my duty to the higher and freer faith which we had all embraced. With keen regret I bade them for awhile farewell, and went back to my lonely life.

In that spring of 1873, I delivered my first lecture. It was delivered to no one, queer as that may sound to my readers. And indeed, it was queer altogether. I was learning to play the organ, and was in the habit of practising in the church by myself, without a blower. One day, being securely locked in, I thought I would like to try how "it felt" to speak from the pulpit. Some vague fancies were stirring in me, that I could speak if I had the chance; very vague they were, for the notion that I might ever speak on the platform had never dawned on me; only the longing to find outlet in words was in me; the feeling that I had something to say, and the yearning to say it. So, queer as it may seem, I ascended the pulpit in the big, empty, lonely church, and there and then I delivered my first lecture! I shall never forget the feeling of power and of delight which came upon me as my voice rolled down the aisles, and the passion in me broke into balanced sentences, and never paused for rhythmical expression, while I felt that all I wanted was to see the church full of upturned faces, instead of the emptiness of the silent pews. And as though in a dream the solitude became peopled, and I saw the listening faces and the eager eyes, and as the sentences came unbidden from my lips, and my own tones echoed back to me from the pillars of the ancient church, I knew of a verity that the gift of speech was mine, and that if ever—and it seemed then so impossible—if ever the chance came to me of public work, that at least this power of melodious utterance should win hearing for any message I had to bring.

But that knowledge remained a secret all to my own self for many a long month, for I quickly felt ashamed of that foolish speechifying in an empty church, and I only recall it now because, in trying to trace out one's mental growth, it is only fair to notice the first silly striving after that expression in spoken words, which later, has become to me one of the deepest delights of life. And indeed none can know save they who have felt it what joy there

is in the full rush of language which moves and sways ; to feel a crowd respond to the lightest touch ; to see the faces brighten or graven at your bidding ; to know that the sources of human passion and human emotion gush at the word of the speaker, as the stream from the riven rock ; to feel that the thought that thrills through a thousand hearers has its impulse from you and throbs back to you the fuller from a thousand heart-beats ; is there any joy in life more brilliant than this, fuller of passionate triumph, and of the very essence of intellectual delight ?

My pen was busy, and a second pamphlet, dealing with the Johannine gospel, was written and sent up to Mr. Scott under the same conditions of anonymity as before, for it was seen that my authorship could in nowise be suspected, and Mr. Scott paid me for my work. I had also made a collection of Theistic, but non-Christian, hymns, with a view of meeting a want felt by Mr. Voysey's congregation at St. George's Hall, and this was lying idle, while it might be utilised. So it was suggested that I should take up again my correspondence with Mr. and Mrs. Voysey, and glad enough was I to do so. During this time my health was rapidly failing, and in the summer of 1873 it broke down completely. At last I went up to London to consult a physician, and was told I was suffering from general nervous exhaustion, which was accompanied by much disturbance of the functions of the heart. "There is no organic disease yet," said Dr. Sibson, "but there soon will be, unless you can completely change your manner of life." Such a change was not possible, and I grew rapidly worse. The same bad adviser who had before raised the difficulty of "what will Society say ?" again interfered, and urged that pressure should be put on me to compel me at least to conform to the outward ceremonies of the church, and to attend to the Holy Communion. This I was resolved not to do, whatever might be the result of my "obstinacy," and the result was not long in coming.

I had been with the children to Southsea, to see if the change would restore my shattered health, and stayed in town with my mother on my return under Dr. Sibson's care. Very skilful and very good to me was Dr. Sibson, giving me for almost nothing all the wealthiest could have bought with their gold, but he could not remove all then in my life which made the re-acquiring of

health impossible. What the doctor could not do, however, others did. It was resolved that I should either resume attendance at the Communion, or should not return home; hypocrisy or expulsion—such was the alternative; I chose the latter.

A bitterly sad time followed; my dear mother was heart-broken; to her, with her wide and vague form of Christianity, loosely held, the intensity of my feeling that where I did not believe I would not pretend belief, was incomprehensible. She recognised far more fully than I all that a separation from my home meant for me, and the difficulties which would surround a young woman not yet six-and-twenty, living alone. She knew how brutally the world judges, and how the mere fact that a woman is young and alone justifies any coarseness of slander. Then, I did not guess how cruel men and women could be, but knowing it now from eleven years' experience, I deliberately say that I would rather go through it all again with my eyes wide open from the first, than have passed those eleven years "in Society" under the burden of an acted lie.

But the struggle was hard when she prayed me for her sake to give way; against harshness I had been rigid as steel, but to remain steadfast when my darling mother, whom I loved as I loved nothing else on earth, begged me on her knees to yield, was indeed hard. I felt as though it must be a crime to refuse submission when she urged it, but still—to live a lie? Not even for her was that possible.

Then there were the children, the two little ones who worshipped me, I who was to them mother, nurse, and playfellow. Were these also to be resigned? For awhile, at least, this complete loss was spared me, for facts (which I have not touched on in this record) came accidentally to my brother's knowledge, and he resolved that I should have the protection of legal separation, and should not be turned out wholly penniless and alone into the world. So, when everything was arranged, I found myself possessed of my little girl, of complete personal freedom, and of a small monthly income sufficient for respectable starvation.

(To be continued.)

The Oath at Latest Dates.

CIVILISED communities have passed so far away from the mental and moral conditions amid which the legal Oath originated, that even learned judges seem unable to make themselves or others clear on the subject. The Member for Northampton, in the wilderness to which he has been exiled, was approached by the Crown, and offered a place in the parliamentary kingdom if he would do what the oath was devised to prevent his doing—swear to a lie. But suppose he had yielded to the temptation, and sworn that he believed in a Supreme Being, could that fulfil the meaning of "So help me God"? Mr. Gladstone, though he delivered up the Member for Northampton to the parliamentary mob, washed his hands in a lucid argument showing mere Deism, or belief in a deity that does not intervene in human government, to be the same as Atheism so far as the oath is concerned. According to the theory of the prosecution the oath might be taken by one who believed that electricity was God, or by the famous poet who is credited with saying, "I believe in God, but am against him." According to the verdict of the jury an Anti-Theist would be able to take the oath from which an Atheist is excluded. The Lord Chief Justice gave a confused definition of an oath, for though he said that it involved belief that the deity would punish its violation, he did not draw an inference from this nor press it to its results. What is meant by saying that the oath implies belief in a Supreme Being who will punish perjury? Is it meant that the deity will punish perjury as he will punish selfishness, or ordinary unsworn deception, unless it be repented of? If so, why may not a perjurer secure impunity by absolutions through his priest? No man so believed while the phrase "So help me God" corresponded with a real belief. The oath was a contrivance to raise lying, under particular circumstances, from a mere immorality or sin into an unpardonable sin—unpardonable not on account of its injury to man or society, but on account of its insult to God. In every country the oath was originally an ordeal; perjurers were supposed to incur temporal afflictions—dumbness, blindness, disease or death—and the fear of the superstitious gave the form a certain utility for the service of verbal, if not of real, truth. When long experience failed to confirm such fears, it was held that appropriate punishment would be inflicted in a future life; but if it be affirmed that such future punishment is administered only on the same principle as that of other sins, ordinary (malicious, but unsworn) falsehoods, for instance, where is the *raison d'être* for an oath as distinct from an affirmation, which has the same penal sanctions? There was nothing in the recent summing up, or in the questions put to the jury, to suggest that perjury has any specific wickedness beyond its anti-social criminality, or that there need be supposed any excep-

tional supernatural sanction of the oath. In fact, however, the supernatural sanction of the oath, which made it an earthly ordeal, though weakened was not lost when the penalties were transferred to a future life. The oath still meant that the deity was summoned and was invisibly present as a party to an engagement between man and man, and that he was *bound* to punish the breaking of such engagement. He who had taken the divine name in vain could not be held guiltless—could never be forgiven for that particular offence—whatever other mercy might be shown him. "An oath," says Michaelis, "is an appeal to God as a surety and a punisher of perjury; which appeal, as he has accepted, he of course becomes bound to vindicate upon a perjured person irremissibly." "Were not God to take upon himself to guarantee oaths, an appeal to him in swearing would be foolish and sinful." Professor Worman (Michigan State University) says: "All nations, barbarous or just emerging from barbarism, have resorted to the divinity for the decision of disputed questions with somewhat similar ceremonies, and undoubtedly with like success. Part and parcel with ordeals, whether of bread or water, of poisons or of ploughshares, whether of Grecian, Jewish, Hindu or Scandinavian form and origin, based upon the same principle, involving the same leading idea, is the oath by which divine vengeance is imprecated upon falsehood, and by the use of which ceremony, if it be effective, the deity specially, and for that cause is bound to inflict the requisite and appropriate punishment in case of its violation."

It is a logical, and was once a practical, corollary of this principle that the deadliest crime was less evil than the most benevolent perjury. This is shown in many cases of which Jephthah's sacrifice of his daughter is an example. "I have opened my mouth to the Lord and cannot go back." Mohammed provided for the commutation of oaths, but in Christendom that has been left to the rude forces of necessity. What Sir James Stephen calls "amiable perjury," has again and again been almost a part of legal procedure. It was so when thefts to a certain amount were punishable with death, juries always returning verdicts for a less amount, and it is so now in cases of suicide. It is now what might be termed a "survival" to find a person regarding a malicious and injurious lie unsworn as preferable to a benevolent or patriotic deception under oath. How many members of Parliament believe that perjury is the unpardonable sin? The antiquarian sense of the oath is not pressed even on Mr. Bradlaugh; if it were it would shock the community almost as much as the decision of sixty-eight years ago that a defendant had the right to challenge a plaintiff to single combat; but there has been applied to the excluded member just so much of the ancient meaning of the oath as could make it an ordeal not to be passed without the very falsehood which oaths profess to prevent. The alternative of regarding the oath in an ancient sense, which few can accept, is to regard it as a quasi-obsolete form of solemn and deliberate affirmation. As such it must have

been taken by many members of Parliament, and as such Mr. Bradlaugh proposed to take it. The fact that he preferred the form of affirmation when he believed—in common with the then law officers of the Crown—that he had that privilege has been assumed to imply that he has no right to take the oath. Admitting—and it is a large admission—that a man who asks to affirm under the Oaths' Act implicitly confesses that an oath would not be binding on his conscience, why should he be believed in so saying once upon a time rather than now when he declares it will be binding on his conscience? Why—as a matter of legal evidence—except that the one confession is more convenient to his tribunal than the other?

This injustice has no doubt been rendered possible by a widespread feeling among the ignorant masses that Mr. Bradlaugh is in a false position, and that he has no moral right to take an oath containing the words "So help me God!" But, for the reasons above stated, he has the same moral right that all except the extremely superstitious have to use words that no longer mean mere Theism, but belief in an oath-guaranteeing deity dealing out special "judgments" on individuals. If the phraseology of the oath is essential it can only be taken by one who believes that a special punishment is provided for perjury which the deity is bound to administer, despite all repentances; if the phraseology be not essential, but only the purport—a solemn promise or engagement—then an Atheist can take it. No doubt the Members of Parliament who believe the same as Mr. Bradlaugh know well that the superstitious accent of the oath has been revived only in the interest of personal and political animosity, otherwise they would resent these decisions; but it is important that the people should realise that there is no real question, moral or religious, involved in the oath. This would be generally recognised if the circumstances could be seen with a little more perspective. Let us suppose Mr. Bradlaugh and, say, Lord Randolph Churchill to be in some distant land where the method of taking a judicial oath is to hold a cow by the tail, the cow being there a sacred animal, falsehood to it being theoretically followed by the fate of Ananias. Let us suppose that Lord Randolph Churchill, falsely accused of a crime punishable with death, can only be cleared by the testimony of Mr. Bradlaugh. But Mr. Bradlaugh, not believing in the sacred cow, asks permission to affirm without ceremony. The permission is refused. What would be thought of Mr. Bradlaugh, in England, were he to refuse to take the oath in the customary form of that country, and that as a result Lord Randolph Churchill should be put to death? Would not a man be justly regarded as essentially superstitious who should allow his disagreement with a phrase to outweigh the interests of justice and promote the triumph of wrong? It might be pardoned only if Mr. Bradlaugh believed that holding the cow by the tail would consign his soul to perdition; not so believing, he would be held guilty of murder if he were not willing to hold a hundred

cows by the tail, rather than have an innocent fellow-man executed. The constitutional rights of an English constituency and the rights of a Freethinker may naturally appear to some people quite as important as a man's life; and such are not to be supposed indifferent to "the form of sound words" because they would not carry their desire to reform unsound words so far as therefore to sacrifice truth and justice. It is sufficiently certain that the House of Commons is not sacrificing Northampton and its member in the interest of any technical point, otherwise it would long ago have passed an Affirmation Bill; it is resolved to exclude a man whose politics it dislikes, and whose propaganda it fears. Its arguments, if one may use such a term, are not serious. There is an oriental fable of one who went to borrow an axe of his neighbor. "I cannot lend it," said the other, "I need it to eat soup with." "But," urged the borrower, "one doesn't eat soup with an axe!" "Ah, neighbor," was the reply, "one excuse is as good as another when a man doesn't mean to do a thing." MONCURE CONWAY.

Fishing in the Western Highlands.

A FEW weeks ago, I was very weary and very irritable. The great strain of the legal phase of my parliamentary struggle had tried me more than was quite good. I needed rest and change. So I took my rod and fishing tackle, and went north. Good salmon fishing in Great Britain is dear and exceedingly difficult to get, except for those who can afford to make arrangements much too costly for my means. And I was not the only holiday needer. Mrs. Besant had worked far too hard; general editing, lectures, pamphlets, Science Class teaching, scientific studies for further qualification or greater honor, translating German volumes, these, coupled with the daily drudgery at Fleet Street, had told very decidedly that some relaxation was absolutely necessary; and both my daughters, too, had well earned their annual holiday, if only as some recognition of the splendid results shown in the successes of their Science Class scholars at the South Kensington examinations; so a month for them in Scotland was voted unanimously, the elders to take as much of the month as duty would permit. We needed some lodging that should not be too unreasonable in its total cost, and this, thanks to the care and pains of Mr. John Lees, a very loyal and devoted Edinburgh friend, was all secured for us, without personal trouble or difficulty, and with very moderate outlay. I went north by myself, the ladies having preceded me by some days; for after the detention in the Law Courts, caused by Lord Coleridge's illness, it was necessary I should see my good Northampton folk, and take their verdict, cheered by which I went to my holiday with much lighter heart and better spirits. Everyone now knows how

to get to Glasgow in a saloon sleeping-car; and, as my journey was to the Western Highlands, I will only say that, leaving Euston at 8.50 p.m., I found myself at Craigendoran, on the banks of the Clyde, about 8.30 on the following morning. It rained hard, but I did not mind, for I was going fishing. The only immediate drawback was that I was hungry; and as my boat did not start for nearly two hours, the Craigendoran station-master, a kindly man, directed me for breakfast to a very good hotel, about five minutes' brisk walk from the station. Here I ate fresh herrings—real fresh herrings, delicious, delicate fresh herrings—herrings that Londoners know not of, and of which Manchester men have no experience—herrings which had been caught in the nets that very morning. Freshly-gathered plums, with the bloom still on them, have a taste far different from the plums which have travelled far and have been packed and unpacked, as they come from the greengrocer on some far-off date; so these fresh herrings have little relationship, save in size, to the herrings from the fishmonger's shop. The Craigendoran hotel coffee-room was empty. I understood from the waiter that the hotel was guestless, and I monopolised much space. My wet macintosh lay on one chair, my damp great-coat on another, and my wet hat was carefully balanced to dry on the high back of a third chair, whilst, seated on a fourth, I luxuriously satisfied my keen morning appetite on tea, scones and the aforesaid herrings. But all pleasures end, and mine broke down suddenly, for I heard the door open behind me, and ladies' dresses rustled. It was too late to collect my chattels, and I frowned into my plate; but a voice which seemed very familiar greeted me, and there, in wet waterproofers and wetter Tam o' Shanters for outward garments, stood Mrs. Besant and Miss Hypatia Bradlaugh, who I thought were twenty miles away, but who had journeyed by the morning steamboat from Portincaple to Craigendoran to greet, meet, and accompany me back to our temporary abiding place, the cottage of Mr. Finlay Macnab, fisherman and ferryman at Portincaple on Loch Long. Craigendoran is close to Helensburgh, on the north side of the Clyde, seawards from Glasgow, and very nearly facing Greenock. The nearest route to our destination in point of distance would have been by Gareloch, the first of those numerous Scotch lochs which bewilder the Southerner when he tries to distinguish one loch from another in these western highlands. Garelochhead is but little more than two miles by land from Portincaple. But the nearest route was not the easiest nor the quickest. Our course was by the steamboat "Chancellor," who, or which, like a true lawyer, went to every side of the subject before getting to the ultimate destination. First to Helensburgh—as if he, or rather she, would go up Gareloch—this feminine "Chancellor" steamed with good thick curling wig of dense black smoke held well down by the rain clouds, then southerly across to Greenock, as though she meant to take us back to Glasgow, then seawise to Gourock, and then across the River

Clyde to Dunoon, where are the ruins of old Dunoon Castle, a fortification dated back to the thirteenth century. It was here, so say the guide books, that in 1646 the Marquis of Argyle hanged thirty-six gentlemen of the clan Lamont, whom he had captured. Now pointing due north we leave the Clyde, steam across the mouth of Holy Loch and enter Loch Long, which loch terminates at Arrochar, a short coach ride from Tarbet, well known to tourists, on Loch Lomond. Our journey finishes some seven or eight miles short of Arrochar at Portincaple Ferry, almost opposite the northern side of Loch Goil. The ferryman is not extravagant, for self and luggage duly landed he is satisfied with twopence, and after a few minutes' climb up the hill-side I find myself housed in a roomy stone-built cottage, built in 1743, but still weathertight and promising to endure another century. The owner of the cottage and his family have descended to a wooden house on the beach, part of which is devoted to his brown nets, and after a hasty meal I go with him for my first row round part of the loch. It appears that during July, August, and September, most of these fishermen thus let their dwellings to holiday-seeking folk from Glasgow or Edinburgh. English tourists generally choose more expensive quarters. My boatman was a plain gentle Scotch fisherman, working in partnership with his brother. A good sized smack, their joint property, lay at anchor some 100 yards or so out from the beach, and a larger boat than the one in which we then were was used by the two brothers each night for herring fishing. My boatman had been out herring fishing during that night, but in the day had to be ready with his brother to attend to ferry the passengers to and from the steamer, or, if required, across the loch to Carrick. I could not quite make out when he slept, except on Saturday night and Sunday. He looked curiously, depreciatorily, if not disapprovingly, at my very light trace and spinning tackle, but when a lythe of about a pound and a quarter struggled madly at the end of my line, and was safe in the bottom of the boat, his wonder increased, and my spinning tackle rose in his estimation. We did not stay out long, only getting four fish, all lythe, and all about the same size. Next day I fished seriously, first beginning from a rock, about one-third of a mile distant on our home shore, but which had to be reached by a process of alternately climbing over very hard rock and sinking ankle or even knee deep into wet moss, coarse grass, burns, and wet bracken. The rocks of the Western Highlands are rough walking for tender feet, being made up of red sandstone, granite, quartzite, gneiss, crystalline, and limestone; furrowed and jagged by ill-tempered glaciers. The tallest of these huge rocks is near the bend of Loch Long, and is familiarly called the Cobbler (Ben Una, 2,863 feet high). I only saw that Cobbler from a distance, his smaller relatives did work enough on my poor boots. I caught more lythe, some saithe, braise, and codling, and I lost several hooks and traces, for the bottom is, as my boatman said, "indeed very fule.'

In the afternoon our whole party crossed the Loch, and landing on the other shore I fished from the Bird Rock at the south-western corner of Loch Goil, and here, in company with Mrs. Besant, did great execution amongst the fishes, though all of us got well drenched with rain, and the ladies had a rough time coming back, for these Scotch lochs are by no means pleasant when the storm sweeps down between the hills. It is Loch Goils' "dark and frowning waters" that have been made famous in the old ballad, which pathetically tells the story of the flight of Lord Ullin's daughter. We had a well-filled bag of fish, and good Miss Lees, of Edinburgh, was a fine cook; she boiled them, broiled them, baked them, pickled them, stewed them, and collopped them. If it be true that fish diet leads to brain development, there ought to be a marvellous extension in quantity in my cranium. I went to bed soon after nine, and slept until I thought that the Scotch Railway system had been reorganised, and a junction of the North British and East Coast had been established just over my bed. I was awakened by the noise of impinging buffers as the carriages were being recklessly shunted, and found that it was only a playful thunderstorm and a rainpour such as we know not in the degenerate south. I was out soon in the morning, the weather had changed rapidly from foul to fair, and was now beautifully bright, and I fished Loch Goil first, in about 15 fathoms, near the Net Rock. This rock is so called, because it looks just as though the brown nets of the fishermen were hung on its face to dry. The sport not being good, we rowed towards Carrick Castle, an old ruin of a very strong fort, and we fished Carrick Bank in about six fathom depth. Here we did well, and when I returned that evening my bag was a heavy one, and I had in quite half a hundredweight of fish, the largest a braise of about 3 lb., a lythe of about 2 lb., and a saithe almost as large. Next day Mrs. Besant and I were rowed to the Forester's Rock, nearer to Ardentinny, but our voyage was a rather wild one, and the sport was spoiled by the wind and rain beating in on our faces. Amongst the deceptions were some very curious. We were on the watch for large fish, and, after often striking with no result, three times caught only crabs, who came up clinging by their claws to the bait, and going off sidewise when allowed to touch dry rock. These crabs led me to much illegal affirmation, for they had a knack of pulling the line into clefts of the rocks, where, amidst mussels, limpets, and rough spar rock-edge, there was no other remedy than to pull until something gave way. When the weather cleared, two or three large porpoises rolled over at about three-quarters of a mile distance, and the following day the bathers were made nervous, for we had a good view of a fairly large shark, who for nearly an hour swam about very deliberately with his famous dorsal fin well in view, and followed at a little distance by another large fish, which did not sufficiently expose itself to be clearly recognisable. My report set the fishermen on

the watch. They had taken two sharks in their nets, one nine feet long ; but the one I reported had not been observed by them. For nearly eight days—except that the fishing-place varied, and on one of the worst days I had two men in the big boat, the waves being too much for one rower—I fished with similar good sport, some 300 fish in all falling victims, including one flounder, and not counting two "cobblers." A cobbler is a giant stickleback with a dash of the devil-fish, but with a curious faculty for changing color. Out of the water he looks blackish, and dies black and ugly ; alive, and dropped only into a few inches of water, he is rock-colored, with the streaks of half-spar, half-fine grained grey-red granite on his body, so that in three inches of water it was impossible to say which was fish and which was rock. For nearly eight days no reading, no writing, no thinking except would it clear, or be too rough to risk the open loch, or would it beat in so as to make our near rock unfishable. I got wet, and dry again, drenched, and was satisfied to change when I got back to the cottage. I ate and slept and climbed and fished with full keen life-enjoyment. There was one drawback, the midge. One, do I say? There must have been some millions of midges at Loch Long—and those midges can bite. I have known mosquitoes at Santa Lucia, I have felt them in Rome, they have tasted me in Lisbon, and I have been on visiting terms with them in New Jersey and Maryland, but I think I prefer a mosquito to a midge. I have killed a score of mosquitoes with my razor strop, on my bed room wall in Naples. But no sane man would aim at a midge with a razor strop. It would be as wise as to go sparrow-shooting with the Woolwich 80 ton gun, and almost as effective. It needs a miscroscope to see them, but Galton, when describing how one sense corrects another in consciousness, might, if he knew a midge, tell you that the sense of feeling is complete when once a midge has been there. In some countries estates are distinguished by land marks ; in the Western Highlands of Scotland men and women who come from the south are distinguished from the natives by midge marks. CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

The Social and Political Position of the Germans in the United States.

By DR. SCHLAEGER, Translated by MISS COLEMAN.

IV.

THE PERIOD OF POLITICAL INSIGHT AND CONSCIOUS POLITICAL ACTION : 1854—1870.—*Concluded.*

NOT without surprise did the country suddenly see Carl Schurz in Nashville and other southern towns, calling together the very

thousands of former rebels whom for years in the Tribune and in the field he had so energetically combated, and bidding them save the country from the new evils; and as a proof that the moment had been rightly chosen, both orator and speeches were received by the wearied-to-death south with an enthusiasm which seemed to foretell a general political revolution. In July of the same year (1871) Schurz spoke on the same subject at one of the most important assemblies which had ever been held in Farwell Hall, Chicago. The fearless action of this one man reminds one of the great Missourian, Benton, who in his day also, "solitary and alone set the ball in motion," and did not rest until he had attained his end. So powerful was the effect of that apparently isolated proceeding that it seemed less a harbinger of the coming storm than the beginning of the storm itself. A little while and the conflict against Grant's administration was kindled along the whole line. In the Senate, Sumner and Schurz continued the attacks begun the winter before against Grant's policy, and had the satisfaction of annihilating Grant's treaty entered into with Baez, of Dominica, according to which that West Indian Negro Republic was to have become a part of the United States.

In June, 1872, the formation of the new national party, the Liberal Republican, took place in Cincinnati. Schurz was chosen President of the Convention (the first example in the history of the United States of such a distinction being conferred on a citizen born out of the country), and he had the greatest influence on its doings. The fault of the new party was that, being intoxicated by its rapid development, it wished at the first start to conquer, to be at the helm all at once, and to this desire was no doubt to be attributed the nomination of Horace Greely for the Presidency, an action which at that time recommended itself in many respects. Schurz himself in nowise approved of this, foreseeing, as he did, that the eccentricities of the founder of the *New York Tribune* and his temperance agitation would be used by his opponents to keep especially Democratic and Republican Germans from supporting him. It really happened, too, that from the Republican side the *Illinois Staatszeitung*, and from the Democratic the *New York Staatszeitung* were able to offer a cool opposition. So important, however, was the repute of the Missouri Senator for the electioneering struggle opened in Baltimore by the Democratic National Convention, after the confirmation of the Greely nomination, that his first speech, held in St. Louis, 1872, was telegraphed word for word to the *New York Tribune*, and appeared the next day, filling more than six columns.

Grant's re-election in November, 1872, seemed to condemn the Cincinnati undertaking, and politicians of the ordinary type for a time thought of nothing but punishing the "traitors" to the party, who had so hotly disputed the field to them and what was worse, who had forced them to the assuming of moral masks and to promises of civil service reforms, return to specie payment, etc., on the fulfilment of which their long-lost conscience had not in

the least thought. The *Crédit Mobilier* revelations following in the winter of 1872—73, which the Republican party in vain sought to suppress, at last opened the eyes of that part of the nation which in the preceding November had voted for Grant and his indorsers, and the late disclosures regarding the corruption in the New York custom-house and the finance ministry, have left no doubt as to the incapacity and depravity of the official representation of the two old political parties, the Republican as well as the Democratic.

The work of Schurz, and the campaign of 1872, have certainly not been in vain; they were the inevitable prelude to a really political new formation and to the solution of problems, which a mere alliance between the reformers and the old Democratic Party in the summer of 1872 would not have been able to solve. The extinction of the Democratic Party, the shaking off of all party thraldom, the introduction of honesty in the administration, the nomination to offices according to capacity and real, not party, merit, are the problems of the present, problems the solution of which must rob the politicians of the old stamp of their comfortable occupation, and which they will therefore oppose with all their might. The following remark of the *Westliche Post* of April 1st, 1874, may serve to characterise this class of politicians, who, for instance, in the legislature of Massachusetts could not agree about a successor to Charles Sumner in the Senate, although the higher press recommended Charles Francis Adams, or also Mr. Hoar, as a successor: "What is it that causes our politicians to hold the great men of the country in aversion, the men of genius and firmness? Not at the possible bad consequences, but the certain good results that the rule of such men would bring with it does the rabble wince."

After the greater Epopee, the great single battles. When Senator Schurz made the Union and its frontiers the periphery of his agitatorial efforts, there were yet other German-American leaders active in smaller circles of more or less extent. Considering the concentric relations in which the single State and the Union Government stand, the close connexion between local or State politics with the Federal politics, this activity must, according to the greatness of the movement and the influence of the town or State, necessarily have a decisive influence on the development of the party in general.

The most remarkable, and in its consequences widely extending, struggle, was that of the population of the city of New York against the dictature of the Tamany Hall Ring, newly fixed and strengthened through bribed legislators on the 5th April, 1870, with William M. Tweed at the head. The Democratic party, who had been victorious with a majority of 40,000 to 50,000 votes, had met the same fate that, later on, had also taken hold of the Republican. The so-called party machinery, the primary and the district and general party conventions for nominating candidates, had got into the hands of an unscrupulous clique, the nomination to offices had grown into a monopoly, to which no efforts of

honest people within the party could make any end. Only through a union of the better elements of both parties could the shameful yoke be shaken off, and limits drawn to the corruption which in a few years had, through swindling, brought the city debt up to more than 100 millions. The same difficulties which met reformers like Schurz inside and outside the Republican party, had also to be overcome in New York by the heads of the Republican and Democratic honest masses uniting and forming a committee of seventy. The celebrated barrister and president of the Democratic State Central Committee, S. J. Tilden, first opened the trenches within the Democratic federation. He sketched the plan of bringing about a union of Republicans and Democrats for the election of members of the legislature, which was to be held on the 7th November, 1871, by this means to defeat thoroughly at the polls the "Ring," with its myrmidons counting by tens of thousands of voters, to let the law of April, 1870, be repealed by the elected legislature, and autonomy given back to the city of New York. The support of the German democrats, who held the result in their hands, was indispensable for this. Before all things it was necessary to gain the extraordinary influence of the New York *Staatszeitung* for the cause of reform. Tilden did, indeed, move Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, the publisher of the said journal, to joining his forces in the great conflict. It was in vain that Tweed and Co. employed every means to prevent this threatened danger of the Germans' desertion of the flag. Ottendorfer, a man of honor and incorruptibility, resisted all enticements. How much the final victory depended on the German votes was shown by the extraordinary regard paid to them at the making up of the ticket. The candidature of one of the most lucrative offices in New York, that of County Register, was given to the Germans, General Sigel being nominated for it. Spite of all exertions, the result would have been doubtful if the *New York Times* had not exposed the larceny, to the amount of millions, which Tweed and Co. committed from the City treasury during 1869–1871, and which sent Tweed the millionaire to the penitentiary for twelve years. The victory of the 7th November, 1871, broke the power of the Ring for ever. Sigel (belonging to the Republican party) was elected Register by 82,566 votes, having a majority of 28,117. The reform candidates for the legislature were brilliantly returned in all but Tweed's district, in which Tweed obtained a last Pyrrhus victory, and a motion was made and carried for turning out the judges Cardozo, McCunn, and Barnard, the instruments of Tweed and his Eric allies.

Though in the future course of events all the reformers' hopes were not fulfilled, though all corruption did not cease at one blow, the possibility was proved of throwing off the so strongly fortified yoke of corrupt party leaders by rising in unison, though in a law-abiding manner, and shaking its foundation, that party slavery, on which alone those leaders had been able to erect their

dynasty or reign. Only the overthrow of Tamany Hall made the renewal of a similar reformatory movement on a national basis possible, as it found its expression in June, 1872, in the Cincinnati Convention.

The history of the Germandom of Chicago would be a very grateful subject for a monography. The part which the newspapers played in it from beginning to end, would be especially interesting. Chicago, indeed, appears as the classical soil of press influence. The reason for this is apparent enough. A population made up of all nationalities increasing and changing so rapidly that after a two years' absence one finds one has become an anti-diluvian stratum, a population which allows itself no time to form any new relations, people who, as a former St. Louisan expressed it, live not like men, but like stag-hounds, cannot organise that continuous public opinion which has to serve as a corrective of the public life conducted by professional politicians. Only from time to time frightened out of their dollar-hunting by some extraordinary abuses, or by issues of extraordinary importance, the masses rouse themselves to make a passing effort and then, after the speedy attaining of their goal, dissolve into those atoms of which each seems only to revolve around itself.

Under such circumstances, the papers became not only what among the Romans the censors were, but also the tribunes, which took the initiative in all political and other affairs. And again, the papers having the longest memories in a population changing so rapidly, they were the fittest instruments to hold up old sin registers against unfit candidates, and so to drive them out of the arena, as well as to direct the votes of the masses towards worthy men. In the course of years, the papers have thus become a power with which no individual man, but only another paper, can take up the struggle, so all the German life turns upon press conflicts, upon the founding of new papers against the encroachments or the defects of the old ones. In a certain sense, the history of the German papers is the history of Germandom, a sentence which we practically in 1868, in the history of it, published in the *Illinois Staatszeitung*. With the influence and wealth of the above-mentioned paper rises also the political influence of Germandom, and *vice versa*, with the increase of the German population grows the power of the paper which depends on the number of the votes it controls. In the hurry of life, in the lack of public libraries (not till after the great fire of 1871 did Chicago receive a public library with reading room, which, however, can already compete with any Göttinger or other University Museum), the newspaper is everything for the Chicagoer, and by reading the papers one can know pretty exactly what is passing in the heads which acquire their intellectual life and stamp almost exclusively from them. The circumstance that after the coming into existence of the Republican party, the German voters became the determining power, and were sometimes greatly sought after by both parties, was most favorable to the growth of

German influence. The majority of the Germans stood by the Republican party, so did the Norwegians and Swedes, while on the Democratic side stood part of the Americans (among them many who had immigrated from the South), the Catholic Irish, and a great part of the Catholic Germans. This alliance between the Protestant Anglo-Saxon element and the Teutonic was formed also in other parts of the Union, and seems to us to be the most suitable and natural mixture and recipe for the formation of new parties; it represents reform and progress just as much as the other side does conservatism and a retrogade tendency.

The ladders of greatness up which Germandom has been climbing since 1856, will be most easily illustrated by the different offices which had to be granted to it at the elections: 1857, the Germans managed to obtain the posts of Alderman, Town Clerk and municipal collector of taxes; 1859, that of Clerk of a higher Court of Justice; 1860, they rose to filling the rank of Sheriff and the presidency in the newly established Board of Public Works, as well as to being members of the Constitutional Convention, and even to the office of Lieutenant Governor of the State; 1865 the most remunerative post in the county falls to them, that of County Clerk, whose annual salary was at that time valued at 15,000—20,000 dollars, the time of office being four years. The publishers of the above mentioned *Staatszeitung* were first the counsellors and then the right hand of the Republican party, and finally became their dictators. Against this rule American pride revolted, and this being skilfully taken advantage of by the politicians and papers, in 1869 the German newspaper *Illinois Staatszeitung*, and with them all Germandom, were thrown out of the positions they had won. After the great fire, after which, as Fred Law Olmstead expressed himself, the New Englander evidently seized the helm, it was still less possible to regain the diminished influence, and under Mayor Medill, elected in November, 1871, a war began against drinking saloons which kept open on Sundays, which movement wrought the miracle of reconciling all the Germans and bringing them under one leadership, that of Mr. A. C. Hesing, who had meanwhile become chief proprietor of the *Staatszeitung*. It is characteristic of the rapid development of the paper that the amount for its sale rose in scarcely five years from 15,000 dollars to more than 120,000. The Germans allied themselves with the Irish and other Democrats, and in November, 1873, beat Americans by the enormous majority of 10,000 votes. After that the professional politicians again knelt at Hesing's feet. Later on his dictatorship came to an end again.

The history of the political career of this man, whose opponents assigned to him the name of Bismarck Hesing, would be of an interest as piquant as instructive, in helping us to understand all that happens in front of and behind the scenes of Chicago's political world. What pleased us most of all, looking at it from a humorous point of view, was the manner in which he prevented the rising of a real opposition in the German camp by himself,

incognito of course, making a false opposition. Frederic William IV. liked an opposition keeping itself within harmless bounds, and so did Hesing, who himself kept it within the correct limits by managing to gain for himself a decisive and lasting influence on the direction of the Democratic organ. He has lately sought to meet a political workman's movement, which threatened to disturb his archimedian circle, by the manœuvre of the Roman Senate, which, as is well-known, made one of the Gracchi unpopular among the massses by opposing to him a tribune that went much further, that had to promise the people still more acres than Gracchus did, a promise not kept of course. The modern tribune is the newspaper, and so our modern Cæsar opposes (so at least we read in the Chicago *Tribune*) to the Social Democratic "Verboten," his "Arbeiterfreund," which expresses just as warm sympathy for the people, and which he can at any moment silence by the magic words, "In die Ecke, Besen, Besen, Seid's gewesen," with masterly effect.

Fatal as the above-mentioned alliance may otherwise be, it has at least this merit, that not only the Sunday laws, so far as regards the keeping open of saloons, have been repealed, but it has thoroughly undermined that blind obedience to party which until then hindered the coming into existence of a new and real reform party.

St. Louis and its Germandom in more than one respect form a contrast to Chicago and its 100,000 Germans. In the first place the Germans established a footing in the older St. Louis much earlier than in Chicago, which only in 1837 became a city with 4,179 inhabitants. There are therefore far more rich Germans in St. Louis than in Chicago, and their position in the business world is a higher one. The dreadful hurry of life, which has many a bad consequence in Chicago, is unknown to the five degrees more southern St. Louis, where there is something of *dolce far niente* in the air; one lives a broader life. While in Chicago the newspapers make public opinion, in St. Louis public opinion makes the papers, stands above them and prevents their encroachments and abuse, if necessary, with a citerum censeo, Carthaginem esse delendam. When, in 1862, the paper which, since 1848, had been so influential, the *Anzeiger des Westens*, published by Bornsdein (now living in Vienna) threatened to support the Anti-German Francis P. Blair's remaining longer in Congress, the paper one fine morning found itself in the position of a general without soldiers, as it had lost nearly the whole of its subscribers in the big town. There was always a radical tendency in the St. Louis Germans. As early as 1856 they would have voted for Fremont if there had been a Fremont electoral ticket. So they voted under protest for Fillmore, the candidate of the Knownothings, because they did not wish to vote for the Democrat, Buchanan. At the very beginning of the war they, at the side of Fremont, who commanded in St. Louis, entered into opposition against the hesitating policy of Lincoln. The Cleve-

land Convention (1864) was brought forward from St. Louis, and the Cincinnati Convention in like manner 1872. Gratz Brown was not far wrong when, in one of his remarkable speeches held in 1863, he declared Missouri to be typical, exponential. But the manner in which politics are carried on in St. Louis is characteristic. On the one hand a thoroughness which does not allow itself to be deterred by any Shablone (such as primary meetings, party conventions) from going to the root of the matter, on the other hand a certain *bonhommie*, a stickling for propriety, an avoidance of purely personal invective, which has a most soothing effect on one. Now in Chicago from 1850–1860 and later, the local elections were carried on with a violence that made Bornstein in St. Louis write that he would rather hew wood than take part in an election campaign in the garden city, they take things more easily in St. Louis, and yet when great questions arise more seriously than in Chicago. While in Chicago's life excitement forms the chief nourishment, and the reader of a Chicago paper is not content unless every morning he finds a column-long sensation story, ornamented with a heading in the largest type, the St. Louisan looks upon sensation only as an occasional refreshing spice to his regular rest, and reserves scandal for private circles. About the *Westliche Post*, which after the event already mentioned (1862) rose to its zenith, and in the year 1866 conferred the most important service on itself and Germandom through the admission of Carl Schurz, it is unnecessary to express ourselves further, because its position accords more or less with the position of the editor and joint publisher, since then promoted to a U.S. Senatorship, as already described at the beginning of this chapter. The development of the Germandom of Cincinnati is less easily summed up in a short statement, it being from the commencement less transparent and not identical with the history of a single paper. The one circumstance that in 1852, a German Whig paper existed, proves that influences must have been at work, which we do not find in other towns, there being none in which such a paper could maintain itself any length of time. Later on, the Democratic *Volksfreund*, if it did not compete with the Republican *Volksblatt*, yet prevented its attaining to a similarly powerful position, as, for instance, the *Staatzeitung* in Chicago. Friedrich Hassaurek, who, in 1861, advanced from being a simple municipal alderman to the rank of an Ambassador of the United States, and who a few years ago returned to the editorial work, which had become for him a ladder to high places, may also be counted among the men of initiative. Since 1872 he has been independent of the Republican party, and his paper, the *Volksblatt*, is, as far as lies in its power, preparing the soil for the coming Reform party.

We can say but a few words about the Germandom of other towns of the West or South. As regards the great ports of New Orleans and San Francisco, the German population shares with the rest the lot most clearly exhibited in New York of being

ruled and plundered by cliques. The great men of business usually shew great apathy in the matter of politics (until *via* Tweed and Co., the water beats over their heads); the mass of the people being composed of the most diverse and antagonistic nationalities, a mere mechanical combination, it is easy for politicians to play off one set against the other, à la Metternich. With regard to other inland towns, they are under the influence of the currents originating in Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and Cincinnati. In such towns Germandom is but an accompanying voice, whereas in Chicago and St. Louis, it sustains itself, with occasional interruptions, at the height of a tenor solo.

General Remarks in Conclusion.

We have in the preceding three chapters accompanied the German-Americans in the three stages of first keeping aloof, then making themselves one with the Americans, and lastly returning to independence enriched and fortified. We have seen how at at first they tried to reform America according to their own ideas, how they were then biassed by it, and how finally they sought to influence it on higher ground than that of mere song and festivities. There is something typical in these three metamorphoses of Germandom in America, for they really are metamorphoses, every German immigrant making the new experience of it individually as in general, so that the first and second period lives and makes itself felt as a form filling itself again and again with new immigrating essence by the side of and under the third and most important period.

Respecting the standpoint and tasks of this third period, we wrote as early as January 1872: "These facts (of the initiative begun) are proof of a new metamorphosis going on in the German-American. On one side he has discovered that the Americandom which at first so dazzled him has in it many a flaw and lacks much of being perfect, that in many respects Carlyle was right when during the war he cried to us that we were rushing to the Falls of Niagara, and it was high time to turn round. On the other hand the consciousness of the merits of this country developed itself not less unanswerably with the conviction that its inhabitants will alone be to blame, if they do not build up on this Continent the most perfect, cultivated and interesting people, as a whole, the world has ever seen. Real merit must be at the helm in political, social and religious provinces; spurious merit, sham gold, must give place to genuine pure metal. A gigantic problem, but it must be attacked, and at least approximately solved on pain of moral, mental and finally also material decline and fall."

The events of the last years have not only confirmed this opinion, but also procured for it admittance into circles which had hitherto obstinately excluded it. Our deepest interest will always accompany the German-Americans on the road, becoming everyday more one of world-wide importance, which they now have to enter upon, surrounded by greater difficulties than ever.

Under such excellent leadership they will, we hope, obtain and merit success on new paths too.

Having come to the conclusion of this essay, and glancing at the insufficiency and sketchy nature of the same compared with the grandeur of the subject, we yet feel we shall not in vain have placed before our readers the changes of the last 25 years, if this should cause to be written a more complete detailed history of German-Americandom, keeping in view the great background of American development as a whole. Such a work would be of immense and fruitful interest for both Germany and the United States. It would have to be almost identical with the history of the German-American press. It is much to be regretted that the prize offered by the enterprising bookseller, E. Steiger, in New York, for a history of the German-American press, did not induce anyone to secure historical material, which will soon for the most part no longer be procurable so far as regards the personal representatives of the development. And it is desirable to obtain such, either through the offering of still greater prizes, or through directly commissioning some capable person to snatch its deeds and influence from the oblivion so certainly threatening it. The German Americans ought not to allow themselves to be deprived of this privilege, as they would at the same time be erecting a literary monument to themselves, and giving their Anglo-American fellow-citizens a proof of that genuine German historical understanding and interest, the lack of which in the United States is responsible for that grey atmosphere in which the great Ocean Republic always still seems to the average European to be enveloped.

To Science.

Ye are wondrous strange, dry bones;
Old, and great, and strange;
Shall I sit and learn you through
Patiently, or seek the new
Blooms of living change?
You, or life's vast range, dry bones—
Life's unmeasured range?

Ye are wondrous fair, white bones;
Still, severely fair;
When my feet have travelled far,
Where the life-blooms thickest are,
Or where paths are bare,
Shall I find you there, white bones?
New, but changeless, there?

Ye are hard and sere, old bones;
Hard, and cold, and sere;
I shall go far from your den
And come back to you again
In a changèd year:
Ye shall still be here, old bones—
Ye shall still be here.

M. J. R.

The Art of Burns.

THE spectator of the new Burns' statue on the Thames Embankment who considers closely its literary as well as its artistic significance, is apt to be led to some reflections which were not suggested in the course of the unveiling proceedings. His first feeling, of course, is one of pleasure in view of such a proclamation that the realm of literature is universal. Everything which tends to bring the note of culture into the environment of the mass, everything which helps to extend the intellectual life through the region of the ceaseless social struggle, makes for the general well-being, and is to be welcomed by the lovers of light. Considering the straits of orators in these matters, too, it would not be fair to examine narrowly the various reasons laid down for be-statuing a given celebrity—reasons of which, in the case of Burns, the sum-total is something like this: That Burns, in a general way, did not need a statue; that in Scotland, where he is best known, it is natural that he should have many statues; and that in London and other cities where he is not so well known, it is desirable to bring him into universal notice by means of statues. Such peculiarities of reasoning need not disturb those who realise how rarely it is that an act prompted by disinterested emotion can successfully be made to appear a highly utilitarian proceeding.

A priori approbation, however, gives place to scrutiny and reflection, and the process is not altogether tranquillising. Here is a statue in which the sculptor has expressed his idea of the poetic function by seating his poet on a tree-stump, with a pen in his hand and a scroll at his feet, looking into the sky for a word. Did Sir John Steell, one wonders, ever hear of a poet's definition of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity"? It would appear not. His poet is exhibited as a creature in whom emotion and expression are simultaneous, and who carries about his writing materials in order to catch his inspirations ere they go. The circumstance goes to deepen a despondent feeling about the future of British statuary—an opinion reinforced by an examination of the feeble and valueless "Alexander and Bucephalus," an early work of Sir John Steell's, recently added by subscription to the mob of bad statues in Edinburgh; and by the recollection that the demand for statues of Burns appears to set blindly in the direction of this sculptor, whose reputation is the result of long practice in fulfilling such commissions, and who is thought to rise perfectly to the occasion when, instead of producing an absolute replica of a previous statue, he somewhat alters the pose of the figure. It may be urged that the sculptor, planning a statue for the public street, is bound to represent in some conventional form the known function of the person he images; and though this principle cannot be allowed to justify a convention which is demonstrably

a violation of artistic principles of a higher scope, it may be allowed that the British statuary is, perhaps, to some extent coerced by his conditions. That granted, however, there remains the question as to the condition of taste and culture among those who are the sculptor's judges—those who are delighted by these representations of Burns in a poetic ecstasy, and who cheer the declaration that he is one of the great poets of the world.

It is the peculiar feature in the fame of Burns that whereas other renowned poets are being for ever freshly laurelled by studious critics, not only do his praises come mainly from the inexpert multitude, but the voices of the few critics who deal with him carefully are ignored. The name of Carlyle is in these days hardly less universally known than that of Burns, but the number of admirers of Burns who have fully reckoned with Carlyle's criticism is probably very small indeed. That essay of fifty-six years ago remains, on the whole, the soundest judgment that has yet been passed on the poet. Despite its laboredness and its lack of unity, it gives on the whole perhaps a fairer estimate of the man than does the able paper of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson ; while it still presents the most outspoken verdict the public have heard on the literary value of Burns' work. It is a signal proof of Carlyle's critical power and originality that at the time of the publication of Lockhart's "Life" he was already able to see that the current estimate of some of Burns' most popular pieces was wrong ; and that he did not hesitate to pronounce "Tam O'Shanter" a merely brilliant rather than a great production. His remarks on that poem, like the essay as a whole, lack unity, as if they had been penned piecemeal before the whole matter was thought out: first the poet is blamed for not giving poetical life to the story, as Tieck might, and then it is admitted that "for strictly poetical purposes not much *was* to be made of it ;" but the judgment that "Tam O'Shanter" is "not so much a poem as a piece of sparkling rhetoric" may judiciously be set against that of admirers who, with Alexander Smith, pronounce it "immortal, unapproachable," and "the crowning glory and masterpiece of its author." We have in it a farcical narrative treated at best in the spirit of Aristophanic farce, and no amount of force and dexterity of execution can gain for the poem those associations of subtle delightfulness which references to fine poetry call up for us. It is apt to create confusion, however, to say, as Carlyle does, that such a production is unpoetical, and that "The Jolly Beggars" is the most poetical of Burns' "poems," as distinguished from his songs. The precise explanation—so far as Carlyle's decision is justifiable—is that while metrical writing, of which the generic term is poetry, may at times be less exalted in its strain of thought than certain samples of the non-metrical writing we term prose, the former as a rule is the outcome of, and tends to communicate, a feeling of mental exaltation, while the latter, more often than not, expresses and induces unemotional states of mind ; and we accordingly use the term poetry as connoting exalted feeling, and prose as imply-

ing something more ordinary. Now "Tam O'Shanter" is a story such as ministers to rustic fun, and though Burns gives it a certain Aristophanic quality, the story as a whole remains on the rustic level; while "The Jolly Beggars," despite the nature of the theme, is infused with a "world-humor" that takes it above the merely rustic range; and is, indeed, to this day the less appreciated poem among the populace. Carlyle's verdict on "The Jolly Beggars" is worth quoting:

"The subject truly is among the lowest in Nature, but it only the more shows our poet's gift in raising it into the domain of art. To our minds this piece seems thoroughly compacted—melted together, refined—and poured forth in one flood of true *liquid* harmony. It is light, airy, soft of movement, yet sharp and precise in its details; every face is a portrait; that *raucle carlin*, that *wee Apollo*, that *Son of Mars* are Scottish, yet ideal; the scene is at once a dream, and the very Ragcastle of 'Poosie-Nansie.' Further, it seems in a considerable degree complete, a real self-supporting whole, which is the highest merit in a poem. . . . Apart from the universal sympathy with man which this again bespeaks in Burns, a genuine inspiration and no inconsiderable technical talent are manifested here. . . . It would be strange, doubtless, to call this the best of Burns's writings; we mean to say only that it seems to us the most perfect of its kind, as a piece of poetical composition strictly so called."

The last sentence brings us to the main critical question in regard to Burns: Was he, after all, one of the world's greatest poets? Carlyle's final judgment is that he was not, and, what is specially to be noted, that he could not be in his circumstances; and seeing that Carlyle on the whole admired and liked Burns, his judgment, as that of a great literary Scotchman, must be allowed to deserve close consideration. The critic veers and hesitates a good deal, certainly, on the question whether Burns, living the life he did, could possibly have done great poetic work. On one page he pronounces all Burns' writings "imperfect fragments" "that wanted all things for completeness; *culture*, *leisure*, true effort, nay even length of life;" on another he insists in opposition to those who prescribe culture for poor poets, that poetry lies in the heart, not in the tongue; and, again, that Burns, without any more culture, might have found blessedness in poetry. But the distinct purport of the essay is that Burns' verse is valuable mainly on account of the poet's genuineness and practicality, not of his art. "We can look on but few of these pieces," it says, "as in strict critical language, deserving the name of Poems; they are rhymed eloquence, rhymed pathos, rhymed sense; yet seldom essentially melodious, aerial, poetical." And though Carlyle goes on to speak of Burns as by far the best of British song-writers, it is evident that he is regarding the song as something less than a poem. True, he lays it down that the song "requires nothing so much for its perfection as genuine poetic feeling, genuine music of heart," and as yet having "its rules equally with the tragedy;" which leaves us in some perplexity as to the critic's fundamental principles; but seeing that he all along distinguishes between the song and the poem, we must conclude

that he does not reckon Burns a great poet on the strength of his lyrics. Now, what the majority of the admirers of Burns do is to feel with Carlyle the spontaneity of Burns's songs; to take vigor of versification for high poetic art, ignoring the critical distinction; and to pronounce Burns accordingly one of the greatest of poets.

As against this popular verdict, and in partial distinction from Carlyle's finding, there has to be formulated the explicit principle that a song is either good poetry or bad, and deserves to rank as literature or not, in respect of the quality of its ideas and the charm with which they are expressed. The judgment which begins by separating songs from the department of poetry amounts practically to a declaration that songs as such fall below the level of literature proper; which even the coolest critic of Burns cannot explicitly allow. What has to be done is to judge his songs, like his longer poems, on their literary merit. In point of fact, however, most Scotchmen of critical taste—and these must be the final judges—will admit to-day that the majority of Burns' songs have no permanent literary value; that very few indeed can rank as quite successful poems; and that, all things considered, this could not well be otherwise.

Perhaps the best way to establish this somewhat dangerous-looking proposition is first to take up one of the few of Burns' lyrics which may be pronounced perfect; the first version of the song, "The Banks of Doon." I quote it in full, as it is chiefly known in the shape of the later version, which appears to have been produced in order to suit the air to which it is sung.

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon
  How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
  That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
  When my fause love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
  That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
  And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
  To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
  And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
  Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw' the rose,
  But left the thorn wi' me.

I have substituted the first line of the second version for the original one, which was "Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon," the alteration being obviously intended by the poet as an improve-

ment, as it is not required for the music. He felt, there can be no doubt, that "flowery" was not genuine Scotch. Perhaps, had he been rigorous, he would have altered the third stanza; to my Scotch ear, at all events, "thy mate" and "my fate" do not ring absolutely true; but they do not amount to a real flaw; and there is no other suggestion of one. Here then is a lyric which will compare with one by Shakspere, by Goethe, by Heine, by De Musset, or by Tennyson. The *motif* is one which is as perfectly poetic in the case of a rustic as of a high-born maiden; a woman's wounded love demanding a refined treatment, which Burns by no means always gives to expressions of more prosperous attachment, even when the singer is a woman. We find such a song worth reading and remembering for certain distinct reasons. A few other songs of Burns' approach this in sustained serious delicacy and choice expression, as for instance "The Posie," of which I cite the first stanza:

> O love will venture in whar' it daurna weel be seen,
> O love will venture in whar' wisdom ance has been;
> But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
> And a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear May.

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," too, is a fine lyric as it now stands. Originally the fourth lines of the stanzas were longer by two syllables than they are in the received version: the terse, fierce "Let him turn and flee!" for instance, having at first read, "Traitor! coward! turn and flee!" while "Let him follow me!" has taken the place of "Caledonian! on wi' me!"[1] In regard to almost all of the other favorite songs of Burns, however, I venture to dispute the popular verdict, which is given with almost no attention to details of workmanship. Thus it is the fashion, in Scotland at least, to praise "Highland Mary" in entire disregard of the fact that every one of its rhymes is vicious, and some atrocious; and even Carlyle seems to join in the admiration of the lyric "To Mary in Heaven," of which every line is in the conventional, obsolete English taste of last century. It has hardly one truly felicitous phrase. Take again the early song "Mary Morison," which Alexander Smith pronounces "exquisite," and which has indeed one fine quatrain:

> Yestreen, when to the trembling string
> The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
> To thee my fancy took its wing;
> I sat, but neither heard or saw—

here the effect of the fortunate lines is marred by several conventional English phrases, as "make the miser's treasure poor," "the rich reward secure," and "wreck his peace." So, in "Wandering

[1] The old readings are retained in Alexander Smith's editions (of which the "Globe" is one); mistakenly, I think, though Burns is said to have made the improvements reluctantly under pressure.

Willie," the line "The simmer to nature, my Willie to me"—on which Christopher North, in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" makes the Shepherd bestow a eulogy that is rather high-pitched, considering that no rustic Scotch girl would talk of Nature—is followed by these lines of turgid English :

> Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers ;
> How your dread howling a lover alarms!

Between incongruity or conventionality of diction on the one hand, and comic quality or lack of delicacy on the other, the great mass of Burns' songs miss fair literary finish or serious value, with the result that they will not bear reading by people of trained taste who are familiar with Scotch. This is a judgment verifiable by citation of stanzas and passages innumerable which all persons of literary culture, at least all experts in the study of poetry, will admit to betray thoroughly inferior workmanship. Just as we find a few of Burns' songs exquisite in respect of tenderness of feeling and melody and simple grace of phrase, we find the mass faulty in respect of literary crudity when they are not pitched on the lower range of the comic. If we take his drinking and other humorous songs into account we shall of course find more which are successful in their kind. It is obviously easier for a poet writing in a popular dialect to make a good humorous song than one which shall well express deep feeling, for the reason that most words in his vocabulary have commonplace associations, thus lending themselves for the most part rather to broadly humorous than to refined ideas. It has often been pointed out that when Burns is deeply serious he almost invariably writes in English ; see, for instance, "To Mary in Heaven," the latter part of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Man was made to mourn," the greater part of "The Vision," the prayers, the latter half of "To a Mountain Daisy"—in fine, all his serious verse except a few of the tender love-songs. The reason is plain. For the Scottish peasant the language of serious ideas is that of the Bible and of serious books—all written in English. He may express domestic griefs and universal emotions in the vernacular, but if he rises to the utterance of abstract thoughts which are refined or dignified, he must think them in English. For a hundred years before Burns, the language of Scottish prose writers was that of Englishmen, and the associations of Fergusson's and Ramsay's Doric verse are mainly of an every-day order. It was inevitable that Burns should think of his English models, (he knew Pope, Shenstone, and Thomson, it appears, before Fergusson) when he dealt with the themes he had in common with the English poets. Now, it is generally conceded, even by his most devoted admirers, that Burns tends more or less to be stiff and artificial when he writes English, that is to say, that he conformed to the English style then in fashion, instead of expressing his own individuality, as he did when he wrote Scotch ; though the national clericalism has the effect of blinding

the orthodox to the stiltedness of one half of "The Cotter's Saturday night," and the pedestrian quality of the other, and it is assumed that "To Mary in Heaven" must be fine because of the nature of the subject.

If, then, Burns' lot in life was so conditioned that his most ambitious poetry had to be cast in an idiom which was not that of his daily speech, and in which he had no spontaneous felicity; if his happiest verse deals for the most part with ideas which are not subtle; if his culture and leisure were scanty; if his songs are mostly for the singing of the illiterate—to what conclusions are we led in regard to his permanent place in literature? Of necessity to those of Carlyle, that he cannot rank, in respect of poetic achievement, with the great singers of the world; that his song is as a "little Valclusa Fountain" beside the great rivers of poetry. But to see and state the case truly, we must impress upon ourselves that Burns' shortcoming is emphatically the result of unfortunate conditions; that, poetry being an art, its successful pursuit calls for leisure and culture; and that, with the exception of his rural environment, all the outside details of Burns' lot made against the best development of his gifts. In denying him the highest rank, we are not making light of these gifts; we are simply asserting the immutable truth that every organism is profoundly influenced by its environment.

To realise this law fully in regard to Burns, we have only to study the cases of those poets whom we may consider him to have rivalled in respect of natural powers—say Tennyson or Heine. Heine is, perhaps, overrated as a lyrist; on that head only the closest familiarity with the German language can justify a positive opinion; but there need be no hesitation in saying that Tennyson's songs are almost invariably of a perfect finish, while Burns' are so very seldom; and this is so, in the main, because Tennyson has been able to give his whole life to his art, while Burns could only give the spare hours of a life whose toil began in boyhood and lasted till death. And it will be found that every great poet of whose life we have any knowledge was so because he was able to give his best hours to the cultivation of his genius. If Shakspere stands alone among the great poets in respect of the restrictedness of his early education, he none the less made writing the main business of his life. In short, the idea that a working Scottish farmer, no matter what his gifts, could produce a body of poetry that would entitle him to rank with the greatest poets of the world, can only be sincerely harbored by people who conceive of a poet as a creature of entirely abnormal intelligence, going about habitually with pen and paper, in the open air, and having fits of inspiration, in which his words came to him. And, to put it plainly, it is because of the still primitive condition of the taste of the majority that Burns is still so frequently and fervently praised. Ignorance rarely begets modesty of literary judgment; and every member of a Burns' club, however little

he knows of the poetry of the world or even of the English-speaking people, is unhesitating in proclaiming that Burns' poetry is unexcelled. In connexion with no other poet, perhaps, is there such a body of merely prejudiced admiration, accompanied with so much random publication of eulogy that has no critical value whatever. A rich enthusiast gives the poet a new statue, and some popularly respected amateurs of literature pronounce opinions which the crowd echo, and which have just the value of the crowd's literary judgment.

The importance of Burns in literature and in history is, after all, to be tested rather by those "Poems" which Carlyle finds, on the whole, unpoetical, than by even the best of the songs. The lyrical faculty is rare and precious, but it does not necessarily imply a powerful understanding; and Burns' poetry, as a whole, does imply this. Nay, more: the style of these vernacular poems of "rhymed eloquence, rhymed pathos, rhymed sense," is excellent in its kind, the satirical poems especially possessing a pith and pungency not excelled by Butler, Swift, Pope, or Dryden. To a Scotch reader the force and sinewiness of their style are, perhaps, more apparent than to an Englishman, just as an English ear can, perhaps, hardly appreciate the full felicity of such lines as—

> We twa hae run aboot the braes,
> And pu'd the gowans fine—

lines which must have been written by Burns, though he said most of "Auld Lang Syne" was old. The songs—the handful of pure gems and the mass of the others with their flaws, their touches of careless beauty, and their spontaneous, homely exuberance—are proofs of a born lyrical power which with culture might have done splendid things: the body of verses which deals with the Scottish life of the time testifies to an intelligence of rare vigor and penetration. Questions of art aside, it is right to recognise the reasons for the exceptional devotion to Burns prevailing in Scotland. It is difficult to over-estimate what he has done to save his countrymen from the extremities of fanaticism, Pharisaism, and Philistinism, and it is certain that his influence among the English-speaking nations has been mighty for democracy. But it is well finally to keep in view that his poetry, as such, belongs to a comparatively early stage of literary development, and that it is popular in the ratio of its primitiveness. The fact that he is the poet of the uninstructed merely proves that he is not, in the main, on a high plane of poetic art. Let him be recognised as the Scottish people's poet, and the poet of popular instincts, by all means, and let him have his statues in virtue of his popularity—statues in a primitive taste, if needs must. But let the student, instead of joining in the acclamations of the people over their poet, point out to the people that their poet, like themselves, misses half the right fruition of life because the world is so evilly ordered.

J. ROBERTSON.

Witches and Witchcraft.

OCCASIONALLY we see paragraphs in our newspapers headed "Superstition in the 19th century!" and the writers tell us with copious notes of exclamation, how in some remote country district, some old woman is persecuted as a witch, or how in the Western Highlands the belief in witchcraft is so strong that you may find two "witch doctors" within twenty miles of each other. Then we dwellers in towns laugh, and contemptuously wonder how anyone can believe in such rubbish. In truth there is no need for astonishment, or contempt; every such case that we read of ought rather to be a new lesson to us. When any case of belief in witches comes to startle us out of our confidence in the perfect enlightenment of the race to-day, it but shows us how difficult it is to combat ignorance, how gradual a victory we have been gaining over this hydra-headed monster, but how swiftly we may hope to destroy it, nourished by the Church though it is, now that we have School Boards and in them forge our keenest weapons.

The Church has especially fostered the belief in witchcraft. I remember once discussing witches with a schoolfellow, a girl about sixteen years of age, a Catholic. "But," I said, "you do not believe in witches?" "Yes, I do," she answered, "the Church says there are witches." King James was moved to write his Dæmonologia, "by the fearful abounding at this time in this country, of those detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters." It was not only in this country that there was a "fearful abounding" of witches, for we read that in 1572, in France there were supposed to be 30,000 persons addicted to necromancy, and Lapland was famous for its witches. Many hundreds of innocent lives have been sacrificed to the belief in witchcraft, a "damnable art," and said by an eminent legal writer of the 18th century to be "a sixth species of offences against God and religion." He says "to deny the possibility, nay, actual existence, of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God, in various passages both of the Old and New Testament." The civil law punished sorcerers with death, thus imitating "the express law of God, 'thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.'" Sorcery was ranked with heresy, and the flames were the penalty in both cases. Thirty thousand witches are reported to have been burned within 150 years. Just as slavery in America gave rise to the slave hunt and the slave hunter, so we had, a couple of centuries ago, the witch chase and the witch finder; one Hopkins, a noted witch finder, "hanged sixty *suspected* witches in one year." In two years in Suffolk and Essex, between 200 and 300 witches were indicted, "of whom more than half were executed." Whitelocke notes in his Memorials that on July 25th, 1645, "twenty witches in Norfolk were executed." On December 13th, 1649, a number of persons were apprehended in

Newcastle, the great proof of their wickedness being that the "Witchtryer" had pricked their bodies with a pin, and they were alleged insensible to it. On July 2nd, five persons paid the penalty by fire, in Edinburgh, for bearing upon them marks of the devil. In 1650, at a little village near Berwick, there were fourteen families and as many witches; on April 15th an instalment of these—two men and three women—were burned. Scotland especially swarmed with witches, and in 1652 scores were accused, many on their own confession, before the commissioners. These poor wretches were forced to confess by torture. Their thumbs were tied behind them, and then, hanging them up by their thumbs, two Highlanders whipped them; after which lighted candles were put to the soles of their feet and between their toes till they were burned, and then they were burned in the head by putting lighted candles into their mouths. Out of six who were so treated, four died under torture. One woman was kept naked for twenty-three days with only bread and water; others were forced to wear shirts steeped in acid to fetch off the skin.

In Cobbett's State Trials, whence I gather much of my information, an account is given of the items of expenditure of the imprisonment and burning of a witch, Margrit Dollmoune, in Burncastell. They amount altogether to "iiij. scoir, 12 lib. xiiij. sh.," but Margrit had "twentie-seavin pundis Scotis" of her own, that were applied to the expenses of her execution, and the "Count gifin" was only £65 14s. 0d.

When the Seceders published their confession of sins to be read annually from the pulpit, they placed amongst their sins the repeal of the penal statutes against witches, "contrary to the express law of God."

The Devil has always been represented as the prime mover in cases of witchcraft. When "Marie, wife of Henri Smith, glover," was possessed with a "wrathful indignation" against certain of her neighbors, "the Devill who is skilful," and moreover "knoweth how to stirre up the evil affected humours of corrupt mindes" appeared to poor Marie as "a blacke man," and persuaded her to make a compact renouncing God and depending upon him. At other times the devil came to Marie "in other formes as of a mist, and of a ball of fire, with some dispersed spangles of blacke," and again as at first, only now he had "a paire of horns upon his head." If Dr. Balthasar Bekker, of Amsterdam, had known of this, he would hardly, eighty years later, have been able to contend that Satan was chained to the bottom of hell, and thus prevented from intermeddling with human affairs. Marie confessed that she had cursed one man's fingers and toes, so that they rotted off; afflicted one woman with "paine and griefe at her heart;" a second woman with a "pining sicknesse" and another man with a complication of pains and diseases. She made the confession "openly at the place of execution in the audience of multitudes of people gathered together to be beholders of her death."

In the preface to the account of the trial of the witches of Essex, in 1645, the writer begins, "Ingenuous reader: Thou hast here presented to thee a sad emblem of the strange sleights and cunning subtilities whereby Satan labors to ensnare souls, and at last bring them to utter ruin; who being that grand impostor soon began this work, even in the morning of the creation." It goes on to say that the accused have been ensnared into renouncing God and Christ, and entering into a solemn league and compact with the devil, "the thought whereof is sufficient to cause a man to be filled with horror and astonishment." The preface, which discusses at some length what the devil can and cannot do, when not specially prohibited by God, concludes by remarking that now "these poor soules . . . . according to their demerits and according to the lawes of God, and this kingdome established, have received their just reward." To put it more shortly the poor "soules" were executed.

This mania for the discovery of witches, which prevailed during the 15th, 16th, 17th, and the early part of the 18th centuries, spared none, high or low, even Eleanor Cobham, the wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was convicted of witchcraft. But the principal victims were found amongst the weak and helpless; old women, no matter how old, and young children. Children of 7, 8 and 9 years of age, were hanged without mercy. Children of the tenderest years were often numbered amongst "confessing witches." Amongst the commonest symptoms of being "witched," were the vomiting of pins, especially crooked pins, which were brought and forced down the afflicted person's throat by flies, bees, and similar beasts of burden; the vomiting of two-penny nails with large heads conveyed in like manner to the pins; the inability to pronounce the name of Lord, Jesus or Christ, the attempt to do so mostly ending in a fit; expressions of delight at meeting with the name of Satan. If a witch refused to confess, or if the "pricking" test was unsatisfactory, there was still one test by which the guilt of the accused was proved beyond refutation, and that was the ordeal by water. The suspected witch was put into a pond; if she sank and was drowned then she was not a witch; if she floated, if the "sacred element" rejected her—and this could be managed sometimes by laying the poor bound wretch carefully on the water—then she was a witch and was consigned to the flames or the gallows. This ordeal by water is apparently practised to-day by certain of the tribes of Central India who still believe in witches. There, if the reputed witch can remain under water a certain time, she is innocent; but if the water-spirit rejects her, she is guilty.

The custom of "pricking" witches was so general that it grew to be a recognised trade, so much so that in the complaint of a poor woman against David Cowan of Trauent, for having "pricked her with long pins in sundry places of her body, and bled her and tortured her most cruelly," we find him boasting that he learned his trade from Kincaid, "a famous pricker."

The Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* of July, 19th, notes that on that day 192 years ago Rebecca Nurse, with several others, was hanged at Salem for witchcraft. In the abstract of the laws of New England witchcraft was formally recognised, for Hutchinson, in his History of Massachusetts Bay, gives the third and fourth articles as follows : "III. Witchcraft, which is fellowship by covenant with a familiar spirit, to be punished with death. IV. Consulters with witches not to be tolerated, but either to be cut off by death or banishment or other suitable punishment."

During the latter part of the 17th century an enormous number of people were persecuted for witchcraft in New England. So great was the alarm in Salem that a lengthy return was presented by some of the ministers upon "the present witchcraft in Salem village." The return commences by calling attention to "the afflicted state of our poor neighbours that are now suffering by molestations from the invisible world ;" it asserts that it is "an undoubted and notorious thing, that a demon may, by God's permission, appear, even to ill purposes, in the shape of an innocent, yea, and a virtuous man." The return concludes by urging "speedy and vigorous" prosecutions "according to the directions given in the laws of God and wholesome statutes of the English nation for the detection of witchcrafts." This return was dated June 15, 1692. On June 30 Rebecca Nurse referred to by the Philadelphia journal was tried, the verdict was "not guilty." The accusers clamored, and one of the judges said he was not satisfied, so the Chief Judge sent the jury back to reconsider their verdict. When they came into court again they could not agree. Ultimately they gave a verdict of guilty, and Rebecca Nurse was hanged on Gallows Hill, Salem.

The *Saturday Review*, of August 9th, comments on the case of witchcraft which has just been reported from Mauritius. Three years ago a man named Picot was arrested for the murder of a child for the purposes of witchcraft. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. Picot told the judges they could not hang him. The house of the chief judge was bewitched by stone-throwing demons. Every night the stones came in showers. The judge's wife was frightened, and the judge was sufficiently disturbed to plead with the Executive Council to save Picot's life. Picot seems to have been let off, which, says the *Saturday Review*, if true, "is highly discreditable to our administration."

I am inclined to agree with the writer in the *Saturday Review*, but then I am an Atheist, and have no fear of eternal damnation if I do not believe in witches ; nor do I think that others need have such fear. But surely religious people ought to hesitate before they condemn people for showing symptoms of belief in the "inspired word of God." HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

The Reform of the House of Lords.

THE indignation of the country at the obstruction of what Mr. Bright well called an "unpatriotic oligarchy" to the enfranchisement of two millions of our fellow-countrymen is finding ample vent, and to rid himself of the hornets' nest which he has brought about the ears of his fellow peers, my Lord Salisbury is only too likely to eat the leek before that indignation takes its due effect in a limitation of the privileges of his order. The master of Hatfield has digested humble pie before this; and, although he will doubtless defer the unpleasant operation as long as possible, we fear it will not need any very violent pressure to induce him to do so again. What Radicals desire is that the force now generated shall not simply be used to pass the Franchise Bill without dissolution; and still less that it shall evaporate in mere indignation at and denunciation of the peers. We desire that powers so long abused shall be abrogated for ever. The Upper House must submit to what every other institution has submitted—reform. An unreformed House of Lords cannot permanently live side by side with a reformed Commons. It must cease to be based on heredity and bear a representative character.

But a little while ago such propositions would have been considered out of the sphere of practical politics. Now, those who mingle with the workers hear on all sides wishes for the abolition of the Lords. Such exclamations as "Down with them," "Away with them," have greeted their mention at most of the demonstrations throughout the country. For this rough and ready course there is something to be said. If, it is argued, a second chamber exist at all, it should exist to revise and veto the legislation of the Commons. Otherwise it is useless. As soon as it exercises these functions it is obstructive. Since the French Revolution, at least, our House of Lords has been nothing but a hindrance to useful and progressive legislation. In the nature of things it is Conservative and alien to the spirit of Democracy. The task of removing the peers will be as easy as that of reforming them. Let us then waste no time in tinkering up a rotten institution, but use our whole force to remove it. Why cumbereth it the ground?

To all this, and much more that may be urged in the same direction, there is the answer that the English body politic is unused to drastic remedies for its diseases. Its steps of reform are slow, but all the surer for being slow. To abolish the House of Lords would be a break of historical continuity almost equivalent to establishing a Republic. No Government we are likely to see in our time would attempt the measure.

I am a Republican, but an opportunist also, and the opportunity for Radicals has arrived if they only know how to use it. It seems to me bad policy to propose dispensing entirely with the

Upper House. Both in our colonies and in Republican America, the English race has kept on the old lines of a double chamber. This plan is sanctioned by the experience of other nations. All shades of statesmen have approved it. Fox and Pitt, Burke and Brougham alike condemn a single chamber. The number of those who would contentedly leave the whole direction of public affairs to the House of Commons is hardly on the increase. Those who know it best are certainly not among those who look on it as the most perfect and the most admirable of human institutions.

A Republican has no objection to a true aristocracy. The rule of the best brains directed to the welfare of all is what we desire. No one will say that either House as at present constituted approaches this devoutly to be wished for consummation. The lower Chamber certainly shines by comparison; but the distinction was well put by the intelligent foreigner, who remarked: "The difference I observe between your House of Commons and your House of Lords is, that in the House of Commons only half the deputies have small heads, and that in the House of Lords all the deputies have small heads."

There is another consideration which may well weigh with Radicals in determining for reform rather than for abolition. To deprive the peers of their seats would still leave them their vast territorial and social influence, which they would hesitate even less than ever to bring to bear upon elections. They would have to be enfranchised, and, since so many British snobs "dearly love a lord," one might confidently predict that they would add to the landowning and Conservative element in the Commons. With both chambers reformed by an infusion of new blood, we might hope to see the land question dealt with, and the landlord's influence diminished.

It is unnecessary to disclaim originality for any proposals of reform. All reformers are agreed upon the general direction in which we must proceed. The inconsistency of a hereditary and irresponsible legislature in a self-governed country is admitted by everyone whose opinions are worth having. But the practical difficulties in the way of any politician dealing with the present chamber are immense. It is the business of the statesman to unite the theoretically best with the best practicable, and the problem to be solved is one that demands time and labor. But it has to be solved. The people are at length awakened to another blot upon the boasted British Constitution, and, its constituencies once reformed, the Commons must settle down to remove it. It is with a view to direct discussion into a practical channel that I set down certain concrete propositions for consideration.

I. That all future peerages shall be for life only.

This strikes directly at the hereditary principle, without interfering with existing privileges. For a tenure of office which depends upon the fact of birth, and which permits any one a degree above an imbecile to influence the destinies of a great

empire, nothing can be said. To use the words of the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, "hereditary legislators are an absurdity and an offence to popular feeling." The idea of life peerages has become a familiar one.

In 1856, an attempt was made to introduce Lord Wensleydale into the House of Lords as a life peer. It was defeated. In 1869, Lord Russell tried to pass a bill to create twenty-eight life peerages, which was rejected by the Lords, although backed up by a strong public opinion. Of course it would be necessary to create a large number of new peers in order to carry any reform. No strong Government need hesitate about that. According to Lord Brougham, it was at one time proposed that Earl Grey should make eighty new creations to carry the Reform Bill of 1832. The power of the present hereditary rulers would expire with themselves, but it would be advisable to restrict it with some such proposal as that of Professor Blackie.

II. "No hereditary peer, simply as such, shall be entitled to vote as member of the House of Lords unless he had previously gone through certain branches of the public service, as in the army or navy, or otherwise, for a prescribed number of years—say twenty or thirty. He would thus gain experience which would enable him to know what he was talking about when he meddled with legislative matters."

In France members of the Senate must be forty years of age. Some such limitation might be of advantage in England to ensure that members of the Upper House had some acquaintance with public affairs.

III. That the Bishops should be replaced by lay life peers.

The arduous task of overseeing the souls of a diocese is quite enough for any fallible being. The Bishops are the oldest element in the Upper House and they have been the most obstinately obstructive. The close division upon Mr. Willis' motion for their removal has induced a change of tactics which will not affect the result.

IV. That the power of vetoing measures passed in the House of Commons should be limited to one Session.

The utility of a Second Chamber to prevent Bills being smuggled through Parliament needs not to be dilated upon. The power of veto once exercised would suffice to call public attention to the question, and public opinion would express itself in its usual channels.

V. That the holding of certain offices such as those of the First Lord of the Treasury, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Home Secretary, and the Judges in the Courts of Chancery and Queen's Bench, as well as all Judges of Appeal, should entitle the man who has held them to a seat in the Upper Chamber.

Some such rule as this would give character to the legislature as well as offer a reward for the service of the State.

So much for the constitution of the Upper House. Its regulation is equally in need of reform. Among obviously needed changes are :

I. That a quorum of the House shall consist of not less than, say, forty members.

This need in no way interfere with three constituting a quorum of the House in its capacity of a legal tribunal. In a legislative assembly of five hundred the present rule is simply ridiculous.

II. Any peer who omits to attend Parliament a given number of times in each Session to forfeit his right of voting.

This would abolish voting by proxy, and prevent noble lords being brought up from the country to record their votes for some particular measure while paying no attention to the general business of the House.

With some such suggestions as these it would be possible for the House to take a much greater share in the legislation of the country.

The Government might more equally divide its measures over the two chambers, and many private bills might first find their place in the Upper House.

I am not sanguine enough to suppose that the carrying out of such proposals would result in the formation of a perfect Assembly, nor do I even think that they are the best that can be devised. At any rate their tendency would be to bring what is now an anomaly into harmony with the Democratic spirit of the age. Sufficient for my purpose if they suggest better suggestions.

J. M. WHEELER.

Our Household Pests.

THE HOUSE-FLY.

THE common House-fly, (*Musca domestica*), is so well-known that a description of its general appearance is unnecessary. It is a member of a very large and cosmopolitan order—that known as the *Diptera*, or two winged insects, the varied species of which are found in Arctic and Antarctic lands as well as in the tropical and sub-tropical regions where they hold their carnival of blood. They all go through a perfect series of metamorphoses :—grub, pupa, and fully developed insect ; all have two wings, and all possess suctorial mouths. The mouth organs are very different in appearance however, and also in function, from those of the clothes' moth, since they are formed for piercing as well as for suction. The eyes are of the compound type, and as a rule are largely developed in this order, the facets numbering four thousand in those of our common fly.

The flies which swarm around our haunts with the advent of warm weather, are for the most part the birth of the season—the offspring of a few solitary females who in some warm cranny have slept through the winter cold, or of pupæ which have hibernated in the ground. The female lays from eighty to a hundred eggs at a time, repeating the act of oviposition at brief intervals, so that in a few days many thousands will have been deposited by her. She selects as her favorite nidus, decaying manure, or decomposing animal or vegetable matter. In about four and twenty hours these tiny white agglutinated bodies give birth to fat, glistening, footless grubs, which gorge so voraciously upon their unsavory surroundings that within a week they are ready to pass into the pupal stage. Seeking some sheltered spot, the maggot becomes a brown, glossy chrysalis, and after remaining quiescent for about a week while the internal changes are proceeding, issues forth as a perfect fly. The rapidity of the metamorphosis is affected by the temperature, proceeding more slowly in the colder seasons than in hotter weather.

Some of the species of the Dipterous order are a grievous annoyance in hot weather, more particularly in tropical lands, and we may well be in doubt whether to regard them as occupying on the whole a beneficial or injurious place in Nature's economy. They and the beetles are the great scavengers of the earth. They multiply with extreme rapidity, and their larvæ increase in bulk to a prodigious extent, the maggots of some of the flesh-flies increasing in weight two hundred fold in twenty-four hours. These grubs, hatched in the midst of decaying and offensive matters, transmute the deleterious products of decomposition into healthy life-forms. But for these innumerable and apparently insignificant agents, poison and pestilence would be borne on the wings of every breeze, and the warmer climates would speedily become uninhabitable by the higher organisms. Effete and disgusting matters are speedily removed by their agency, and instead of torpor and death, life and beauty and activity are everywhere present.

But on the other hand we pay heavily both in personal discomfort and in loss to property for the services thus rendered. Travellers in hot countries know full well the misery of a night with the mosquitoes. Even in England in the heats of midsummer, the buzz of the bluebottles and the suffocating clouds of gnats are, to say the least, the source of considerable annoyance. The volumes of travellers in all lands, arctic as well as tropical, teem with allusions to the pain and unrest they have experienced from the plagues of flies. These often become a source of greater terror than the beasts of prey themselves, and many devices are resorted to with the object of warding off their attacks. Many instances are on record of the eggs of flies having been deposited about the mucous membranes of human beings even, and hatched into maggots therein. Man, in his cruel ingenuity, has enticed the insect tribes into his service in order to inflict torture upon his

fellows. Among the ancient Persians a horrible mode of punishment was sometimes adopted. The condemned was enclosed between two boats constructed to leave only hands, feet, and face exposed to the sun, and these parts were smeared with honey to attract the flies and sweet-loving insects, who oviposited in the sufferer's flesh. The grubs being speedily hatched devoured the flesh of the living man, whose agonies were by a refinement of cruelty prolonged through several days by small quantities of food forcibly administered, the amount being only sufficient to ward off starvation.

There are members of the Dipterous order which, though they do not attack man himself, inflict severe injuries upon his live-stock. The Tabanidæ, in their various species, popularly termed Gad and Breese-flies, are held in dread by our cattle and horses, whose skins they are able to pierce with their powerful lancets. The famous Tsetze-fly, about which African travellers have written in such doleful strains, is a tiny scourge of the same family as our House-fly. It is more dreaded by explorers, who are dependent on their beasts of burden for the means of transit, than any other insect in the entire range of the continent. It is a very trifle larger than the *Musca domestica*, but is more conspicuous by reason of four yellow bars which run across its body. The bite of the Tsetze is innocuous to man and to the wild animals, but the ox, horse and dog invariably die after being bitten, with all the symptoms of blood-poisoning, notwithstanding that several weeks, or even months, may sometimes elapse between the attack and its fatal termination.

Livingstone, in one of his journeys from Kolobeng to the Makololo country, records the death of forty-three oxen by the bite of this fly. Sebituane once lost several thousands of cattle, being very nearly all which his tribe possessed, through the Tsetze. The mule, ass and goat enjoy perfect immunity from this dreadful pest; hence travellers going into those portions of the interior where the fly abounds, employ them as beasts of burden instead of the horse and ox.

A blandly, self-satisfied optimist would not easily discover what useful end these pests subserve in the world. To say that all these things are "very good" is to mock the miseries of humanity; to say that "whatever is, is right," is but to echo the shallow platitudes of Christian orthodoxy. The conclusion rather is that beneficent and useful agents, when suffered to multiply unchecked, tend to positive evil. The flies and beetles are of value to us, and their excessive increase alone becomes injurious. Nature herself supplies a natural check to such increase, but man can aid nature by the mastery which he has acquired of her secrets. When the insect tribes multiply so much beyond the means of subsistence as to become a plague, the locust swarms for example, they then become thinned down through lack of sustenance. Man, comparatively powerless against these plagues in savage lands, and regarding them in the light of Divine visita-

tions, as many now regard cholera, small pox, and similar epidemics, is nevertheless able to keep them in check in civilised countries, by imitating Nature and removing those offensive matters wherein they increase and multiply.

If now we examine the mouth-organs of the House-fly, we shall find them quite as enigmatical at first sight, viewed as a divergence from the mandibular type, as are those of the clothes' moth. The most conspicuous part is the fleshy portion of the proboscis, known as the tongue—really an enormous development of the ribbed disc of the lower lip or labium. It is in some degree a suctorial mouth like that of the bugs and moths, but singularly modified. Here it is the labium which presents the most striking development instead of the maxillæ as in the clothes' moth. In the medin portion of its length it becomes a partly closed tube, within which the maxillæ become metamorphosed into a pair of lancets, while a third lancet may be considered as the mandibles coalesced into a single organ. The tubular form becomes expanded into the fleshy disc at its termination, which still, in spite of its changed aspect, retains the primal fissure of the lower lip, which is seen in the cockroaches. Labial palpi are altogether wanting, but the maxillary palpi are very conspicuous. The antennæ are three jointed.

We meet now with a foot formed on a different type from those which we have hitherto observed in our household pests. The claws are there, as in the insects already examined, but there is present also a pair of pads or pulvilli—not indeed confined to this particular fly, but common to the Dipterous families generally. The singular thing about these pulvilli consists in the presence of the hairs with which they are furnished—each hair being provided with a disc and sucker at its extremity. The function of the suckers is, it is believed, to enable the insect to walk on smooth and on horizontal surfaces lying above its body. The manner in which the fly walks on smooth surfaces has long been a matter of dispute among entomologists. The older observers maintained that the pulvilli or pads on the feet simply acted as suckers—leaving a vacuum underneath. Later experimentalists attribute the adhesive power to the agency of a fluid secreted by the knobbed hairs. And this is undoubtedly the correct view—that these pads exude a viscous fluid which, spread over these minute hairs, enables the fly to retain its foothold. The feet of flies will continue to hold on to the interior of an exhausted receiver, which could not be the case if atmospheric pressure alone, or even chiefly, were the cause of adhesion. Further, upon a clean sheet of glass the marks of the fly's track left by the exuded fluid may be detected by using a high magnifying power. Corroborative evidence exists in the fact that though the fly can walk on a smooth surface, it cannot do so on a powdered or greasy surface, since the dust or grease, by clinging to the hairs, becomes a protective covering preventing the viscous matter from coming into actual contact with the surface. The

apparently cleanly habits of the flies, who may be often observed brushing the legs and feet against one another, is most probably due to the necessity for keeping the pulvilli free from dust and other obstructive matters. As the winter comes on the vital strength of the insect is so far diminished that it is unable to exert the force necessary to overcome the adhesion of the fluid, and numbers die firmly glued to the window panes.

Hitherto we have made no special reference to the arrangement by which an insect breathes. Lungs an insect does not possess, yet its blood must be oxygenated, and in the case of those insects which manifest great activity of movement, the provision for oxygenation must be swift and perfect of action. Among our household pests there are none in which the special organs for this purpose receive so high a development as in the house-fly. In common with all insects it is possessed of a set of tubes called tracheal tubes, which ramify throughout the whole body, even to the very extremities of its limbs and wings ; these tubes open to the atmosphere through the medium of spiracles or stigmata, usually placed along the edges of the abdominal segments, one pair to each segment. Thus the process of blood purification is the reverse of that which obtains in the vertebrates —the atmosphere being made to follow the course of the blood, instead of the blood being brought to the atmosphere. The air entering the spiracles traverses the tracheal tubes, which form a most elaborate network of tiny vessels fully as complicated as the arteries in the body of a vertebrate. Lest the spiracles should, owing to their extreme minuteness, become choked with dust or dirt, they are fringed at their margins with stout bristly hairs, which meet and overlap across the openings. The reason why an insect dies when oil is smeared over its body is that the viscous liquid closes up these orifices, and so, by preventing access of air, suffocates the victim.

Another provision exists, very striking in its minute perfection and utility, for maintaining the tubes open to their full capacity. Everyone knows the coiled wire laid within the vulcanized india rubber gas tubing, in order to prevent collapse under slight pressure from without. A contrivance precisely similar, and for the same end, obtains in the tracheal tubes of insects. The entire tracheal length, even to its minutest ramifications, is maintained rigidly circular by a strong coiled spiral, which passes between the layers of membrane of which the tube is composed, and which, while allowing perfect freedom of movement to the body-segments and the limbs, preserves their atmospheric capacity intact.

The tracheal respiration is effected by the alternate expansion and contraction of the abdomen. With each expansion the air is sucked in, and rapidly traversing the tubes, is expelled by the contraction following.

There is another matter which occurs to us as we examine the fly. The beetles, cockroaches, and crickets have four wings ; we

found four wings in the moth ; there are four wings also, though differing in character from those of the beetles, in the dragon-flies, bees, and wasps, but the house-fly possesses only two. Why this apparent anomaly? There are two tiny yellow knobbed organs situated behind the wings. They are called halteres, and poisers, and balancers, from their supposed function of preserving the equilibrium of the body of the insect in flight, and much discussion has taken place in reference to their true function and meaning, and all kinds of conjectures have been hazarded relative thereto. But as it would be difficult to show why the fly should require poisers or balancers more than other insects, we should prefer to regard them as the atrophied remnants of former wings, rather than as special organs whose distinctive use is not apparent.

The body of the fly is covered with strong, spiny hairs, even the wings themselves are clothed with short bristles. The wings are extremely gauze like, and so thin that, when viewed with reflected light, they display a beautiful variegation of iridescent colors. They move with extreme rapidity—four thousand times (so it is said) in a minute, and the hotter the weather, the more active the flies become. There are many points of interest of a microscopic character pertaining to the fly, but we have noticed the principal, and with these must be content to take our leave of these sweet-loving, thirsty, buzzing little pests.

J. HORNER.

The Making of the Coffin.

Swish ! swish ! swish !
Two strong men, with their aprons white,
Stand in the flush of the morning light,
Each with a plane in his stalwart hand,
Close by the bench in the shop they stand ;
Hark to the sound of the gliding plane,
Sadness and sorrow is all the strain,
Swish ! swish ! swish !

Swish ! swish ! swish !
He with the curling and flaxen hair
Never was married, and knows no care,
Softly he whistles, and works away,
His years are young, and his heart is gay ;
The other is grey, he has long been wed ;
He looks at his work and he shakes his head ;
Swish ! swish ! swish !

Rap ! rap ! rap !
Steadily, surely, the strokes are given,
Little by little the nails are driven ;
Some poor creature is done with life ;
Some poor fellow has lost his wife.

The young man passes a well-worn joke,
Yet solemnly comes the old man's stroke,
Rap! rap! rap!

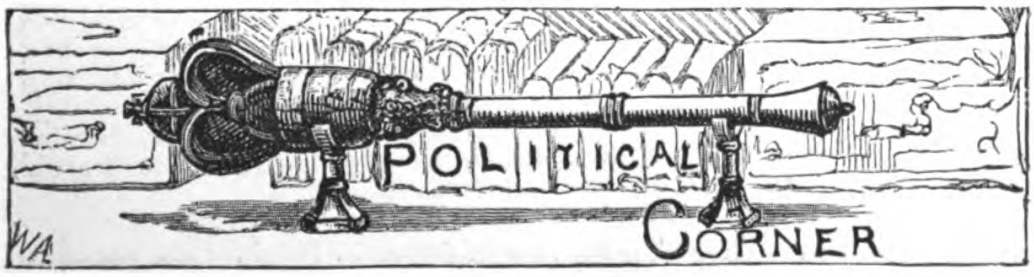
Rap! rap! rap!
Five feet nine from the foot to the head,
The old man's heart, as he measured it, bled,
Twenty-one inches the widest part;
Oh! how it cut at the old man's heart.
"Just the dimensions of Mary is Ned,"
"Just the same size as my lassie's," he said,
Rap! rap! rap!

Tack! tack! tack!
Black, cloth-covered, and trimmed with lace;
Goffered white trimming about the face;
Padded and buttoned that narrow cold bed,
A soft white pillow to bear up her head.
Smooth the pure frilling, 'tis wondrous neat;
Softly the hammers their dirge repeat,
Tack! tack! tack!

Tack! tack! tack!
Try on the lid and secure the plate,
Worded in gilt with her age and the date.
"Bless me! she's just twenty-three and a week;"
A tear steals over the old man's cheek;
"Just the same age as my lassie," he said,
"Just the same age as my Mary was, Ned!"
Tack! tack! tack!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Take it upstairs to the door on the right
Oh! what a solemn and sorrowful sight;
Place her in gently and leave her there;
Light fall the feet on the carpeted stair;
The old man thinks of the face so sweet,
And utters no word as he enters the street;
Tramp! tramp! tramp!

JOHN ROWELL WALLER.



THE European Conference on the financial condition of Egypt has broken down. England proposed to raise £1,000,000 fresh debt in Egypt, to take precedence of all charges hitherto created. The interest now

payable on the privileged and unified debts was to be reduced one-half per cent., and after payment of Government charges the surplus, if any, was to go to the general bondholders. This was opposed by France, and supported by Italy and Turkey. The other great powers withheld any opinion. Their silence was as fatal as opposition. The congress is adjourned *sine die*, and Lord Northbrook is sent out to Egypt as Lord High Commissioner. Gordon, who was in danger, is now only dangerous alike to friends and enemies. The truth seems as difficult to get at in Egypt as the philosopher's stone amongst the old alchemists. All that is certain is, that the burdens and responsibilities of the English taxpayer increase daily.

THE difficulties between France and China, which seemed disposed of by the Li-Hung-Chang treaty, have now revived, and the probabilities of war have much increased. The *Times* describes the Chinese as a "nation of poltroons." The French have seized an important position in the island of Formosa, and declare their intention of holding possession until an indemnity of about £3,200,000 is paid to them by China.

THE revision scheme first advanced in France by A. E Pourtalis, then by E. de Girardin, and afterwards by Gambetta, has been put in practice, clogged with many limitations, by M. Jules Ferry. The opening séances of the congress were unworthy a great nation. This Congress, which was composed of the whole of the senators and deputies, was omnipotent to revise the constitution. M. Jules Ferry imagined that he had put sufficient limits on the action of Congress by getting the Senate and Chamber of Deputies to separately declare that it should confine itself to certain specifically limited questions. Four points for governing the revision were, on the suggestion of M. Jules Ferry, adopted by the Chamber. 1. Declaration that the form of government should not be questioned. 2. The organisation of the Senate to be subject to ordinary legislation, and not to require the formality of constitutional amendment. 3 Further limitation of the control of the Senate over finance. 4. Suppression of the public prayers used at the opening of Parliament. The Senate refused the third peremptorily, and only accepted the second with modifications. Many members of the Left, however, denied that this should bind Congress, and claimed that there should be an immediate reference to the country to elect a constituent assembly. M. Andrieux proposed, and the Government accepted, a clause declaring that members of former royal or imperial families should be for ever incapable of election to the Presidency of the republic. The ruling of M. Leroyer the President of the Congress, that an absolute majority of the full complement of senators and deputies, whether or not actually present, was necessary for any revision, made it necessary that 429 votes at least should be given in favor of any change. The Government in vain contended for the mere majority of those present and voting. The clause declaring the Republic inviolable, and excluding any member of a family which has reigned over France from being appointed President of the Republic, was carried by large majorities. The close of the revision was as peaceful as the opening had been stormy. M. Ferry preserved his majorities throughout, and the revision bill of the Government is now part of the French constitution.

The action of the clerical party now in power in Belgium on the education question is leading to a very serious political crisis. The clericals, in their eagerness for reaction, have overshot the mark, and provoked a strong expression of popular indignation. At Brussels the same electorate

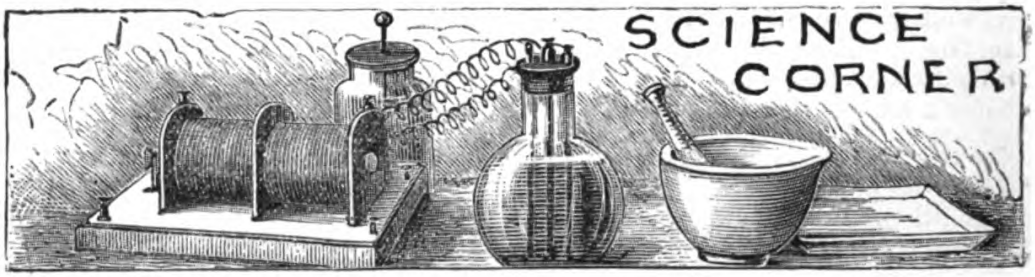
which, on the 10th June, gave a majority to the clericals, on the 15th July changed to the extent of nearly 2,000 votes in favor of returning Liberals, and now there is a cry for another dissolution of the Chamber to punish the clericals for their immoderate and perverse action.

At home, thanks to Lord Salisbury, and despite the intensely hot weather, there is a great deal of political activity. The good-humored procession and Hyde Park demonstration are being succeeded by meetings which are quite as earnest and not quite so good-humored. Lord Salisbury and his great leader are now seeking the favor of the "mob, the scum and the dregs." If England were not essentially a nation of compromise, the Lords would have but a short lease of the power of veto. Parliament has been prorogued, and the autumn Session is to commence on October 20th.

In the United States everyone is now preparing for the November presidential election. The whole number of electors is 401, of whom the successful candidates must obtain an absolute majority, or at least 201. Each State has a number of electors equal to its representation in Congress. Thus Pennsylvania has 2 senators and 28 members of the House; its Electoral College, therefore, consists of 30. Delaware has 2 senators and 1 member; its Electoral College is 3. The distribution of the electors throughout the Union is the following: Eighteen Northern States: Connecticut, 6; Illinois, 22; Indiana, 15; Iowa, 13; Kansas, 9; Maine, 6; Massachusetts, 14; Michigan, 13; Minnesota, 7; Nebraska, 5; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 9; New York, 36; Ohio, 23; Pennsylvania, 30; Rhode Island, 4; Vermont, 4; Wisconsin, 11. Total, 231 electors.—Sixteen Southern States: Alabama, 10; Arkansas, 7; Delaware, 3; Florida, 4; Georgia, 12; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 8; Mississippi, 9; Missouri, 16; North Carolina, 11; South Carolina, 9; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 13; Virginia, 12; West Virginia, 6. Total, 153 electors.—Four Pacific Coast States: California, 8; Colorada, 3; Nevada, 3; Oregon, 3. Total, 17 electors—Aggregate, 38 States; 401 electors. The choice of the Electoral College in each State is by each voter casting a ballot for the whole number of electors to which the State is entitled. The result of this is that the majority party in the State gets all the electors, so that the whole force of the State is cast where the popular majority wills it. Consequently, it is easy to ascertain the result the moment it is known upon which side the popular majority may be in each State. There are for this election, the candidates of the two great parties, Blaine and Logan, Republican, and Cleveland and Hendricks, Democratic; a third ticket is composed of General Butler, of Massachusetts, and General West, of Texas, nominated by the "National Greenback" and the "Anti-Monopoly" parties, which, in some States, will get a popular support which might complicate the election in New York, California, or Massachusetts. The probabilities are: Republican—Northern States: Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin—12 States, 128 votes. Pacific States: California, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon—4 States, 17 votes. Total, 16 States, 145 electoral votes. Democratic—Northern State: New Jersey, 9 votes. Southern States: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas—12 States, 120 votes. Total, 13 States, 129 electoral votes. Doubtful—Northern States: Connecticut, 6; Indiana, 15; Massachusetts, 14; New York, 36; Ohio, 23—5 States, 94 votes. Southern States: Florida, 4; North Carolina, 11; Virginia, 12; West Virginia, 6—4 States, 33 votes. Total, 9 States, 127 electoral votes. From the last

nine doubtful States the Republicans need 56 votes to win, the Democrats need 72 votes. The Republicans feel sure of Ohio and Massachusetts raising their vote to 182. The Democrats reckon on the four Southern States, bringing them to 162 In such case the decision rests with Connecticut, Indiana, and New York, from whom the decisive vote must come.

C. BRADLAUGH.



THERE is plenty of room apparently for another series of observations on Carnivorous Plants. Mr. Alfred Carpenter sends to *Nature* a brief note on a marine one, observed by himself. He says: "With reference to Professor Moseley's letter in your issue of May 22nd, on 'A Carnivorous Plant preying on Vertebrata,' I may mention that in 1881, when surveying at the Paracel Islands in the South China Sea, I saw a somewhat similar occurrence. The tide was low on the reef on which I was strolling and admiring the lovely forms of coral existence. As I neared a pool cut off by the tide from the sea, I noticed among other submarine verdure a very long ordinary looking flesh-colored weed about one foot high, and of similar girth. My appearance alarmed numbers of tiny fish, which darted to the cover of overhanging ledges; but I noticed about half-a-dozen apparently seeking cover in the weed. Bending down closer, I saw that they were lying helpless about the fronds, with very little life in them. Putting my hand down to pick up one of the half-dead fish, I found my fingers sucked by the weed, the fronds of which closed slightly on them. The fish were not caught by the head especially, but held anywhere round the body. The death seemed to be slow and lingering, and where the fish had been held its flesh was macerated. These captives may have been caught some time, and were in different stages of exhaustion. I regret being unable to name the plant, or the young fish. They were from an inch to an inch and a-half long. The plant had a dirty and rather slimy look about it."

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THE *Citizen* states that among the bone ornaments preserved in the Guildhall Museum, an armlet has lately been discovered engraved with incised Runic decorations. It was found in May, 1870, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and is said by the Scandinavian specialist who detected it among other specimens to be unique of its kind. It has in consequence been placed separately in a glass case above the Danish Runic stone found in St. Paul's churchyard in 1852, to which it forms a fitting companion, and stands in the centre of the passage running across the library. Although Roman, Saxon, and even British remains are frequently met with in underground London, the relics of the Danish occupation of our city are of very rare occurrence.

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AN antiquarian discovery of some importance has been made near the Loch of Stennes, Orkney, in the same district as that containing the circle

of standing stones. A large mound has been opened by Mr. Clouston, of Sandwick Manse, and was found to contain a chamber about 7 ft. long, 5ft. broad, and 3 ft. in height, containing in each corner of the room a skeleton. The chamber was reached by a passage 12 ft. long, 3 ft. broad, and 3 ft. high. Some very large stones are in the building. The mound is not yet completely explored.

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Some important discoveries of great interest to antiquarians have been made on the Yorkshire Wolds by the Rev. E. M. Cole, M.A., vicar of Wetwang, Yorkshire—viz., a large number of entrenchments, which are supposed to be the works of the ancient Britons. The dale "heads," it has been ascertained, are all covered with entrenchments, and a village called Fimber appears to be completely surrounded by them, as if it had been an enormous camp. Two theories as to the original use of the entrenchments have been started, (1) that they were for military purposes, and (2) that they served as tribal boundaries. In one of these entrenchments, near the monument to the late Sir Tatton Sykes at Garton, a large number of dead bodies were found, but the idea is not entertained that the excavations were used for purposes of burial. According to Mr. J. R. Mortimer, a well-known Yorkshire archæologist, the entrenchments are mostly V-shaped. They appear to have been much used, and are trodden hard and firm. Some he had opened were 4ft. and 5ft. deep. The bottom was never more than 1½ft. or 2ft. wide, and the top measured from 8ft. to 10ft. across.

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Considerable interest is being taken, says the *Times*, in America in the acclimatization of plants, and among them it is proposed to experiment upon the aquatic vegetables of China, which are valuable for food and economic purposes, and are easily cultivated in rice regions and marsh lands generally where water does not freeze or freezes but slightly. The most noteworthy are the water caltraps (ling chiaco), called the water chestnut on account of its flavor, a pleasant fruit that requires no cultivation and can bear a very severe climate. The water lily (*Nelumbium speciosum*) appears to be identical with the Egyptian bean of Pythagoras, and is much used for food, being rich in starch while both rootstock and seeds are alike edible. Its leaves make capital wrapping paper, and its flowers are strikingly gorgeous. The chiao-pai and the chin-tsai are both varieties of the water celery, which are planted on bamboo rafts covered with mud, forming floating gardens similar to those of ancient Mexico or modern Kashgar. A most useful and valuable plant also is the t'ieh-shu or iron-tree, which has the curious property of absorbing and assimilating iron; and this is cleverly taken advantage of when it shows signs of decadence, nails being driven into its trunk and thus giving a new lease of life. The tiao-lan is another singular plant, which flowers only when taken from the ground and suspended from a ceiling. The chin-ch'i is the valuable product known as "golden varnish," used to adorn the glossy signboards of Chinese streets, and is furnished by a tree called the ch'i-shu or varnish-tree; but it possesses an element of danger in a poison which causes acute inflammation of the skin. Even the native dealers in varnish cannot escape, though they suffer less than foreigners and particularly Americans. The remedy of the country is rather peculiar, being the application of crab's liver and a decoction of pine shavings.

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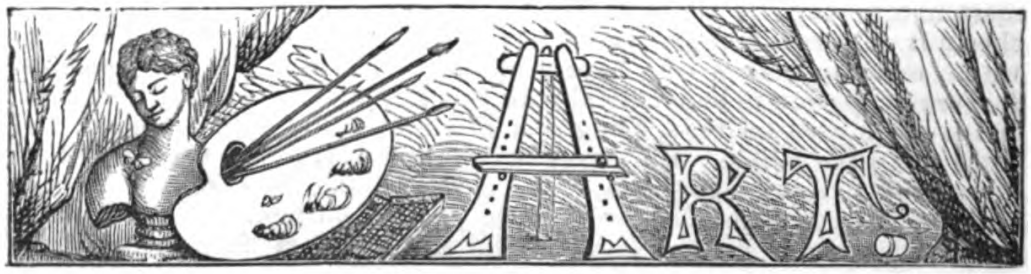
In the obituary of the month are written the names of Sir Erasmus Wilson, the well-known doctor; of Professor Stenberg, the Swedish chemist; of Ferdinand von Hochsteller, the German geologist; of Mark Pattison, one of the writers in "Essays and Reviews," a ripe scholar of a

type fast passing away; of Madame Amalie Haizinger, one of the most celebrated Austrian actresses of the present century.

AMERICA has been visited by a great earthquake, which affected Maine, Maryland, New York State, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. At Hartford, in Connecticut, persons were thrown down and bruised; in New York and Boston chimneys shook and bells rung, while buildings oscillated to and fro. Great alarm was naturally felt by the inhabitants, crowds of whom rushed screaming into the streets. In Boston six distinct shocks were felt, and it is said that no such earthquake has occurred in America during the present century.

If the following statement be true, another person offers himself up for humanity. Several doctors have already risked health and life as bravely:—"The *Warsaw Courier* has published a letter from a subscriber in which the writer offers himself as a subject to be experimented upon in reference to cholera. 'I am unmarried,' says he. 'I have no ties of any kind and no plans for the future. I therefore wish to be of use to humanity, by undergoing any experiments which have not yet been tried upon human beings. I seek no reward, but should require to be paid my travelling expenses to wherever I might have to go to be experimented upon, and those of my return journey to Warsaw, should I be spared to perform it. I may add that I am 24 years of age and in good health.' The writer says that communications in answer to this may be sent to 'Z.A.K.,' care of K. Tsibulski, china and glass dealer, Theatre place, Warsaw."

ANNIE BESANT.



ON Sunday, July 27th, the Grosvenor Gallery was open to the members of the Sunday Society and their friends. The rooms were well filled with busy folk, glad of the opportunity of passing pleasantly some of the hours of their most leisure day. The Grosvenor Gallery is always well worthy a visit from those who desire to find in pictures signs of intellect and imagination as well as of technical skill. Plenty of crude and faulty work appeared on the walls this summer; but also a sufficiency of good things for those who have eyes to see.

In the West Gallery, "Aphrodite," by Mr. Calderon, is a picture that at once arrests the attention, and leaves an impression of beauty and freshness not readily effaced. Most exquisite is the coloring of the sea as a whole, and also the delicate shades of the water where it partially veils the gracefully crossed feet and ankles.

Undoubtedly the most striking picture of the exhibition is Mr. Burne Jones' "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid." To me, the first impression was not pleasing. The face of the girl, though beautiful in outline,

is so pallid in coloring as to be almost corpse-like. After a while the picture begins to tell its story. The attitude of the maiden, and her expression of shrinking timidity, tell a whole history of patient suffering. Cophetua, who is represented with a face meet for a Sir Galahad, evidently wearied of the honied smiles, the flattering looks, and gay robes of Court damsels, is gazing with rapt adoration at the unconscious Beggar-Maid. The coloring and grouping are in the style that Mr. Burne Jones has made so essentially his own. The other great picture by the same artist, and I use the adjective great in its widest meaning, is the "Wood-Nymph," a marvellous creation of a form half-tree, half-human. Imitations of mannerisms without the genius that makes mannerisms not only tolerable, but sometimes even loveable, are painful but, perhaps, inevitable. "The Ten Virgins" is a specimen of ultra Burne Jones, so far as mannerism is concerned, but the genius is wholly lacking. As to the fortunate virgins, within the gate—well, tastes differ no doubt, but, judging from appearances, whatever may be the fate in store for those without, I for one should prefer to throw in my lot with them.

For perfection of technical skill, nothing in this Gallery, or possibly elsewhere, can surpass Mr. Alma Tadema's portraits of "Signor Amendola" and "Herr Lowenstein." The faces stand out from the canvas and seem literally to live.

Speaking of portraits, there are more than enough of the ordinary kind, but two by Mr. Richmond, the portraits of "Miss Dora Mirrlees" and "Miss Rosa Mirrlees" are beautiful not only by reason of the loveliness of the originals, but as works of Art.

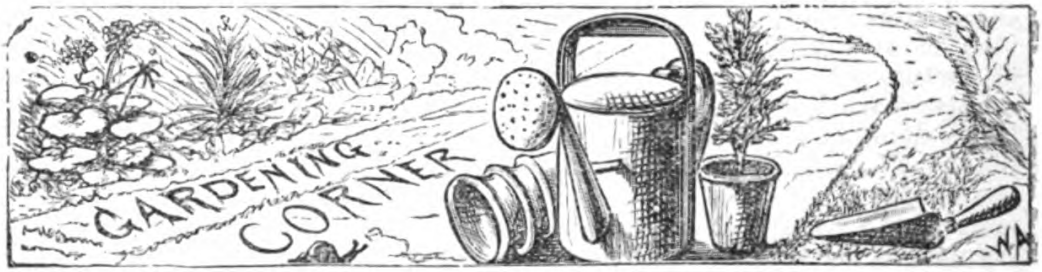
In the "Happy Warrior" by Mr. Watts the subject is most poetically treated. A youthful soldier has received his death wound, and mid the smoke of the battle field is discernible a fair face bending to kiss the lips of the dying man.

In the East Gallery, Mr. Keeley Halswelle has one of his lovely river scenes, "A bed of water-lilies." "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief," is the title of a curious picture by Mr. Spencer Stanhope. A woman seated on some stonework is smiling scornfully at another woman, whose whole figure is expressive of extreme agony, and who has hidden her face in the lap of her unsympathetic companion. "By the Tideless Dolorous Midland sea," is a clever study by Mrs. John Collier, of two undraped female figures on a level stretch of sandy shore. To those who like to seek for traces of alliance between science and art it may be interesting to know that Mrs. Collier is a daughter of Professor Huxley.

A powerful, though not at all an ideal treatment of Greeks of the classic age, is given in Mr. Storey's picture "Æsop." Mr. Albert Moore, as usual, represents the ideal Greek beauty in the girl lying half-asleep, in the work he calls "Red Berries." Diligent search for the "motif" of the name, reveals a minute spray of a plant on which are some scarlet berries.

Many and other pictures well deserve mention, and the impression of the whole that I carried away with me was of a collection of paintings in which originality of conception and skill in execution were beyond the average. The Grosvenor Gallery offers an agreeable change from the dead level of mediocrity, to which we are accustomed year after year by so much that finds a home on the walls of the Royal Academy.

ELIZABETH CRACKNELL.



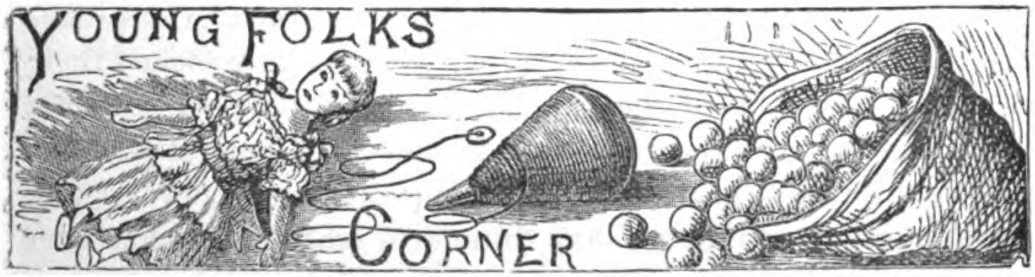
SEPTEMBER.

THIS month gives us a foretaste of autumn, and we are reminded of the Homeric line: "Leaves have their time to fall and wither at the north wind's blast." And the rake and the broom have to be called into use to keep the garden and grounds from becoming unsightly. Now, also, is the pleasant time of fruit gathering, which should be attended to in all cases as the sorts ripen. If plums cannot be protected from wasps, etc., they might be taken off and laid on a dry surface where draught will not pass over to shrivel them up. Pears and Apples are ready to pick when the pips begin to change color. In the flower garden much pressing work has to be overtaken this month. If Carnations, Pinks, Picotees, are to be grown in pots, they should be potted without delay; use plenty of broken pots placed compactly in the bottom for draining. Turfy loam, free from wire-worm, mixed with a little sharp sand answers well for growing them in. Water after potting, and stand on a bottom where worms cannot work. If they are protected from heavy rains, so much the better. Indeed, nothing, however hardy, takes well with heavy rains or frost when they are in pots. The propagation of all kinds of summer decorative plants should be proceeded with. Calceolarias do well in October or even into November, and are easily wintered where stuck in a cold frame. Bulb planting and potting are generally begun this month, though for the open ground November does as well, except where they are wanted early and in succession. Tulips, which are hardy bulbs, may be planted in groups, beds, or rows, keeping each color by itself; rows of different colors have a very showy and effective appearance, and are easily managed in this way. Hyacinths, if wanted early, can be potted at once, a few pieces of broken pots should be placed over the bottom of the pot, then a little of the toughest of the soil for drainage; then fill the pot with good turfy loam mixed with rotted cow-dung and sharp river sand, fill this in loosely, towering it up about the pot rim a couple of inches or so: on the apex of this soil place now a handful of sharp sand, on this place the base of the bulb, then with your hands press the bulb and soil down into the pot till the surface is about half an inch below the rim with the bulb firmly set in the soil, its eye just above the surface, give a moderate watering, and let the pots stand till the surface of the soil is nearly dry, then place them in some spot out of the way. Put six inches of sand, old tan, or coal ashes over the surface of the pots, in this allow them to remain till the crowns have grown nearly an inch. Then lift out the pots, clear all the surface of soil, brush them clean, and put them in a frame and give plenty of light and air; by-and-bye place them in a little heat, say 50° to 55°, and force into flower. Hyacinths can be had in flower from November till April. Narcissus, Tulips, and Jonquils can be grown in pots, treated the same as Hyacinths. All bulbs require to be well "fed" to have them fine—liquid manure should be administered to them freely. Now is a good time to put in cuttings of Roses. If carefully prepared, and put in now, they will make nice-rooted

plants by Spring. Pieces taken off with a "heel," and placed in a sandy soil, in a sheltered position, will do well. Look closely after suckers on young plants; they grow with great vigor at this season. Hybrid, China Teas, and Bourbons can be grown on in pots to flower through the Autumn, in the greenhouse, cold pit, or other cool structure. Perpetuals are easily forced where a little heat can be given, with attention to insects. Violets, potted and grown in a cold frame, will flower profusely during the short days, and what can be sweeter than a bouquet of these? Who does not feel with Perdita in a "Winter's Tale":

"Violets dim
Are sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes by Cytherea's breath."

Plants of them lifted carefully with balls, and planted thickly in a cold frame near the glass, will give plenty of flowers. Plenty of air and water when they become dry is nearly all the attention necessary after they are established in their winter quarters. If hardy annuals are wanted for spring flowering, this month is a good time to sow them; they should be established before winter. All hardy seedlings, such as Polyanthus, Sweet Williams, etc., may be planted out where they are to bloom. Delphinium formosum, Dielytra spectabilis, and many such plants, can be dug out of the ground, potted in the ordinary soil and, forced gently, will flower freely through the winter and spring, and help to keep the greenhouse gay. Mignonette in pots requires plenty of air and light when growing. Plants in windows require careful management, as cold winds and frost (enough to destroy many things) may be expected; better to take the more tender things in at night. W. ELDER.



The Story of Giordano Bruno.

(*Concluded from page* 60.)

THE September moon shone broadly over Venice, and Bruno stood leaning lazily against one of the columns which stood at the foot of the broad white steps of the Mocenigo Palazzo, its base washed by the waters of the blue Adriatic Sea. In the glorious prime of his manhood, in the gracious beauty of his strength and vigor, he leaned there, gazing with those deep eyes of his at the ripples as they danced in the moonlight, at the brilliant full-faced moon hanging in the shimmering air. "How good life is; how beautiful Nature is;" he mused, with a smile

on his lips. "Yet fools talk of hell-fire, and curse their brothers, under this serene expanse, amid this infinitude of worlds."

The moon-rays floated across the water, until the side of the canal which skirted the Mocenigo Palazzo lay in darkest shadow. None could see a gondola that slid swiftly and silently on till it lay at rest in the dimness beside the steps on which Bruno lounged in his careless restful ease.

"How beautiful life is without the Gods," he murmured. "Mighty universal mother! calm, serene, changing amid changelessness; marvellous in beauty; glorious in majesty; would they have me blaspheme thee that I might worship their puny fancies? O Eternal Beauty!" and he sprang to his feet, stretching out his arms to the infinite expanse: "O boundless space! How could I live without thy fetterless freedom? how could I exist without thy radiant" . . . . .

The melodious voice rang out in its joy into the sweet evening air, and as its music rose a grating sound was heard; see! that shadowed gondola is at the steps; masked figures spring out and stain the moonlight with their darkness; a black cloak is flung over the sunny head and stifles the harmony of the glorious tones into a gasp that is like a death-rattle; the eyes have looked their last on the freedom of the dancing wavelets; never again shall those arms stretch out fetterless towards the boundless blue. Giordano Bruno is in the grip of the Inquisition, and never again, O noble soldier of Liberty, shall thine eyes range in freedom over the glory that has sunned thee from thy birth, and has become incarnate in the radiance of thy shadowless joy in life.

* * * * * *

It is dark, drear and damp in that low chamber where Bruno lies, a grim circle round him. He is naked, and he lies on a frame, his ancles and his wrists bound tightly, and the sunny head thrown back; dauntless are brow and lip; fearless the bright brave eyes; and see that figure, crouching in the shadow; it is Judas; it is Giovanni Mocenigo, who has betrayed him to his doom.

"Come forth, Giovanni!" croaked a voice through the darkness. "Reveal the blasphemy thou hast confessed."

Judas was dragged within the range of those star-bright eyes,

and shrank and cowered under their light ; his lips muttered, but could not speak.

"Nay ! let the lad go," rang out the sweet full tones in their ancient music, shaming the harsh echoes of the cell. "Let the lad go ; poor boy ! he knows not what he has done. I make his confession for him. I have taught him the glories of science. I have unveiled to him the wonders of the stars. I have lifted one corner of the veil that hides the mighty mother from her children. Let the lad go. What need to torture a child when you are set to murder a man ?"

"Blasphemer ! heretic ! the rack shall teach thee faith," foamed the masked inquisitor beside him, and at a sign the wheels turned, and the pulleys creaked, and under the fearful strain the sweat of agony streamed from the naked body, and brow and lips were writhen with the intolerable pain.

"Now, heretic, recant. Now pray for mercy to the God thou hast blasphemed, to the Church thou hast abandoned. Apostate monk, confess thy master. Recant thy heresies, and even now mercy is thine."

"Truth that I have worshipped, keep me true," fell from the white lips, gasping in their pain. And the bright head fell back, and merciful Nature drew the veil of a swoon over the awful agony.

The Christians lifted the strained body from the rack, and cast it, senseless, into a dungeon far below the level of the waves that lapped against the castle walls. And, O children ! for six years Giordano Bruno lay, for truth's sake, in that cell. No sunlight ever touched him ; no friend's voice ever reached his weary ear ; no smile ever met his aching eyes ; no book cheered his loneliness ; no pen was granted to his numbed and weary hand. He was living buried in the tomb. Such mercy gave the Christian to the man who dared to think.

* * * * * * *

Eight years have passed, six in the tomb at Venice, and two since in Rome. The last two have been passed in controversy, and something of the old delight in strife has awakened in the long-stifled breast. But is this Bruno ? The sunny hair has bleached in the darkness of the Venice dungeon ; the bright eyes

are bleared when the unused sunlight touches them ; the strong limbs are bent and weak as those of an old man. The Christians have starved and tortured his life out of him. The heretic is old, in the prime of his manhood.

But now the eight years' martyrdom is nearly over. For the last time he stands before his judges. He is excommunicated as Atheist ; he is declared contumacious and irreconcilable ; he is handed over to the civil officers, to be punished "without shedding of blood"—grim formula of hypocrisy that doomed the heretic to the awful agony of the stake.

Then sprang Bruno to his feet ; they had forced him to his knees to listen to his sentence. Once more rang out clear the voice whose music had been harshened in the dungeon : "I think that you pronounce that sentence with more fear than I feel in hearing it." And head erect, and face well-nigh joyful, he walked steadily from the hall.

"Eight days' grace was yet given him, in which to recant and deny the truth he believed ; but Bruno had not taught all through Europe, and borne eight long years of dungeon pain, to turn recreant now to his mistress Truth. The 17th of February dawns, and the day of his death is here. To the Champ de Flore they take him, through a howling, fanatic crowd, composed in great part of pilgrims ; they have clad him in the sulphur-colored garb of heresy, hideous with pictured devils, and flames and crosses, but the dress cannot mar his grandeur of dignity, as he walks calmly on, his eyes bright, his forehead serene, his step firm and steady ; a priest pushes forward, and presses on him a crucifix, but Bruno turns away his head, and will not touch it ; they bind him to the stake, and no word opens his lips ; the flames rise around him, but no cry escapes him ; to the end he is as serene as though he felt no agony, and the last glimpse the crowd catches of his face, ere the flame sears it, shows it calmly proud as ever ; and now the smoke and the fire surround him, and Giordano Bruno is gone for evermore."

Gone? Ah ! not so ! Bruno lives while men can honor courage, and love can reverence the grave of a noble heart. He died, but from his stake rings out the message he left, which may fitly form his epitaph :

"TO KNOW HOW TO DIE IN ONE CENTURY, IS TO LIVE FOR ALL CENTURIES TO COME." ANNIE BESANT.

Real Heroes.

MARTIN LUTHER.

PART II.

"Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time."

IT was in the year after his return from Rome that Luther, now become Doctor of Divinity and styled Dr. Martin Luther, struck his first blow at the power of the Church of Rome.

Leo X., who had succeeded Julian V. as Pope, was just then engaged in his great scheme of building the famous church of St. Peter. Little reverence had he for the faith named after Christ, and he once spoke of Christianity as "a profitable fable." His great desire was to render his own name for ever famous by building, at Rome, a church that should be the grandest in the whole world, and so long as he attained his end he cared little how the needed money was procured. Many foolish people believed that he had power to obtain pardon from Heaven for their sins, and thus to save them from ages of torment, which the Christian's "God of Love" was supposed to have in store for them. The Pope himself was far too clever to believe in such nonsense, but if the foolish people, so he reasoned, liked to pay for his supposed pardons, and so set their minds at ease, their money would fill his coffers and help to build St. Peter's Church.

Like wild-fire the news spread throughout Europe that the Pope was willing to grant indulgences (pardon for sins) to all such as would pay for the same, and a scoundrel monk, named Tetzel, was appointed to collect indulgence-money throughout Saxony. The quiet streets of Germany were soon alive with magnificent processions. Gay silken banners, whereon were emblazoned the Papal arms, floated in the air. There were white-robed priests, bearing candles and banners, chanting choristers, softly tinkling bells. All these sights and sounds delighted the simple German folk, and no doubt helped to lull asleep for awhile their common sense and to impress them with the power of the great Pope, so mighty that he was even able to obtain pardon for their sins from God himself. In all the churches massive iron dishes were placed at the foot of the altars, ready to receive indulgence-money. The poor, simple-hearted peasants, impressed by the chanting, the bell-ringing, the candles, the gorgeous banners, and the sermons of such men as Tetzel, went into the churches and flung their hard-won earnings into the iron dishes. No matter if their children might want bread for many a day to come; they themselves were saved from hell-fire. Such supreme selfishness had sprung up in the people's hearts, the fruit of seed sown there by the teaching of Christian priests. Day by day grew fuller the stately pile of St. Peter's. People admired and wondered, and much praise was given to the Pope for his taste and skill in choosing the best artists that the world contained to

fashion and decorate and perfect the great work. But there were some, and among them was Martin Luther, who felt that the great cathedral was being built by the sweat and tears of many honest, hard-working men and women, cheated out of their hard-won savings by foul and specious lies. Luther heard that Tetzel was on his way to Wittenberg. His blood boiled within him at the thought, and he resolved, if possible, to prevent the good-for-nothing monk's entrance into the town where he himself was professor and preacher. He wrote indignant letters to several bishops and Church dignitaries, but they were all too much in fear of the Pope to take any action in the matter. Luther himself was brave as a lion, and since he had been in Rome, cared not a straw for the Pope's authority. He went about, preaching vehemently and eloquently against indulgences, and at the same time set to work to prepare a set of theses (or arguments), in which he disputed the Pope's right to sell pardons, and pointed out that a most wicked and impious fraud was being practised by the Church of Rome on the mass of the German people, as well as on the poorer classes throughout Europe. On the 31st October, 1537, he affixed these ninety-five theses to the door of the principal Church in Wittenburg, and undertook to defend them against all attacks. The assembled students vigorously applauded their professor, and Luther was looked upon as a hero in Wittenberg.

Before a fortnight from that time, a copy of the theses was in the hands of every German who could read, and Luther's fame had spread throughout Europe. Many admired the fearless spirit who had courage to assail the all-powerful Pope, and boldly and fearlessly to protest against a great wrong done to the poorer classes by the Church of Rome ; but none ventured to befriend the man who dared act thus, and for some time Luther had to fight alone and singlehanded. Tetzel and his friends assailed and villified him by every means in their power, and at length obtained from the Pope a bill of excommunication against him. This meant that all his writings were to be publicly burnt, and that unless within sixty days from that time he had publicly abandoned his opinions, everybody was to avoid him and to refuse him food, shelter, and companionship, under pain of the Pope's displeasure. But the Wittenberg students cared little for the Pope. Far dearer to them than any Pope was Martin Luther, their own dear professor, who had taught them and lectured to them.

On the 10th December, 1520, a great fire was kindled in the town of Wittenberg, and therein, in the presence of the assembled townsfolk and students, Luther solemnly cast the Papal Bull. "Because," he said, "thou hast troubled the Lord's saints, let eternal fire consume thee." The students rejoiced, and sang a triumphant *Te Deum* round the burning pile, flinging into the flames a second Bull sent by the Pope. Luther confessed that before committing this act of daring he had trembled, but when it was accomplished he declared that he was better pleased than

with any act of his life. A storm had now burst, he said, that would not end till the day of judgment. Great was the Pope's wrath when he heard of this act of public defiance. At first he had made light of Luther's writings, and had spoken of them contemptuously as "the work of a drunken German." But now he felt that this fearless, earnest monk must be suppressed at all costs. Soon afterwards he summoned Luther to attend a Diet (or Parliament) of the Empire at Worms, and there make public defence of his writings and conduct. Luther's friends implored him not to attend the Diet. They spoke of the dangers of such a journey. True, the Emperor had granted a safe-conduct to Worms and back, but John Huss, they urged, had gone on such an errand a century ago, and in spite of safe-conducts and royal promises, had been arrested, tried, and burnt to death. But Luther was not to be frightened out of his duty. If his heart quailed as he thought that he might probably share the fate of Huss and other martyrs for truth's sake, he gave no outward sign of fear. "Christ lives," he cried, "and I will go to Worms to brave the gates of Hell and the powers of the air!"

He set out on his fateful journey in a cart, accompanied by three friends; a herald, in imperial coat of arms, riding in front. When the little procession reached Erfürt, Luther learnt that his writings had just been publicly burnt there by the Emperor's orders. The herald asked whether he still wished to proceed to Worms. "I will go," he replied, "if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house-tops. Though they burnt Huss, they could not burn the truth."

When Luther at length reached Wittenberg, and appeared before the Diet, it seemed at first as though the courage which had till now sustained his brave spirit was about to desert him in his hour of greatest need. As he entered, late one evening, the grand hall where sat the members of the Diet, the sight that met his eyes was enough to make the stoutest heart quail. There was the young Emperor, Charles V., monarch of the mightiest empire in the world; there were famous warriors, powerful nobles, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals; in fact all the power, wealth, dignity, authority of Europe.

As Luther looked round upon this brilliant assembly, he met many a glance of scorn, anger, defiance; many a look that said, as plainly as words could speak: "Heretic! Now gladly would we burn you, as our forefathers burnt John Huss!"

An officer of the court pointed to some books lying on a side table, and asked Luther if they were his. "They are mine," replied, Luther; but his voice faltered; his manner was nervous; his frame trembled. His enemies rejoiced, believing his courage to be failing him. But the next morning he appeared before the Diet calm, firm, courageous; ready to endure, for the sake of truth, the worst fate his enemies might have in store for him. It was a grand sight; one of the grandest recorded in history, when one man, clad in the simple black robe of a monk,

stood up alone before that great assembly and pleaded, with earnest, passionate eloquence, in behalf of truth and religious freedom. Luther declared that he would not and could not recant, for, said he, "a man must not act contrary to his conscience." "My conscience," he continued, "My conscience and the Word of God hold me prisoner; therefore I may not and will not recant! Here I stand! I cannot do otherwise; God help me! Amen."

That evening, when the meeting of the Diet was ended, it was the opinion of many of the members—of the bishops and other church dignitaries more especially, that Luther should at once be sent to a dungeon, there to await his trial as an arch-heretic. But other members, touched by the monk's noble heroism and dauntless courage, insisted that he should be allowed to depart in safety. The upshot was that he left the Diet a free man, his hand tingling from the warm pressure of many a friendly duke or baron, who liked him in despite of his (to them) new and strange opinions. When at length he reached his lodging, he threw up his hands, exclaiming, "I am through! I am through! If I had a thousand heads they should be struck off one by one before I would retract."

After this every means were tried to induce him to change his opinions, but in vain; so at last he was allowed to return to Wittenberg under the safe conduct of his friend, the Elector of Saxony. Knowing that Luther must travel in peril of his life, the Elector Frederick managed, by a clever stratagem, to place him for awhile out of reach of the vengeance of both Pope and Emperor. He caused Luther, as the latter was returning to Wittenberg, to be seized by two armed men, who conveyed him to the secluded castle of Wartburg. There, for two years, he was safely hidden, without its being known that his friend, the Elector, had had any hand in his disappearance. During this time he laid aside his monk's gown, let his beard grow, and dressed like a gentleman of the period. Often he wandered about the neighboring forest, plucking flowers or wild strawberries. Sometimes he went a hunting with the rest of the Elector's guests, but most of his time was occupied, during his stay at the Wartburg, in translating the Bible from Latin into German. To this day the Bible, as translated by Luther, is used in Germany. At length, after having lived two years in the Wartburg, hearing that his presence was much needed in Wittenberg, he returned there secretly in the disguise of a trooper. Wittenberg now began to be looked upon as the fountain head of the Reformation, and students flocked thither from all quarters to see and hear the famous Dr. Luther. One of the doctrines of the Church of Rome most disliked by Luther was that forbidding priests to marry, and in 1525 he put his own views into force by marrying Catherine of Bora, formerly a nun. She has been described as sensible, warm-hearted, and affectionate; Luther himself said of her: "She is gentle, obedient, and kind in all things, far beyond my hopes."

His marriage was a very happy one. Those who have written his memoirs tell us about the pleasant hours he used to spend in his garden at Wittenberg—writing, singing, gardening, or turning his lathe—Catherine of Bora seated beside him, their children playing near them, and the father saying quaint and pithy things about the flowers, the birds, or the stars, as it happened, or talking in his earnest, imaginative fashion about the God of his faith, the heaven wherein he hoped to meet again the wife and children of his love.

Luther, in common with us all, had a weak as well as a noble side to his character. He shared the popular superstition of his day, and believed in witchcraft, although he held magic to be an "unmixed imposture," and said of astrology, "I have no patience with such stuff." If there were not so much, so very much in his character that calls forth our reverence and loving admiration, his profound faith in the devil would excite our ridicule. To his thinking this wicked wily devil was always lurking about trying to snare and trap human souls for their destruction, as he himself had seen hares snared and trapped in Wartburg forest.

In spite of his reverence for a belief in the Bible, he could be critical of that at times. He objected to the Epistle of James, and said of the Book of Jonah: "The story of Jonah is more incredible than any poet's fable. If it were not in the Bible I should laugh at it. He was three days in the belly of a great fish! Why, the fish would have digested him in three hours, and converted him into its own flesh and blood. The miracle of the Red Sea was nothing to this. The sequel, too, is so foolish—when he is released he begins to rave and expostulate, and make himself miserable about a gourd." Then, remembering that he was speaking of the Bible, he exclaimed, "it is a great mystery!" trying, as many lesser spirits than he have tried, to stifle in such fashion honest doubt, and cover over ugly gaps in his faith in the so-called "Word of God." J.

(To be continued.)

About Crabs.

AN EXPERIENCE OF OUR NEW CHUM REPORTER.

[This funny story comes from the other side of the world, from the *Newcastle Herald* of the United States.]

"I HAVE come to the conclusion that I can catch crabs better when I am rowing a boat than on the rocks," said our New Chum Reporter, resignedly, yesterday.

He had on a ragged white coat, very dirty, and covered with seaweed and slime. His trousers were torn at the knees. His face was jagged in places, and his right hand was bandaged up. He carried a stick with a straightened fish-hook at the end of it, and a basket containing odds and ends which looked like the claws and remnants of crayfish or lobsters. His hat was dented in several places, and looked as if it had been in trouble; and his general appearance was a disgrace to the office.

"Where, in the name of all that is idiotic, have you been?" we asked.

"Catching, or rather trying to catch, crabs," he replied. Then he proceeded to relate his adventures.

"You see," he said, "I have a special weakness for crabs. I like them boiled, or scraped and served on the half shell with egg and bread crumb. In the old country I used to buy them, and when I came out here I missed the dainty. When I asked a Newcastle fisherman for a crab, he said he did not deal in apples, and the oysterman told me that kind of bivalve did not grow here.

"One day I was on the beach, and I saw what I thought a fly moving along sideways in a hurry. The domestic fly never runs away from a fellow. It always makes for his nose, especially if his hands be engaged at the time; so I regarded this supposed fly curiously. I took out my pocket microscope and examined it, and found it was a crab!

"You can imagine my joy. I went into the School of Arts and borrowed all the books on crab-catching that glorious institute possessed. When I asked the secretary for them, he began a conversation on the relative merits of Hanlan and Laycock, and talked about some people named Cruise, Sherman, Hickey, and others. I asked what that had to do with crab-catching, and he replied that he thought I was a rowing man. And then he laughed.

"However, he sent out to the bookseller's, and borrowed some volumes for me. He explained that a subscriber had just emptied the shelves, and a messenger had taken away all the precious books from the library.

"I replied, 'That accounted for the scarcity of drays in the city that day.'

"'Well, hardly,' said the courteous secretary, 'for the messenger took all the books away in his pocket!'

"Anyhow, I got the books, and studied up the subject, and then took the wife and family on the beach to see their bread-winner catch crabs, and thus add to the frugal evening meal. I had a stick with a straightened fishhook on it—the same you see now—and I took along a clothes-basket to cart home the day's catch. Of course the maid-servants and the olive branches were in attendance to help carry the spoil.

"I thought those crabs would hurry along the open, and that then with the aid of the microscope, I could prod them as they ran. But they did not come. Then one of the maids suggested that the crab was shy, and as a rule sought the seclusion of the clefts and crannies in the rocks.

"I then began to peer beneath the boulders, and there I saw them, looking like women in a temper, with their arms (or claws) folded, and their eyes glaring. I fixed one fellow and prodded at him. I might as well have prodded at Memnon with a penknife. He guarded the blow, and the straightened hook bent back nearly into its original form. I beat it out with my heel, and went for that crab again; but this time he retreated further into his lair. Then I lay down, regardless of the starchiness of my white coat, the glossiness of my masher hat, or the set of my trousers, and grabbed at that crab tooth and nail. He in his turn went for me mouth and claw, and a Homeric struggle ensued, which I must confess I got the worst of. Entrenched behind, or rather between the walls of his lair of prehistoric basalt, he awaited the thrust of the deadly spear, and with his ironclad claw turned it aside, bending the yielding steel as if it were a twig. Quick as thought I repaired the damage, and followed up the charge.

"Here I heard an ominous sound, and discovered that the excitement and the rocks had rent the right knee of my nether garments.

"But what was Cobley's sixteen and sixpenny to vanquishing a demoniac crab who thus resisted me? I went to the charge again and again, split

more of Cobley, dented in my hat, cut my face with the rocks, ran the hook into my fingers in the many times I straightened it, and at length, meeting no further resistance, discovered that my enemy was dead.

"Then I scooped him out. He came from his lair in small pieces. First a claw, then a leg, then a bit of shell, then some yellow jelly, and lastly, two glazed, reproachful, staring eyes, that had become unattached during the conflict. Well, I took up the remnants, put them in the clothes basket, and tackled more crabs, but the result was always the same. I vanquished in the long run, but they always gave up in bits. I have not caught a whole one all day, and I think he is the pluckiest creature I have ever met.

"I will now go and buy some sticking plaster, but I must say my servant girl had no right to 'rub in the salt' after my failure. She asked me demurely, 'if we would have minced crab for breakfast?'"

Puzzles.

SHAKESPEARE ACROSTIC.

The initials give the name of the hero of a tragedy.

1.
Was drowned where "the willow grows ascaunt the brook."

2.
A misanthrope of Athens.

3.
A noble mind, "like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."

4.
Wife of the villain who caused an innocent lady's death.

5.
Found his daughters' ingratitude "sharper than a serpent's tooth."

6.
Suffered from "love-in-idleness" administered by Puck.

7.
Wooed and won his lady-love in the Forest of Arden.

[8 marks.

BURIED POETS.

1. I advise you to take at seven o'clock a row on the river. 2. Let us go to Moscow; perhaps it will be cooler there. 3. Ho! odorous pine woods. 4. The sad ant envies the busy bee. 5. Sam, ill-toned cur, be quiet. 6. Call your brother Francis out; he, you, and I will play tennis.

(This counts as two puzzles.) [8 marks.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Je suis le capitaine de vingt cinq soldats, et sans moi Paris serait pris. [4 marks.

If a cobbler loses his tools, why is he like a ruined bankrupt? [2 marks.

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. How many hours a day must 42 boys work, to do in 45 days what 27 men can do in 28 days of 10 hours long; the work of a boy being half that of a man? [8 marks.

2. A squad of 11 boys fired 10 shots each at a target, and scored 286. 20 bull's-eyes were made, and 11 misses. How many centres and outers were there? (N.B.—A bull's-eye scores 4, a centre 3, and an outer 2.) [8 marks.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Bubble-and-Squeak.

DOUBLE SQUARE WORD.

Ice Land
Can Area
End Neat
Date

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When they make twenty-two (22).
2. U, V, W, X, Y, Z, because they come after tea (T).

CRACKED NUTS.

1. In Roman notation, II represents two, V five, M one thousand. Divide II by V, and you get M = one thousand.

2. Let x represent the whole length of rod in inches. Then

$$\frac{x}{10}+\frac{x}{20}+\frac{x}{30}+\frac{x}{40}+\frac{x}{50}+\frac{x}{60}+302=x.$$

L. C. M. of denominators = 600.

$$\therefore 60x+30x+20x+15x+12x+10x+181{,}200=600x.$$

$$\therefore 453x=181{,}200.$$

$$\therefore \quad x=\frac{181{,}200}{453}=400.$$

$\therefore$ Length of rod = 400 inches.

Nut 2 several correspondents attempted to crack by arithmetic, but few have succeeded in giving a correct answer. The method given above is safer. Marks have been credited for as much working as was correct in each case.

TOTAL MARKS POSSIBLE, 26.—Beelzebub, Captain Nemo, Scheherezade, 26 marks; Hawkeye, Quicksilver, 24; Thasso, 19; Aladdin, 17; Our Corner Man, Hypatia, 16; Cromwell, Mignonette, Ottilie, Wanda, 14; Eureka, Jumbo, 10; Loki, Valiant, 8.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—WANDA and OTTILIE: I am afraid you work your puzzles together; this is against rules. In your case two heads are not better than one, for you copy each other's blunders.—A. F.: Thanks; we are not in want of stories just now. OLIVIA. Your answers, posted at Stockport, on August 13th, were too late. Answers must reach London not later than the 12th of each month.

PRIZES.—H. J. Lesemann should have been H. J. Sesemann.

YOUNG FOLKS' PUZZLE-CORNER RULES.

ANY girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on page 191. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

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Our Corner.

In our next issue will appear the first part of the promised drama by Mrs. EDGREN, entitled

"TRUE WOMEN."

CHARLES BRADLAUGH will contribute an article exposing Municipal Corruption, entitled

"TWELVE CITY COMPANIES,

How they stole their money and from whom it was stolen."

The articles on "Progress and Poverty," by D. will be resumed next month. That able writer has been ill, so I know my readers will forgive, however much they regret, his absence from this number.

The "Art Corner" will, for the future be written by ELIZABETH CRACKNELL, a lady of whose cultured pen I am glad to be able to avail myself.

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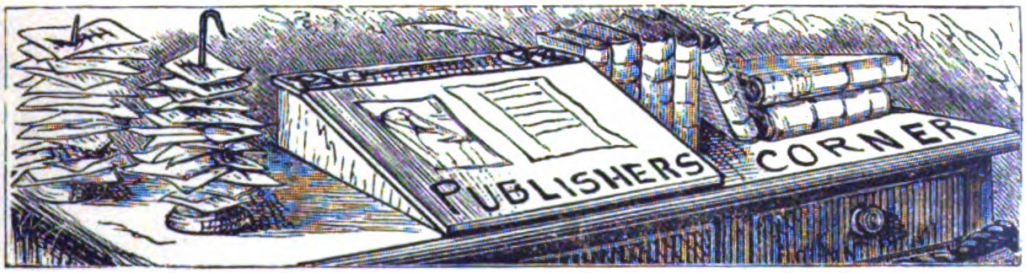

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Our Corner.

October 1, 1884.

Autobiographical Sketches.

By Annie Besant.

X.

The "world was all before us where to choose," but circumstances narrowed the choice down to Hobson's. I had no ready money beyond the first month's payment of my annuity; furnished lodgings were beyond my means, and I had nothing wherewith to buy furniture. My brother offered me a home, on condition that I should give up my "heretical friends" and keep quiet; but, being freed from one bondage, nothing was further from my thoughts than to enter another. Besides, I did not choose to be a burden on anyone, and I resolved to "get something to do," to rent a tiny house, and to make a nest where my mother, my little girl and I could live happily together. The difficulty was the "something;" I spent various shillings in agencies, with a quite wonderful unanimity of failures. I tried to get some fancy needlework, advertised as an infallible source of income to "ladies in reduced circumstances;" I fitted the advertisement admirably, for I was a lady, and my circumstances were decidedly reduced, but I only earned 4s. 6d. by weeks of stitching, and the materials cost nearly as much as the finished work. I experimented with a Birmingham firm, who generously offered everyone an opportunity of adding to their incomes, and received in answer to the small fee demanded a pencil-case, with an explanation that I was to

sell little articles of that description—going as far as cruet-stands—to my friends; I did not feel equal to springing pencil-cases and cruet-stands casually on my acquaintances, so did not start in that business. It would be idle to relate all the things I tried, and failed in, until I began to think that the "something to do" was not so easy to find as I had expected.

I made up my mind to settle at Upper Norwood, near Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who were more than good to me in my trouble; and I fixed on a very little house in Colby Road, Gipsy Hill, to be taken from the ensuing Easter. Then came the question of furniture; a friend of Mr. Scott's gave me an introduction to a manufacturer, who agreed to let me have furniture for a bedroom and sitting-room, and to let me pay him by monthly instalments. The next thing was to save a few months' annuity, and so have a little money in hand, wherewith to buy necessaries on starting, and to this end I decided to accept a loving invitation to Folkestone, where my grandmother was living with two of my aunts, and there to seek some employment, no matter what, provided it gave me food and lodging, and enabled me to put aside my few pounds a month.

Relieved from the constant strain of fear and anxiety, my health was rapidly improving, and the improvement became more rapid after I went down with my mother to Folkestone. The hearty welcome offered to me there was extended with equal warmth to little Mabel, who soon arrived, a most forlorn little maiden. She was only three years old, and she had not seen me for some weeks; her passion of delight was pitiful; she clung to me, in literal fashion, for weeks afterwards, and screamed if she lost sight of me for a moment; it was long before she got over the separation and the terror of her lonely journey from Sibsey and London in charge only of the guard. But she was a "winsome wee thing," and danced into everyone's heart; after "mamma," "granny" was the prime favorite, and my dear mother worshipped her first grand-daughter; never was prettier picture than the red-golden hair nestled against the white, the baby-grace contrasting with the worn stateliness of her tender nurse. From that time forward—with the exception of a few weeks of which I shall speak presently and of the yearly stay of a month with her father—little Mabel was my constant companion, until Sir George Jessel's brutality robbed me of my child. She would play contentedly while I was working, a word now and again enough to make her happy; when I had to go out without her she would run to the door with me,

and the "good-bye" came from down-curved lips, and she was ever watching at the window for my return, and the sunny face was always the first to welcome me home. Many and many a time have I been coming home, weary and heart-sick, and the glimpse of the little face watching has reminded me that I must not carry in a grave face to sadden my darling, and the effort to throw off the dreariness for her sake shook it off altogether, and brought back the sunshine. I have never forgiven Sir George Jessel, and I never shall, though his death has left me only his memory to hate.

At Folkestone, I continued my search for "something to do," and for some weeks sought for pupils, thinking I might thus turn my heresy to account. But pupils are not readily attainable by a heretic woman, away from her natural home, and with a young child as "encumbrance." It chanced, however, that the vicar of Folkestone, Mr. Woodward, was then without a governess, and his wife was in very delicate health. My people knew him well, and as I had plenty of spare time, I offered to teach the children for a few hours a day. The offer was gladly accepted, and I soon arranged to go and stay at the house for awhile, until he could find a regular governess. I thought that at least I could save my small income while I was there, and Mabel and I were to be boarded and lodged in exchange for my work. This work was fairly heavy, but I did not mind that; it soon became heavier. Some serious fault on the part of one or both servants led to their sudden retirement, and I became head cook as well as governess and nurse. On the whole, I think I shall not try to live by cooking, if other trades fail; I don't mind boiling and frying, and making pie-crust is rather pleasant, but I do object to lifting saucepans and blistering my hands over heavy kettles. There is a certain charm in making a stew, especially to the unaccustomed cook, because of the excitement of wondering what the result of such various ingredients will be, and whether any flavor save that of onions will survive the competition in the mixture. On the whole my services as cook were voted very successful; I did my cooking better than I did my sweeping; the latter was a failure from sheer want of muscular strength.

This curious episode came to an end abruptly. One of my little pupils fell ill with diptheria, and I was transformed from cook into sick-nurse. I sent my Mabel off promptly to her dear grandmother's care, and gave myself up to my old delight in nursing. But it is a horrible disease, diptheria, and the suffering of the patient is frightful

to witness. I shall never forget the poor little girl's black parched lips and gasping breath.

Scarcely was she convalescent, when the youngest boy, a fine, strong, healthy little fellow, sickened with scarlet fever. We elders held a consultation, and decided to isolate the top floor from the rest of the house, and to nurse the little lad there; it seemed almost hopeless to prevent such a disease from spreading through a family of children, but our vigorous measures were successful, and none other suffered. I was voted to the post of nurse, and installed myself promptly, taking up the carpets, turning out the curtains, and across the doorways hanging sheets which I kept always wet with chloride of lime. My meals were brought upstairs and put on the landing outside; my patient and I remained completely isolated, until the disease had run its course; and when all risk was over, I proudly handed over my charge, the disease touching no other member of the flock.

It was a strange time, those weeks of the autumn and early winter in Mr. Woodward's house. He was a remarkably good man, very religious and to a very remarkable extent not "of this world." A "priest" to the tips of his finger-nails, and looking on his priestly office as the highest a man could fill, he yet held it always as one which put him at the service of the poorest who needed help. He was very good to me, and while deeply lamenting my "perversion," held, by some strange unpriestlike charity, that my "unbelief" was but a passing cloud, sent as trial by "the Lord," and soon to vanish again, leaving me in the "sunshine of faith." He marvelled much, I learned afterwards, where I gained my readiness to work heartily for others, and to remain serenely content amid the roughnesses of my toiling life. To my great amusement I heard later that his elder daughters, trained in strictest observance of all Church ceremonies, had much discussed my non-attendance at the Sacrament, and had finally arrived at the conclusion that I had committed some deadly sin, for which the humble work which I undertook at their house was the appointed penance, and that I was excluded from "the Blessed Sacrament" until the penance was completed!

Very shortly after the illness above-mentioned, my mother went up to town, whither I was soon to follow her, for now the spring had arrived, and it was time to prepare our new home. How eagerly we had looked forward to taking possession; how we had talked over our life together and knitted on the new one we anticipated to the old one we remembered; how we had planned out Mabel's training and

arranged the duties that should fall to the share of each! Day-dreams, that never were to be realised!

But a brief space had passed since my mother's arrival in town, when I received a telegram from my brother, stating that she was dangerously ill, and summoning me at once to her bedside. As swiftly as express train could carry me to London I was there, and found my darling in bed, prostrate, the doctor only giving her three days to live. One moment's sight I caught of her face, drawn and haggard; then as she saw me it all changed into delight; "At last! now I can rest."

The brave spirit had at length broken down, never again to rise; the action of her heart had failed, the valves no longer performed their duty, and the bluish shade of forehead and neck told that the blood was no longer sent pure and vivifying through the arteries. But her death was not as near as the doctor had feared; "I do not think she can live four-and-twenty hours," he said to me, after I had been with her for two days. I told her his verdict, but it moved her little; "I do not feel that I am going to die just yet," she said resolutely, and she was right. There was an attack of fearful prostration, a very wrestling with death, and then the grim shadow drew backwards, and she struggled back to life. Soon, as is usual in cases of such disease, dropsy supervened, with all its weariness of discomfort, and for week after week her long martyrdom dragged on. I nursed her night and day, with a very desperation of tenderness, for now fate had touched the thing that was dearest to me in life. A second horrible crisis came, and for the second time her tenacity and my love beat back the death-stroke. She did not wish to die—the love of life was strong in her; I would not let her die; between us we kept the foe at bay.

At this period, after eighteen months of abstention, and for the last time, I took the Sacrament. This statement will seem strange to my readers, but the matter happened in this wise:

My dear mother had an intense longing to take it, but absolutely refused to do so unless I partook of it with her. "If it be necessary to salvation," she persisted doggedly, "I will not take it if darling Annie is to be shut out. I would rather be lost with her than saved without her." In vain I urged that I could not take it without telling the officiating clergyman of my heresy, and that under such circumstances the clergyman would be sure to refuse to administer to me. She insisted that she could not die happy if she did not take it with

me. I went to a clergyman I knew well, and laid the case before him; as I expected, he refused to allow me to communicate. I tried a second; the result was the same. I was in despair; to me the service was foolish and superstitious, but I would have done a great deal more for my mother than eat bread and drink wine, provided that the eating and drinking did not, by pretence of faith on my part, soil my honesty. At last a thought struck me; there was Dean Stanley, my mother's favorite, a man known to be of the broadest school within the Church of England; suppose I asked him? I did not know him, though as a young child I had known his sister as my mother's friend, and I felt the request would be something of an impertinence. Yet there was just the chance that he might conssnt, and then my darling's deathbed would be the easier. I told no one, but set out resolutely for the Deanery, Westminster, timidly asked for the Dean, and followed the servant upstairs with a very sinking heart. I was left for a moment alone in the library, and then the Dean came in; I don't think I ever in my life felt more intensely uncomfortable than I did in that minute's interval, as he stood waiting for me to speak, his clear, grave, piercing eyes gazing right into mine.

Very falteringly I preferred my request, stating baldly that I was not a believer in Christ, that my mother was dying, that she was fretting to take the Sacrament, that she would not take it unless I took it with her, that two clergymen had refused to allow me to take part in the service, that I had come to him in despair, feeling how great was the intrusion, but—she was dying.

"You were quite right to come to me," he said as I concluded, in that soft musical voice of his, his keen gaze having changed into one no less direct, but marvellously gentle; "of course, I will go and see your mother, and I have little doubt that if you will not mind talking over your position with me, we may see our way clear to doing as your mother wishes."

I could barely speak my thanks, so much did the kindly sympathy move me; the revulsion from the anxiety and fear of rebuff was strong enough to be almost pain. But Dean Stanley did more than I asked. He suggested that he should call that afternon, and have a quiet chat with my mother, and then come again on the following day to administer the Sacrament.

"A stranger's presence is always trying to a sick person," he said, with rare delicacy of thought; "and joined to the excitement of the service it might be too much for your dear mother. If I spend half-

an-hour with her to-day, and administer the Sacrament to-morrow, it will, I think, be better for her."

So Dean Stanley came that afternoon, and remained talking with my mother for about half-an-hour, and then set himself to understand my own position. He finally told me that conduct was far more important than theory, and that he regarded all as "Christians" who recognised and tried to follow the moral law. On the question of the absolute Deity of Jesus he laid but little stress; Jesus was, "in a special sense," the "Son of God," but it was folly to jangle about words with only human meanings when dealing with the mysteries of divine existence, and above all it was folly to make such words into dividing lines between earnest souls. The one important matter was the recognition of "duty to God and man," and all who were one in that recognition might rightfully join in an act of worship, the essence of which was not acceptance of dogma, but love of God and self-sacrifice for man. "The Holy Communion," he said, in his soft tones, "was never meant to divide from each other hearts that are searching after the one true God; it was meant by its founder as a symbol of unity, not of strife."

On the following day he came again, and celebrated the "Holy Communion" by the bedside of my dear mother. Well was I repaid for the struggle it had cost me to ask so great a kindness from a stranger, when I saw the comfort that gentle noble heart had given to my mother. He soothed away all her anxiety about my heresy with tactful wisdom, bidding her have no fear of differences of opinion where the heart was set on truth. "Remember," she told me he had said to her, "remember that our God is the God of truth, and that therefore the honest search for truth can never be displeasing in his eyes."

Once again after that he came, and after his visit to my mother we had another long talk. I ventured to ask him, the conversation having turned that way, how, with views so broad as his own, he found it possible to remain in communion with the Church of England. "I think," he said gently, "that I am of more service to true religion by remaining in the Church and striving to widen its boundaries from within, than if I left it and worked from without." And he went on to explain how, as Dean of Westminster, he was in a rarely independent position, and could make the Abbey of a wider national service than would otherwise be possible. In all he said on this his love for and his pride in the glorious Abbey were manifest, and it

was easy to see that old historical associations, love of music, of painting, and of stately architecture, were the bonds that held him bound to the "old historic Church of England." His emotions, not his intellect, kept him Churchman, and he shrunk with the over-sensitiveness of the cultured scholar from the idea of allowing the old traditions to be handled roughly by inartistic hands. Naturally of a refined and delicate nature, he had been rendered yet more sensitive by the training of the college and the court; the exquisite courtesy of his manners was but the high polish of a naturally gentle and artistic spirit, a spirit whose gentleness sometimes veiled its strength. I have often heard Dean Stanley harshly spoken of, I have heard his honesty roughly challenged, but never in my presence has he been attacked that I have not uttered my protest against the injustice done him, and thus striven to repay some small fraction of that great debt of gratitude which I shall owe to his memory as long as I live.

As the spring grew warmer, my mother rallied wonderfully, and we began to dare to hope. At last it was decided to move her down to Norwood; she was wearying for change, and it was thought that the purer air of the country might aid the system to recover tone and strength. The furniture was waiting for me to send for it, and it was soon conveyed to Colby Road; it only furnished two rooms, but I could easily sleep on the floor, and I made the two rooms on the ground floor into bedroom and sitting-room for my dear invalid. One little servant-maid was all our slender resources could afford, and a very charming one was found for me by Mrs. Scott. Through the months of hard work and poor living that followed, Mary was the most thoughtful and most generous of comrades. And, indeed, I have been very fortunate in my servants, always finding in them willingness to help, and freely-rendered, ungrudging kindness.

I have just said that I could only furnish two rooms, but on my next visit to complete all the arrangements for my mother's reception, I found the bedroom that was to be mine neatly and prettily furnished. The good fairy was Mrs. Scott, who, learning the "nakedness of the land" from Mary, had determined that I should not be as uncomfortable as I had expected.

It was the beginning of May, and the air was soft and bright and warm. We hired an invalid carriage and drove slowly down to Norwood. My mother seemed to enjoy the drive, and when we lifted her into the bright cosy room prepared for her, she was delighted

with the change. On the following morning the improvement was continued, but in the evening she was taken suddenly worse, and we lifted her into bed and telegraphed for the doctor. But now the end had come; her strength completely failed, and she felt that death was upon her; but selfless to the last, her only fear was for me. "I am leaving you alone," she would sigh from time to time, and truly I felt, with an anguish I dared not realise, that when she died, I should indeed be alone on earth.

For two days longer she was with me, and, miser with my last few hours, I never left her side for five minutes. At last on the 10th of May the weakness passed into delirium, but even then the faithful eyes followed me about the room, until at length they closed for ever, and as the sun sank low in the heavens, the breath came slower and slower, and the silence of death came down upon us and she was gone.

All that followed was like a dream. I would have none touch my dead save myself and her favorite sister, who was with us at the last; she wept over her, but I could not, not even when they hid her beneath the coffin-lid, nor all that weary way to Kensal Green, whither we took her to lay her with her husband and her baby-son. I could not believe that our day-dream was dead and buried, and the home destroyed ere it was fairly made. My "house was left unto" me "desolate," and the rooms filled with sunshine, but unlighted by her presence, seemed to reiterate to me: "You are all alone."

(To be continued.)

Twelve Great City Companies.

HOW THEY STOLE THEIR MONEY, FROM WHOM THEY STOLE IT, AND HOW RESTITUTION IS TO BE COMPELLED.

To treat this theme properly it is necessary to at least allude to the wider question of London Municipal Reform, of which it forms only a branch, and to show the status of some rather more than six dozen City companies, amongst which these twelve have a bad pre-eminence for much dining and drinking at the cost of the poor. It is, perhaps, also necessary to explain the meaning in Corporation philology of the verb "to steal." It really only means, to appropriate without moral right, to acquire without the shadow of moral justification. It does not mean that the twelve companies have by themselves, their clerks or beadles, committed petty larceny or burglary; but it does mean that they have been sometimes fraudulent and sometimes careless trustees, and often dishonest appropriators of moneys left to them by too confiding testators, who intended to feed the poor, but who have really

contributed to fatten the rich. Nor, in alleging that the rich City companies have grown rich by bad means, is it intended to suggest that the individual masters, wardens, and members of courts of assistants, are themselves in all things dishonorable or bad; it is admitted that it is very possible for good men to administer a bad system, and to be by habit blunted to its viciousness.

To use the words of a great judge: "There is no possibility for any imputation of bad or corrupt conduct against the defendants, who beyond all question have applied this fund just in the manner in which it was applied by their predecessors; in all probability they never looked at the original foundation at all."

In the discussion of the reform of the corporation of the City of London there are two grave questions at the head of the array of burning questions involved (1) the municipal authority it wields, and (2) the property it possesses. On the first the question is whether that authority should be left in the hands of the comparatively small handful of persons now found within the limits of the City actually as residents? or artificially as liverymen? This question has been most exhaustively treated by Mr. J. B. B. Firth in his formidable volume on "Municipal London," and has been stated with great clearness and in briefer form in the essay on "London Government and how to Reform it," by the same author, published at the instance of the Cobden Club. The second question involves (*a*) What property does the City really possess? (*b*) How did it become the owner? (*c*) Is it, the ownership, subject to any trusts? (*d*) Have these trusts been fulfilled or has the money been wasted in heavy feeding or in riotous living? It is only in part to the second portion of the enquiry that this paper is addressed, and here the most valuable help has recently been given by the Report of the Royal Commission on the City Livery Companies. Any estimate of the wealth of the Corporation of the City of London must in fairness include the whole of the property at present held by the various City companies. These companies in the past clearly were each and all constituent and integral parts of the Municipal Corporation of the City of London, and it is for those who to-day wish to make out that they are separate bodies, with private property and with no public duties, to show when their character changed. No person in old times could be a freeman of the City who was not already a member of one of the companies. The constituency called the Common Hall was made up only of the liverymen of these companies. It was by this constituency that the Lord Mayor was formally elected, and the liverymen were admitted to the Guildhall yard, each wicket marked with the name of a company and guarded by its respective beadle. The liverymen of such companies as such enjoy, and since 1475 have enjoyed, the parliamentary franchise for the City of London. In the 49th year of the reign of Edward III. it was enacted by an ordinance of the *Communitas* that all City officers were to be elected by the livery companies. Membership of these livery companies is still necessary to entitle a citizen to hold certain offices, as those of Mayor and Sheriff.

Without the property of the companies, the total annual income of the City is roughly about £2,350,000, and its indebtedness is about £5,300,000. It is not proposed to discuss this portion of the subject here.

There are 74 city companies with an admittedly additional annual income of about £800,000, of which the companies claim that about £600,000 per annum is private property, and of which they admit that the remaining £200,000 are held by them in trust. It is submitted here that with very trifling exception the great mass of property received by each and every one of these companies has been received on trust, directed specifically by the donor or implied by the Charter, and that in many cases such trusts are either utterly unfulfilled, or are absurdly out of harmony with the needs of the present day. That is, it is contended, that they have really no private property, and that for the trusts which have become absurd or forgotten it is the duty of Parliament to provide by statute. These livery companies originally consisted of traders carrying on the business with which each company is by name identified, and usually living in the same quarter of the City. The members were actual craftsmen, workers or employers. These City companies were incorporated, and obtained from time to time their various charters for the object, real or pretended, of benefiting trade, creating and preserving special trade privileges, regulating prices, training skilled artisans, preventing adulteration or use of inferior material, repressing bad workmanship, and assisting decayed and infirm members. I omit the religious features of the early guilds. The companies were the outcome of the craft-guilds and guild-merchants, formed in industrial and mercantile centres in various parts of Europe; Brentano considers their origin mainly English. In London they were so powerful that it was impossible to carry on a trade unless enrolled in the guild of that trade. An interesting chapter on these guilds generally is given in the First Report of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau, 1870-71. London 500 years ago was a seat of manufactures in cloth, iron, silk, leather, &c., and for trade was the chief port of Northern Europe. Its guilds, or livery companies, so called because the members wore and were entitled, and in some cases compelled, to wear the livery of their trade, became in high degree important. In old times, members of guilds were posted at the City gates to see that none passed wearing a livery to which he was not entitled. These means of income were (1) the subscriptions from their members and fines exacted under their charters, but these were probably not more than sufficient to meet the ordinary expenditure; the great source of wealth was (2) the legacies and bequests, religious, benevolent, and for the promotion of the trade connected with the particular company. Originally none was admitted to the livery of any company whose art he did not practise, and the bequests were thus more or less limited in aid of the trade intended to be benefited. The livery companies are managed by a Master Warden and Court of Assistants. To-day there are about 7,319 liverymen, of whom about 1,500 form the Courts. These Courts deal with vast wealth, they have large patronage, they mechanically and of habit administer trusts which have in many instances ceased to be beneficial to any human being, they are not easily amenable to check, audit, or control, and they have not applied to the property they have dealt with the rules of morality which they would as individuals apply to property in the ordinary transactions of life. The following is the admitted annual income of the various companies. Whether this income would not be much larger if estates let in some cases to members of Courts or their nominees at low rentals were reckoned at the

profit-rents obtained by the fortunate lessees from their under-tenants, is a question which it is not at present easy to accurately determine. There is also the doubt how far some of the returns may convey the whole truth; one property, Bradbury's Charity, returned in 1877 by the Mercers' Company at 30s. per year, is stated to be rated at £27,765 annual value. The Mercers now return £9 10s. a year, and deny that the annual value is more than £13,000. In the separate report of Mr. J. B. B. Firth on the Royal Commission, and in Chapter III. of his book "Municipal London," a host of facts are given on this head, but the following figures are taken from pp. 26 and 27 of the majority report:—

Company.	Annual Income 1879 or 1880. £	Corporate Income. £	Trust Income. £
Mercers	82,758	47,341	35,417
Grocers	38,236	37,736	500
Drapers	78,654	50,141	28,513
Fishmongers	50,713	46,913	3,800
Goldsmiths	54,297	43,505	10,792
Skinners	28,927	18,977	9,950
Merchant Taylors	43,311	31,243	12,068
Haberdashers	29,032	9,032	20,000
Salters	21,040	18,892	2,148
Ironmongers	21,647	9,625	12,822
Vintners	10,887	9,365	1,522
Clothworkers	50,458	40,458	10,000

The above are called the twelve great City Companies; the annual value of their Halls is about £35,000, and they have plate and furniture worth £270,000. The others are called the Minor Companies.

Minor Companies.

Company.	Annual Income 1879 or 1880. £	Corporate Income. £	Trust Income. £
Apothecaries	3,898	3,398	500
Armorers	8,086	8,026	60
Bakers	1,911	1,591	320
Barbers	1,720	1,120	600
Basketmakers	61	61	None
Blacksmiths	684	684	None
Bowyers	590	550	40
Broderers	No return	——	70 (?)
Brewers	18,640	3,157	15,482
Butchers	2,021	1,389	632
Carpenters	11,318	10,378	940
Clockmakers	—	—	—
Coachmakers	1,179	1,179	None
Cooks	2,560	2,380	180
Coopers	7,120	2,420	4,700
Cordwainers	7,754	6,154	1,600
Curriers	1,295	1,245	50
Cutlers	5,387	5,337	50
Distillers	No return	—	—
Dyers	7,000	6,000	1,000
Fanmakers	250	250	None
Farriers	240	240	None
Feltmakers	362	172	190
Fletchers	150	150	None

Company.	Annual Income 1879 or 1880. £	Corporate Income. £	Trust Income. £
Founders	1,943	1,853	90
Framework Knitters	310	180	130
Fruiterers	470	467	3
Girdlers	4,306	2,932	1,374
Glass Sellers	190	100	90
Glaziers	300	260	40
Glovers	150	150	None
Gold and Silver Wyre Drawers	65	62	3
Gunmakers	2,565	2,565	None
Horners	100	100	None
Innholders	1,547	1,327	220
Joiners	1,312	1,312	None
Leathersellers	18,728	16,395	2,333
Loriners	1,267	1,267	None
Masons	400	400	None
Musicians	400	400	None
Needlemakers	250	250	None
Painters	3,100	800	2,300
Pattern Makers	300	286	14
Pewterers	3,850	3,610	240
Plasterers	900	867	33
Playing-card Makers	50	50	None
Plumbers	900	882	18
Poulterers	1,050	620	430
Saddlers	11,243	10,243	1,000
Scriveners	856	846	10
Shipwrights	833	833	None
Spectaclemakers	1,134	1,089	45
Stationers	4,746	3,170	1,576
Tallow Chandlers	No return	—	220
Tinplate Workers	No return	—	37
Tylers and Bricklayers	834	664	170
Turners	718	718	None
Upholders	353	333	20
Wax Chandlers	1,605	1,375	230
Weavers	No return	—	—
Wheelwrights	319	319	None
Woolmen	300	300	None

Their halls are worth about £50,000 a year, and their plate and furniture about £50,000.

Mr. J. R. Phillips, who has made careful calculations, is of opinion that the companies have understated the value of the property from which they derive their income, and that it is really worth more than one million sterling per year.

It will be seen that the total income is divided into corporate and trust income. Sir Richard Cross, Sir N. M. de Rothschild, and Mr. Alderman Cotton, in the minority report of the Royal Commission, declare that the corporate property of the livery companies is as much their own, and with as full right of disposition in the eye of the law, as that of any private individual. Legally this may now be so, but it

is only so because a bad law has by judicial interpretation grown up in this matter. When some charitable donor left property to the company then worth say 20s. per year, and imposed an annual trust payment of 19s. 6d. per year, he imagined that he was giving and intended to give the bulk of the property to the trust, and only the very small surplus to the company charged with the administering trusteeship. But the 20s. annual rental has increased enormously, the 19s. 6d. remains the fixed charge for the poor, though it has no longer its old purchasing power. Instead of 6d. per year the surplus becomes hundreds of pounds, and this is an illustration of what is now claimed as the corporate private property. A fair instance in the case of the Cutlers' Company is found in the bequest of John Craythorne, who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth left property then worth little more than £20 a-year, charged with the payment of £19 13s. 4d. That same property is to-day worth £7,600 per year; it is right to add that the Cutlers' Company have since the commencement of the agitation on this matter increased their educational payments to the extent of about one-twentieth of their tavern bills, or nearly one twenty-fifth, if their expenditure for wines and spirits be reckoned. John Craythorne gave out of property £19 13s. 4d., £6 13s. 4d. for education, £13 for charities. Out of that same property in 1880 the Cutlers spent in eating, drinking, singing and bonbons £2,200. For promotion of the cutlery trade they spent £169 5s. 6d. The Cutlers' Company was chartered and authorised to exist with powers for certain trade purposes. With charming unconsciousness of ill it admits that "it has not for many years appeared practicable or for the advantage of trade" that it should exercise these powers.

Another property of the Mercers' Company to-day charged with £9 10s. as already mentioned, admittedly realises £13,000.

In some cases corporate or private property ceased to be trust property, and largely accrued to these city companies at the great fire of London, when many of the documents prescribing the trusts were burned, and the company thenceforth held on to the property, unencumbered by any conscientious scruples or inconvenient memories. In some cases money has been left to the companies to invest in land for charitable purposes; the land is now worth ten times, or perhaps one hundred times, the original value, but the companies only account for the income on the amount of the original bequest. The companies say that some of the property they claim as private property became so because, being dedicated by the donors to superstitious uses, the companies paid £18,700 to King Edward VI. to prevent the property becoming forfeit to the Crown. The disposition of the £800,000 per year is in the highest degree objectionable, although some small improvements have taken place during the past fifteen years. About £40,000 are taken by the members of Courts as Court fees, varying from £5 5s. to 10s. 6d. per attendance; £60,000 is spent on salaries, some of the companies' clerks getting from £700 to £2,000 each per annum. Entertainments cost £100,000 a year. Some individual members of the Courts of Assistants get as much as £300, and £150 a year is by no means uncommon. The chief duty performed by a Court member is at the various dinners and entertainments. In the Mercers' Company, the Court of Assistants divide between them £8,760 a year.

The Drapers' spend £6,112 in the year on entertainments, and £4,984 on Court fees and dinners. The Saddlers' annually devote £2,130 to Court fees, and £3,046 to entertainments. Alderman Cotton declares that the dinners "do much good by bringing all classes together." Alderman Cotton's notion of "all classes" can hardly be a wide one. Up to 1877 the rich livery companies had done comparatively little for technical education. In that year, possibly in consequence of the public outcry, a considerable increase took place in the annual grants for this purpose, but even now the total amount subscribed is ridiculously small when compared with enormous sums which they can only receive and hold under charters granted on the supposition that these companies were to encourage and further their respective crafts.

As the Law Courts are now powerless to compel restitution from the Companies, Parliament should deal with the matter; and as it would now probably involve costly litigation to proceed to vacate the various charters, there should be immediately statutory direction applying the vast wealth of all these City Companies to objects of acknowledged public utility. If in any case useful charities exist, or clear private property be made out these should be respected; but otherwise an immediate determination should be put to the devouring dead men's goods and widows' houses by hypocritical wine-bibbers.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

Giulia Saviera.

BY ELIN AMEEN.

IT was on a wet and windy day in the autumn that I, together with my fellow-travellers, found myself at the small village J., situated in the heart of Italy. The neighborhood was renowned for its many exquisite views, and we had purposed halting for a day in order to go sight-seeing. We had arrived early in the morning, amidst pouring rain and sharp wind. The storm had increased, and after having found refuge at the insignificant, not overtidy inn, we were obliged to renounce all thoughts of making any excursions that day. After having finished our meagre lunch, I took my place at the window, sulkily looking out on the pouring rain, ever increasing. I then observed how large parties of people, defying the storm, were all going in one direction.

"Where do all these men and women go to, Giacomo?" I asked the waiter.

"Has not the signora heard of it? It is to-day that Giulia Saviera is to be brought to trial."

"Who is Giulia Saviera?"

"A young woman who has murdered her husband."

"How dreadful! Is it believed that she is guilty?"

"Oh yes, signora, without doubt."

"But what was the cause of the crime?"

"No one can imagine the reason, but they hope that she will confess to-day and let the truth be known."

"Is it far from here to the court?"

"Not at all; only a short way up that street. Perhaps the travellers had a mind to be present at the trial?"

We looked at each other, debated, and finally determined on going, as we had nothing else to do.

When we arrived at the place, the hall was already filled with a curious, screaming mass of people; but a sudden silence followed on our entrance, and room was made for us with great readiness as we passed on. We took our places on the very first bench outside the bar, on the inner side of which were the judge and the officers of the court, and where also the witnesses and the accused were to appear.

Before we had had time to seat ourselves, the noise and screaming had begun again, but when after a short while a door was opened to the left side within the bar, there fell a sudden hush so deep that it was as if all these men and women had ceased breathing. The next moment the accused entered, accompanied by an officer.

The dark dress, like that of a nun, was not able to disfigure the exquisite beauty of her face and figure. She seemed to be very young, and, as I was afterwards told, her age was only sixteen. The face was pale, with pure, noble features; the cheeks had still childhood's roundness, and the lips were full and firmly pressed together. Her greatest beauty consisted in her rich, curly hair of that reddish brown tint which is sometimes observed on the women in certain parts of Italy. She was tall, slight, and slender.

I could well observe even the smallest details from the place I occupied. While the judge made the usual preliminary questions, she kept her eyelids down the whole time. There was a calm, cold expression spread over the pale face, but nothing that told of obstinacy or brutality. I rather seemed to trace that in happier days this face must have been very sweet and lovely, so soft and tender were the features. She answered the questions of the judge in a low voice, but without hesitation. The accusation was as follows:—

Giulia, daughter of the deceased Matteo, had six months ago entered into matrimony with Giovanni, a young shepherd. They had lived happily together, and nobody suspected that there could be any grudge between them, when one day Saviera was found murdered in his bed. His throat had been been cut with a huge knife that lay on the floor by the side of the bed. Giulia had been caught with hands and clothes bloody. She made no resistance when taken prisoner, but at a former hearing had maintained an obstinate silence. To-day a few more witnesses were to be examined, and it was hoped that the full truth would be brought to light.

The first witness that appeared was the mother of the accused. Amidst tears and much sobbing came the words from her lips. At the first sound of her voice, there passed a slight thrill through Giulia's slender frame. She half opened her eyelids, but then shut them again and remained calm and cold.

"Alas, what shall I say about my unhappy child!" wailed the mother, wringing her hands. "You know it well, judge, and you who are gathered here, who saw her grow up from very childhood to lovely womanhood—though now, alas, scarce more than a child! You who have played with her in innocence, you who danced at her

wedding, not more than six months ago—you well know, she was always a darling, our joy and sunshine! Giovanni Saviera was her first and only love, and the day we dressed her as his bride she said was the happiest in her life. I never heard a harsh word exchanged between them. Giulia was ever mild and good, though Giovanni sometimes appeared to be very avaricious. Judge, I cannot believe her guilty of this awful deed! It often happens that the young men here get quarrelsome, and easily does a knife find its way to a breast —but never was a young woman heard of committing such a crime. Giulia, my only child, say that thou didst not do it!"

But Giulia remained immovable with drooping eyelids.

Several witnesses followed, and all agreed in declaring that the young couple had lived together lovingly and happily.

But *why* had she, then, committed this crime, if indeed she had committed it?

A brother of Giovanni deposed:

"Two nights before Giovanni was found murdered in his bed, we were together with our herds. I had been farther up the mountains with mine during the last week. Amongst other news from the village, Giovanni spoke of two rich Englishmen who had been staying there for some days. He was pondering on a transaction with one of them. On my questioning him, he refused to tell me what kind of transaction it was. When we approached the village Giulia met us, and greeted us kindly and gaily. She took a bundle of dry branches from his shoulder, while she smilingly said that it was her duty to share all his burdens. She was quite the same as usual, chatting and laughing. That she had no evil intention then I can swear. On the other hand, there was something strange and stiff in Giovanni's manner towards her.

"The following day I spoke to my brother, and asked how his business with the Englishman was proceeding. His face darkened, he swore a terrible oath, and answered that the Englishman was gone. I laughed at him, thinking that the foreign signor perhaps had admired Giulia's beauty, and that Giovanni's jealousy was the whole affair.

"I did not meet with Giulia that day. Giovanni said she had gone out with the herds—at that time they used to go out by turns, or both of them together. The next day, when I called in order to ask Giovanni to accompany me, I found him still in bed. When I called him by name he did not answer, and on going nearer I found he was dead, with a gaping wound in his throat, and a bloody knife on the floor beside him! Terrified, I went to look for Giulia, and found her upstairs, occupied in changing her clothes; but when I saw the blood-spotted skirt and her hands tinged with gore, I was seized with a mad terror, and hastened to denounce the crime before the judge. I have no more to say, but I can swear that Giulia is the murderess of my poor brother."

His evidence did not seem to make the least impression on Giulia. She maintained the same marble calmness as before. How awfully this calm contrasted with the sweet, childish features! The brown hands, which she kept close together, were so small and finely shaped that I could not possibly imagine them handling the murderous knife.

Other witnesses were heard. The blood-spotted skirt was sworn to as belonging to Giulia. The knife by which the deed had been accomplished, acknowledged to be owned by Giovanni.

There could be no doubt: Giulia *was* the murderess of her husband—even I felt assured of that. But *why* had she committed this terrible crime? I felt a burning interest to learn the solution of the riddle. It was impossible not to feel pity for the beautiful young creature. I could not think of her being guilty, without having been subjected to some terrible injury.

The judge turned himself towards her, saying:

"Giulia, the wife of Saviera, before the sentence is passed, thou hast a right to defend thyself, or by a true and sincere confession to bring some palliating circumstance to light. What hast thou to say?"

"Nothing!" was uttered loud and distinctly by the proud lips.

"Dost thou confess to being guilty of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Dost thou feel no repentance for thy horrible deed?"

For the first time her eyelids were lifted, and showed a pair of eyes in which burned a terrible fire. "No!"

"Dost thou not wish that the crime could be undone, and thy husband still alive, and thou not the cause of his death?"

"No; were he living I would do it again." She uttered this in a passionate voice quite unlike her former calm, while her eyes glistened like flaming fire. She was terrible to look at, in spite of her marvellous beauty.

"How hast thou become so changed!" exclaimed the good old judge, and this question could also be read on every face present.

Her only answer was a bitter, scornful smile.

"Wilt thou tell us what the cause was of this terrible crime—why thou committedst it? Did Giovanni pain thee with jealousy?"

"Giovanni jealous!" And she again smiled bitterly.

"Hast thou nothing to say that can alleviate the sentence?"

"I wish for no alleviation."

"Wilt thou not tell us when the thought of murder first entered thy mind?"

"Only two days before . . . ."

"And thou lovedst Giovanni till then?"

A flaming blush spread itself over her face, and I fancied I saw a tear glisten in her eye. "She is not so hard, after all," I thought; but the next instant she was again the same, and icy cold as before.

"The sentence will not be passed till a few days hence," continued the judge. "Padre Rinaldo will further speak to thee—perhaps he will be able to persuade thee to greater sincerity, and something still be found out to alleviate the sentence."

"I have to-day said all I have to say," was the obstinate reply.

The judge sighed and shook his grey head.

"Conduct the prisoner back to the prison," said he to the gaoler; "she has confessed herself guilty, and this is the last court day, but the final sentence will not be passed for some days to come."

Whilst Giulia went towards the door, with the bearing more of a queen than a criminal, the agonised mother started forward and threw herself at her child's feet, embracing her knees.

"Oh! Giulia, Giulia, my only one, my sunshine; say but one word of comfort before thou goest; say that thou repentest, and the Madonna shall forgive thee thy atrocious crime! Say something that can lessen thy guilt, and take away one drop of the bitter shame and sorrow, and I will press thee to my heart; then thou art still my beloved child! Thou wert mad—beside thyself; thou knewedst not what thou didst. Alas! when thou as a wee babe wert resting on my bosom, when thou as a rosy maiden didst help me, working diligently; when thou stoodst a radiant bride—ah me! how could I have foreseen what should happen! But whatever thou hast done, I will pray day and night for thy soul. Oh, that thou couldst lessen the agony, and show us that thou art not so cruel and hard. Tell us, Giulia, only tell *why* thou didst it!"

During the mother's passionate speech Giulia had softened by degrees, her bosom heaved, there were a quivering of the eyelids and nervous twitchings of the lips. She drew her mother quite close, flung her arms passionately around her neck, and whispered, what only we who were sitting so close could hear:

"*Mother, he sold me!*"

And she fell in a dead faint to the floor.

On a Mummy.

I WOULD not be remembered so
By friend or stranger, or by foe;
I would not that my callous face,
So withered out of human grace,
Should tell to gazers there had been
A man long since of some such mien.

See, death's eternal pathos here,
Wins scarce a sigh, and ne'er a tear;
So strangely does this masquerade
Of deathless death, belie the dead:
And surely it were all unmeet
To chance with such a sight to greet
Some soul that haply understands
The sadness of the sapless hands.

Oh, sons of men, it is not wise
To seek to bide in such a guise
For centuries on centuries!

Were I to wish that unborn men
Should sometimes think of me, why then,
I should but wish that they, like you,
Should know me by a word or two. M. J. R.

Shelley and Poetry.

THE singular strife of critical opinion as to the value of Shelley's poetry—strife hotter to-day, perhaps, than ever before—might almost be said to justify those who define all criticism as a more or less pretentious expression of individual likes and dislikes, among which no canon can ever authoritatively decide. Every famous writer, of course, is to some extent disputed over; but such extremities of contradiction as are to be found among the comments by leading critics on Shelley it would be difficult to parallel in connexion with any other name. "When," says Emerson in his essay on Poetry and Imagination, "people tell me they do not relish poetry, and bring me Shelley, or Aikin's Poets, or I know not what volumes of rhymed English, to show that it has no charm, I am quite of their mind." Mr. Arnold has spoken no less emphatically to similar effect, pronouncing the selections from Shelley in Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* a "gallery of failures." But Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, meets all such judgments with a body of indignant rejoinder and counter-eulogy which, so far as force of language goes, entirely balances the dispraise; and critics of well-earned reputation are found to take his side. Who is to judge between such disputants? Are the anarchists of criticism to be left free to proclaim that it has no first principles? That can hardly be; but it is very evident that to lay down an efficient and generally convincing law in the matter will be extremely difficult; and that he would be worse than presumptuous who should now affect to dismiss the dispute with a mere verdict on one side or the other. If the controversy is to be anything more than a collision of dogmatic detraction and hyperbolical praise, it must be conducted with more regard to scientific method than has yet been shown in it. It becomes plainer, day by day, indeed, that our criticism will have to be systematised in all directions to meet the needs of a generation with new notions on old themes and but a scanty respect for authority; and the most humble enquiries will have to be conducted with some sense of the changed conditions if they are to justify themselves. The nature of the subject is such, however, that even a restricted study, such as our investigation of the truth about Shelley's poetry, involves the raising of wide issues and important principles; which makes the undertaking of the would-be systematising critic, confronted by old methods and established creeds, a hazardous one indeed.

It is probable that much of the inflexibility of opposition among critics on literary questions is due to their judgments on dead celebrities having begun to be formed at a time of life when the sympathies are much stronger than the critical faculty. Liking for a poet's character and way of thinking determines the attachment of young readers rather than deliberate study of his way of writing; and these early sympathetic attachments are very apt to preclude the fuller and more impartial study when the capacity for it comes. On all hands are to be met men who were attracted in their young days to Byron or to Shelley or to Wordsworth by something congenial in the character and teaching of one or other of these poets, and who at

maturity are positively unable to read the favorite old poetry in cold blood, so deeply is it associated with early enthusiasm or passion. And perhaps in no poet's case is this sympathetic tradition so potent as in that of Shelley. To those who were inspired in youth by his passion for liberty and human brotherhood it is apt to seem almost heartless to test the old pæans by unimpassioned critical standards, and analyse the language which had once been too dazzling for unmoved contemplation. But just such appraisement and analysis must be made if the problem about Shelley's poetry is to be seen in any better light than that of prejudice. We must forget our partialities, and grant it to be quite an open question whether a poet whose thought and life we admire is admirable *as* poet. And by way of helping towards this assumption of the judicial position it may be well to remind the Shelleyite that when Shelley drew up a letter of protest to the editor of the *Quarterly Review* after its attack on Keats, he indicated that he took up a distinctly critical attitude as to his brother poet's works while calling for fair-play.

"There was no danger," he said, after claiming considerable merit and promise of future excellence for *Endymion*, "that it should become a model to the age of that false taste with which, I confess, it is replenished;" and after urging that the greater part of *Hyperion* is "surely in the very highest style of poetry," he goes on: "I speak impartially, for the canons of taste to which Keats has conformed in his other compositions are the very reverse of my own."

Keats, who, says Lord Houghton, "singularly enough, never seems to have had much personal sympathy" with Shelley, and who criticised so acutely, might have had something to say as to the faults of his champion's work; and it is one of the many regrettable things in their lives that these two poets, both fated to die young, and linked in remembrance as they are, should not have known each other and influenced each other's art as they so well might. Shelley, in all probability, would have profited the more. If there is one quality that the mass of his verse lacks it is the element of flesh and blood, of the "simple, passionate, sensuous," to use Milton's unforgettable definition. Nothing will more clearly bring out the special character of Shelley's poetic thought than a comparison of his longest poem, "The Revolt of Islam," with "Endymion," and of "Prometheus Unbound" with "Hyperion." There is cause to suspect that by no means all readers of Keats have gone enthusiastically through "Endymion;" but how much more reason is there for doubting whether one reader in twenty has scanned every line of "The Revolt of Islam"! Both poems are away from human life, but how differently does one poet idealise from the other! From the first lines the contrast is emphatic. Keats' foot is firm on the earth, however far his fancy may fly: he half turns old dreams into life, with his ardent sense of earthly beauty: his pulse throbs through all his singing: it is the poesy of warm-blooded youth, dreaming itself alive in the world's spring-time. With Shelley, the case is almost precisely the reverse. Brooding on the present, and inspired by an intellectual idea, he turns life into a dream, spiritualising his youth and maiden into phantoms who move in a world of abstractions and visions, "where the wild bee never flew."

Take, again, the poems of "Hyperion" and "Prometheus Unbound," and see how the two singers deal with the stricken Titans. "Hyperion" misses final success because it lacks action and has only a pictorial interest where the form promises something more, and because the appeal to our sympathies is faint; "Prometheus Unbound" has action; and the preliminary appeal to human sympathy is strong; and yet the figures and the pictures in "Hyperion" have much the larger measure of definiteness. They are sculpturesque in their stillness: while the moving throng in the lyrical drama are of a shadowy consistency, abstractions mingling with spirits, and all uttering unearthly speech. The vital idea of the poem is embroidered with fantasy till it hardly counts with us: if we read on it is because we care more for fantasy than for human significance in song. Nothing, of course, is thus far decided as to which kind of poetry is the more to be commended: we have drawn distinctions, but have not considered precedence. It may be, however, that a Shelleyite interposes to urge that the poet who at once embodies intellectual ideas in his verse, and weaves them on the most imaginative backgrounds, is superior to him who but partially idealises primary passion and finds his inspiration in sense rather than in abstract thought. Shelley, it may be claimed, is great, just in virtue of these qualities of etherealness and devotion to ideas. Here we face one side of our critical problem.

I have assumed that Keats, in proportion to his popularity, has more readers for his "Endymion" than Shelley has for "The Revolt of Islam," and so much will probably be granted; but, in any case, the question to be considered is as to which poem a cultured reader ought to find the better worth reading—Keats being thus contrasted with Shelley, it is understood, not with the idea of deciding which is on the whole the greater poet, but merely for purposes of elucidation. The first point to be examined is that of the comparative attractiveness of the verse-forms, and there will, presumably, be no dispute as to the movement by couplets being much the freer mode of expression. As the question is not which is the finer poet, we will not ask whether Keats in his poems in stanza writes better or worse than Shelley, but simply note that a poem in the less artificial form seems to be more readable than the complex. Shelley tells us in his preface that for one thing he has adopted the Spenserian stanza, not because he thinks it a "finer model of poetical harmony" than blank verse, "but because in the latter there is no shelter for mediocrity; you must either succeed or fail." Beyond this, however, he was "enticed also by the brilliancy and magnificence of sound which a mind that has just been nourished upon musical thoughts can produce by a just and harmonious arrangement of the pauses" of the stanza. All that is clear here is that Shelley felt the elaborateness of the stanza gave it a certain prestige apart from the quality of the language; that he saw the freer form demanded better work to make it popularly impressive; and that he laid great stress on effects of sound. We infer, on the one hand, that he has great wealth of diction; but, on the other, seeing that he took little more than six months to a poem of 526 Spenserian and several other stanzas, we suspect that he was not very keenly alive to the necessity for finish and concision. And, in the

very first stanza of the poem proper, we find that in point of fact he attains neither the one nor the other. Here it is :—

> "When the last hope of trampled France had failed
> Like a brief dream of unremaining glory,
> From visions of despair I rose, and scaled
> The peak of an aërial promontory,
> Whose caverned base with the vexed surge was hoary,
> And saw the golden dawn break forth and waken
> Each cloud, and every wave—but transitory
> The calm, for sudden the firm earth was shaken
> As if by the last wreck its frame was overtaken."

That is a good sample of Shelley's stanza verse, and it will hardly be denied that, spasmodic as is the movement, it is diffuse in expression and false in its rhymes. "Like a brief *dream* of *unremaining* glory" is a weak line, and "Whose caverned base with the vexed surge was hoary" is an unmistakable instance of the process by which a poet gets his idea from the need of a rhyme. Then we must read "promon*tory*" and "transi*tory*" to rhyme with "glory;" and we note again that the poet is constrained to announce the occurrence of an earthquake by the irrational phrase "transitory the calm," through the sheer necessity of making an effect in sound. Now, by way of clearing the ground, it is right that we should ask ourselves for what reason we read a poem of this quality—why we should submit to the perusal of thousands of demonstrably irrelevant or supererogatory lines and to a thousand shocks of mispronunciation or false assonance. It is easy to say why we read the poems we feel to be finished in workmanship. We get from them the combined pleasures of perfectly choice expression and exquisite cadence, and, in the case of their being rhymed, harmony of sound. They may express joy or sorrow, or they may describe objects or action; in any case our delight is essentially one of perfect satisfaction in the manner in which the thought is expressed—our special sympathy with the thought being an additional factor in our impression. Take any of the familiar felicities of English poetry—take Shakespeare's

> "Full fathom five thy father lies;
> Of his bones are coral made;
> Those are pearls that were his eyes;
> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange."—

who does not feel here the thrill of recognition of the inexpressible fitness of the phrase "a sea change," with its electric suggestion of an infinite range of idea, and the perfect development of the thought into the "something rich and strange," the poignant note blending into the round and perfect chord!

It is from masterpieces that we deduce canons of art, and that lovely snatch of song will carry us a long way. Two laws are illustrated by it: one, that the finest poetic touches are so by reason of a quintessential quality of meaning—a peculiar concentration or centrality of significance. "Poetry," says Emerson, in the essay before cited, "is the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing,

to pass the brute body, and search the life and reason which causes it to exist." That is one way of putting the law that the singer must go to the heart of his theme and give us, not cataloquial, but typical detail; not facts, but the intensest generalisation—a law which is always in danger of being misconceived when incidentally formulated, and which we shall have to elaborate later on. Our second law is the simple and obvious one that the poet shall have the art to conceal his art—that when he uses the form of rhyme his collocation of ideas shall never suggest his exigencies. Too much stress cannot be laid on this. If the versifier cannot subdue his medium he should leave it alone. We have seen that Shelley felt superior poetic quality was necessary to success in blank verse; but while that is true, it is also the fact that to write fine verse in stanza demands greater effort than is needed for fine blank verse. The explanation of the apparent contradiction is that "success" is a relative term, depending for its value on the taste of readers; and that a poet may "succeed" with an inferior poem in stanza by reason of the prevailing inherited taste for rhyme, who would not have obtained general attention for a poem without that attraction. To many people mere rhyme gives so much satisfaction that they will overlook any number of false notes for the sake of the true, and pardon any irrelevances by which the desired effect is reached. Such readers make the "success" of second-rate rhymed verse; but the critic knows that as much preparation and skill as go to produce tolerable rhyming poetry would bring forth blank verse of a higher quality, though people might not consent to read the latter. The final trouble is, however, that not one poet in ten will take half the pains to blank verse that he bestows on rhyme, the comparative easiness of the form almost invariably seducing them into commonness. A poet chooses blank verse for a long poem because it is easier than rhyme, and, inspired as he is by a desire to minimise his labor, he probably does not even produce good blank verse. The whole matter has a curiously paradoxical aspect. Rhyme and stanza mean multiplication of difficulty, and yet, the habit of all versifiers being to attempt rhyme, on the one hand the art of doing the difficult work is positively more frequently acquired than that of doing the easier, and on the other the ordinary reader will, other things being equal, rather tolerate bad work in the rhyming form than insist on purity in combination with simplicity. After all, however, it is an unsettled question whether the precision and subtlety of meaning, in conjunction with ever-varying cadence, which is attained in some forms of blank-verse—for instance, in some poems of Mr. Arnold and Walt Whitman—does not constitute as valuable an artistic result as even the choicest work in rhyme.

Applying all this to Shelley, we decide that, seeing he is so far content to find his account in the primitive love of rhyme for rhyme's sake as to pad out his longest poem with innumerable far-fetched chimes and spurious echoes, and seeing he is thus diffuse throughout even in excess of his natural tendency to diffuseness, the work is technically inferior. It is difficult to see how any other critical judgment can be maintained. It may perhaps be urged that every poet makes numbers of bad rhymes, and that constant accuracy is impossible; and it may be contended that the poem contains much concise

phrasing. To the first plea the answer is that Shelley's rhyming in his longer poems is far below the average work of distinguished poets. Spenser, his model, makes far fewer bad shots than he; indeed, if Shelley is not so reckless as Mrs. Browning, whose rhyming is outrageously and deliberately vicious, he must be ranked next to her in degree of offending among the poets for whom a high rank is claimed. Mrs. Browning held that the merest resemblances in sound were as legitimate as perfect rhymes—a doctrine concerning which it can only be said that it is repugnant to almost all students of poetry; but Shelley formulated no such principle, and there is no need to discuss it in his connexion. As for his occasional tersenesses, these are for the most part as purely fortuitous as any of his rhymes, and moreover are rarely noteworthy. He hits on such a phrase as "transitory the calm" by sheer stress of verse-form; but triumphs of pregnant expression are scarce indeed in "The Revolt of Islam." The one claim which can be made for the poem as a piece of poetic workmanship is that it at times attains a sonorous and impressive rhetorical quality—some of that "magnificence of sound" at which the poet aimed. It is but fair to quote some of these passages—they are really few. Here is one:

> "The Queen of Slaves,
> The hood-winked angel of the blind and dead,
> Custom, with iron mace points to the graves
> Where her own standard desolately waves
> Over the dust of prophets and of kings.
> Many yet stand in her array—'she paves
> Her path with human hearts,' and o'er it flings
> The wildering gloom of her immeasurable wings."
>
> *Canto IV., Stanza* 24.

Here, be it noticed, force is attained by real intensity of phrase, sound rhyme, and fairly natural sequence of ideas—factors the lack of which wrecks almost every alternate stanza—along with that steady verbal flow which is so often effected in the poem by dispensing with these. Another passage might be cited from the fifth stanza of Canto XI.:

> "Her lips were parted, and the measured breath
> Was now heard there;—her dark and intricate eyes,
> Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death,
> Absorbed the glories of the burning skies:"

but here the effect is less satisfactory, though it arrests attention. Now, if such passages were thrice as numerous as they are, they would surely be an inadequate return for all the hours that a faithful perusal of the poem occupies, an insufficient offset to the long irritation of the wire-drawn phraseology, the vaporous thinking, and the intolerable rhymes. Shelley considered the stanza of Spenser "a measure inexpressibly beautiful"—an overpitched claim in any case; but how shall a mere set of recurrent cadences support to infinity a train of incoherent and intangible ideas? Many people approach all celebrated poetry with a certain unquestioning reverence, much as pious people listen to a sermon; holding that utterance of this kind has a peculiar sanction and must be profitable just because it takes this form. Whatever be the origin of the feeling as regards the poets, it is emphatically to be cast out in the interest of healthy intellectual

life. We must come to a poem as to any other form of human utterance, demanding worthy reward. It is simply foolish to spend our reading hours in absorbing rhythms and rhymes, unless we are all the while obtaining the intellectual food and nerve stimulus of finely worded thought or delightful fancy. That it so ministers to us is the only excuse poetry can offer for its existence. Why should a writer choose the metrical form for what he has to say? That he sings because he must, is a plea which will only avail him when he clearly does well to sing. If he would stand well in the eyes of thoughtful men, he must be able to say that his thought has lost nothing of its weight and force in the process of metricising, but has gained the charm, the incisiveness, and the memorableness which verse can give. What are rhyme and rhythm without these attributes? To prize them for their own sake is playing with toys; the occupation is less respectable on the part of adults than the systematic collection of postage stamps. Around us lie all the garnered knowledge of the ages, all the sciences, all the philosophies, all the captured beauty of the arts: and "yonder all before us lie deserts of vast eternity:" how shall we answer to ourselves and our children for priceless days spent, far from these treasures of our race, listening to fantastic jingle, sterile of all sane significance? We can but say that we read all the conventionally accepted poetry because we heard it was fine; and that our resulting knowledge of its true quality is mainly useful as enabling us to preserve from waste of time and labor others who have no ambition to be specialists. We are able to certify that so much verse merely cumbers library shelves, and is no more worth the attention of the general reader, desirous of an all-round culture, than it is worth his while, as a student of science, to repeat for his own edification all the futile experiments of which he finds record in his books. It is the function of the critic thus to counsel readers, and if men of letters do not so order their department with good will, it will be invaded and the work taken out of their hands barbarously enough by workers in other branches of study, justly wroth over the disproportionate space still allotted to mere *belles-lettres* in the culture-time of the majority.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

(To be continued.)

A Wild Rose.

BESIDE the arid ways it blooms,
The careless, quaint wild rose;
Among the brambles and the brooms,
In wayward grace it grows.

An untamed waif about the land,
It blooms for wanderer's eyes,
Which only fitly understand
The graces of its guise.

M. J. R.

True Women.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

By Mrs. Anne C. Edgren.

(*Translated from the Swedish original by H. L. B.*)

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Bark.
Mrs. Bark.
Bertа, Lizzie } their Daughters.
William, Lizzie's Husband.
Mr. Lundberg, Clerk in a Bank.
Louisa.

ACT I.

(*A room furnished as dining-room and parlor. At the back, a door leading to the ante-room. Bertha's room is on the right, the mother's on the left. On the latter side a writing-table, opposite a sofa and a small sewing-table. In the middle of the room a large dining-table with parlor chairs around it. At the back a sideboard.*)

Mrs. Bark (*is sitting on the sofa close to a lighted lamp on the sewing-table; she rises and speaks loudly in the direction of Berta's room on the right*). Berta, dear, are you not going to bed now? You know you promised me not to sit up to-night.

Berta (*answering inside the room*). But the clock has only just struck ten!

Mrs. Bark. Yes, but recollect you have been sitting up to two or three o'clock these last evenings.

Berta (*in the doorway*). But I have still several sheets to finish. I have never had any copying which goes so slowly. It is such bad writing, and you know I promised to let them have all of it to-morrow.

Mrs. Bark (*goes up to her and kisses her on the cheek*). Oh, never mind! Only go to bed, and I will call you early. You look so tired, and your eyes are quite red. Remember, we may expect Lizzie any moment. She will be sorry if you look too used up!

Berta. Yes, that true! I shall be so glad to see Lizzie again. (*Thoughtfully*) If only William would—

Mrs. Bark. Oh, Berta, how can you doubt that? Ought he not to be glad to see his own wife?

Berta. Well, yes; but then he ought really to have proposed to her himself that she should come. I wish, in any case, that she had not had the idea of wanting to surprise him. It would have been better to prepare him for it. William has all sorts of whims. Suppose he does not find it convenient that she should come, she will not be well received, I am sure!

Mrs. Bark. Oh, but Berta, you are looking at the black side of things to-night, because you are so tired.

Berta. What time do you think father will come home to-night?

Mrs. Bark. Oh, he will be here soon, you'll see!

Berta. Do you intend to sit up and wait?

Mrs. Bark. Yes, of course! You know that!

Berta. Well, then, I'll go in and sit down and write again. (*Goes towards her room.*)

Mrs. Bark. No, Berta, don't do that! You know I must wait for your father. If he knew that we were all asleep, we shouldn't know how long

he would stop out. He is always so angry with me when he comes home and finds me up. And why should he be so, if it weren't that he feels there is some check on him?

BERTA. It must be a very little check indeed. It was three o'clock before he came home last night.

Mrs. BARK. How do you know that? There was no light in your room. I thought you were asleep.

BERTA. When you are up, I sleep with one eye open.

Mrs. BARK (*kisses her and shakes her head*). Oh, do go now!

BERTA. Yes, mother, if you will go!

Mrs. BARK. Well, yes—if you will have it. Good night! (*Kisses her and puts out the lamp. They go in different directions, Berta to the left and Mrs. Bark to the right. They nod to each other from the door, Berta kissing her hand to her mother. The stage is empty and dark for a moment.*)

Mrs. BARK (*enters with a candle in her hand, puts it on the table, steals across the room to Berta's door and looks through the keyhole. She opens the door and says reproachfully*). But, Berta! Have you sat down to write again?

BERTA (*comes running out to her and throws her arms round her neck*). Mother, are you walking about here again like a ghost? (*Runs back into her room and exclaims*): Now then, I blow the light out and will undress in the dark.

Mrs. BARK. Well, give me the matches!

BERTA (*comes to the door laughing*). There they are! You may be sure I shan't deceive you now. I havn't got any more. (*Hands her a matchbox, kisses her mother and goes into her room, locking the door after her. The mother likewise goes into her room and takes the candle with her. The stage is again empty and dark for a moment.*)

(*Berta comes from her room in the dark, walking softly on tiptoe, dressed in a dressing gown. She steals across to the mother's room and looks through a crevice. She knocks.*)

Mrs. BARK (*with a scream inside; opens the door*). Berta! How you do frighten me!

BERTA. It is no more than you deserve, when you go and deceive me. What does it mean, that you light your lamp and bring out your work. Does it mean that you are going to bed?

Mrs. BARK (*comes out with a candle*). My dear girl, do let me do what I like! I am so anxious, I cannot go to sleep when your father is out. You heard yourself how I screamed when you knocked. I am so nervous, and listen to every sound—I—I can't help it!

BERTA. Why, you will become quite crazy with all this watching at night! Let father play as much as he likes—there is no longer any help for that. But this, that you go about here and make yourself ill from sorrow and overwork, is a much greater misfortune.

Mrs. BARK. Oh, I have kept up so long, I suppose I can stand it some years yet. And no one knows what a true and patient love can do in the long run.

BERTA. Love! He is not worth any more love!

Mrs. BARK. You are too severe, my child! I believe, of course, you really love your father—it would be unnatural if you did not—but you should not speak so harshly about him—it pains me so much.

BERTA. I do not care for him!

Mrs. BARK. Berta—he is your father.

BERTA. I owe him no thanks for that. I cannot love a person only because he is my father. I have no affection for one I do not respect.

Mrs. BARK. That is because you do not quite understand what love is. It is easy enough to love those you look up to; but that love which forgives, dear Berta, we all want, you see—and therefore—

BERTA. Yes, and it is just this forgiving love which rouses my indignation! If it tended to improve one, it would be another matter, but when it demoralises instead——. Just think, how good—how incredibly kind and affectionate you have always been, mother—and do you think father is a bit better for it?

Mrs. BARK. You know that your father, notwithstanding his many faults, has many friends who are very fond of him. He is naturally so amiable.

BERTA. Hem!

Mrs. BARK. Now, you cannot deny that!

BERTA. It is this amiability of his I cannot endure.

Mrs. BARK. Ah, Berta, but you know how good he really is at the bottom.

BERTA. Good! Yes, I know, these people with weak characters are always called good. I shall end by at last positively despising all goodness!

Mrs. BARK. But your father has really such good intentions. He has so often promised me to try to overcome his unfortunate passion for play. And I believe he will at last——

BERTA. Oh, these promises! these constant lies!

Mrs. BARK. Berta! It is your father you are speaking of!

BERTA (*embracing her*). It's only for your sake, mother, that I am so bitter against him. To see how he treats you—and then see you always so good, so tender—to know what such a love as yours is worth and see it being torn and trampled upon like—like weeds, which one is in vain trying to stamp out.

Mrs. BARK. You exaggerate it. Your father has never treated me badly!

BERTA. No!—no, he has not struck you, I believe, but otherwise I do not know of any wrong which he has not, with the most amiable appearance in the world, committed against you.

Mrs. BARK. But—Berta!

(*A ring is heard at the front door.*)

Mrs. BARK (*startled.*) Someone is ringing! It isn't father, because he has a key. Who can it be so late? Surely nothing has happened to father——

(*Berta runs out and opens the door. Mrs Bark listens terrified.*)

BERTA (*outside.*) William, is that you? You frightened us terribly! (*Puts her head through the door.*) Mother, dear! It's William.

Mrs. BARK. William!—so late! What is the matter?—Lizzie?—the children? (*Runs breathless towards William, who is in evening dress, with buttoned gloves, etc.*) Tell me at once! What is it? The children?

WILLIAM. Bless us—no! If I had had any idea that I should frighten you like this I should not have come in. I come from a dinner as you see—and as I passed here and saw lights in the ante-room I thought I would just look in for a moment. One never knows what to do with oneself here in town after a jolly day. One feels too lively to go to bed, and still one does not feel up to the mark! (*Yawns.*) It's so conveniently arranged here in this house that the backdoor is always open. One feels it's father-in-law who is the host here! (*Goes to and fro in the room, takes the candle and looks at himself in the glass, whistles, sits down, jumps suddenly up again.*) By-the-bye, I have to give Lizzie's love. I had a letter from her yesterday.

Mrs. BARK. Then—then you know perhaps——?

(*Berta makes signs to her.*)

WILLIAM. What do you mean?

Mrs. BARK. Oh—nothing particular—I mean—is she well?

WILLIAM. Yes, of course! She does not appear to suffer from any illness but low spirits. But those she is terribly bothered with! Her

letters really begin to be tiresome! Always complaints—why do you write so seldom?—why do you never come home?—have you forgotten me?—&c., &c. She doesn't know anything about the pleasant life in Stockholm! I can tell you there is something else to do here than to sit and write long sentimental letters to one's wife!

BERTA. But as that committee of yours is never coming to an end, could not Lizzie come up to town on a visit?

WILLIAM. And leave the children?—or drag them with her on such a long steamboat journey at this time of the year? No, no, Berta; don't you go and put such foolish ideas into her head.

BERTA. If I were in her place, I would come and surprise you.

WILLIAM. Surprise me! Lizzie would never think of such a thing.

BERTA. Why not?

WILLIAM. She knows I cannot bear surprises.

BERTA. If I had a husband who could not stand surprises, I would just on that account——

WILLIAM. Very likely—but fortunately Lizzie is not like you. Besides, do you think she has money to make such a long journey without my permission?

BERTA. Has she not got money, when you are so long away?

WILLIAM. She draws a certain sum from the office every month, but not a penny more. I say, Berta, you must help me to buy a really nice dress for Lizzie, which I can take home with me. And you must see to its being made at a first-rate dressmaker's—of those who work for the nobility and the court, you know!

BERTA. But Lizzie doesn't belong to the nobility. And, besides, does she like to pay ten pounds for a dress——

WILLIAM. If she likes? When it is I who pay?

BERTA. But she would, no doubt, be glad if she got the money instead, and could do with it as she liked.

WILLIAM. But I should not be glad of anything of the kind, I can tell you! I want to see my wife well dressed—I can't stand these home-made toilettes any more, now, when I have been so long in Stockholm. Here the ladies are so "chic"—oh! (*Kisses his hand at her.*)

BERTA. I know no one who dresses so tastefully as Lizzie!

WILLIAM. Tastefully—that may be—I don't mean to say that they always dress as tastefully here; but there is a style in it, something piquant, smart, you know—down to the very young women at the confectioners'. Is father-in-law at home?

Mrs. BARK. No, not yet. But he will be here soon.

WILLIAM. I say, my dear mother-in-law, you ought to look after him a little.

Mrs. BARK. Why?

WILLIAM. Well, I heard people talking about him to-day at dinner. It was said that he for some time had squandered away big sums every night at gambling.

BERTA. How is that possible? He has'nt got any more money to lose.

WILLIAM. He gets into debt of course! And in the end it is your mother who has to pay.

BERTA. Oh, but mother can't!

WILLIAM. She can't help it. Besides they have guessed for a long time that he won't stop till he has got rid of everything he possesses.

BERTA. He has long ago lost everything he possesses. Now it's mamma's money, I suppose, that must go!

WILLIAM. Oh, well, that is all one. Hasn't it all been your mother's?

BERTA. But the money mamma now has left she has got on the express condition that it shall belong to her alone.

WILLIAM. Oh, what is the use of such conditions now that he is in a

fix again? Why, it is plain that as long as there is any money to take from—besides—what can you do? Your mother may say no, but for how long? She will, in any case, get no peace or rest before she has given him every penny.

BERTA. That may be true. But I have guessed as much, and therefore I have some time time ago thought of having recourse to some expedient in case of necessity. Mr. Lundberg in the bank has advised me to do so.

Mrs. BARK. But how can you make a confidant of him on such a matter?

BERTA. Because he is a good man. We can depend upon him.

WILLIAM (*laughing.*) I really do believe Berta has been smitten with him. Well, well, you have a remarkable taste, I must say. A greater stick I have never known in my days.

BERTA. Stick! Yes, that's true, he is not so glib as you others. But he knows how to act instead. How he works and denies himself everythiug for the sake of his mother and sister—it is really great.

WILLIAM. Great! Bless us. I don't deny that. But you can't in any case marry a poor man who already has a large family to provide for.

BERTA. That is not the least admirable thing about him that he must give up for ever every thought of marrying. And that is why I can so safely call him my friend and confidant without being misunderstood. (*Playfully.*) So you missed your mark that time, my fine gentleman!

WILLIAM. Well, well! You intend of course in consequence to live and die an old maid.

BERTA (*kissing her mother*). I shall never leave mother! But will you not both hear my plan? You, mother, must not wait till father comes home one fine night and demands that you shall deliver up to him those poor, unfortunate bonds, which are absolutely necessary to our existence. You shall make them over to me as a gift while I am alive, and I will take charge of them and look after them, so father shall have no chance to squander them away.

Mrs. BARK. To you and Lizzie, I suppose you mean?

BERTA. No, not to Lizzie, (*playfully*) for she has got a husband.

Mrs. BARK. Yes, but Berta——

WILLIAM (*bowing*). Thank you——

BERTA. But you understand of course, William, that if you manage this money it would appear as if mother received support from you, and to ensure Lizzie's right I shall make a will at the same time.

WILLIAM. No, really? You are altogether too kind! We are exceedingly obliged to you of course. But don't you understand that the whole arrangement would be a kind of swindle?

BERTA. Against whom?

WILLIAM. Against whom! Against—against—your father, of course.

BERTA. The money belongs to mother. She is in her lawful right to do with it as she pleases. When the law at last has done something to protect the rights of the wife, you must perforce come and change the law again and say that she has no rights.

WILLIAM. Ah, here come these continual paradoxes and fine hair-splittings! I don't go in for that kind of thing! But I suppose you understand, in any case, that you would be swindling your father's creditors.

BERTA. When they entered into gambling with him, they knew very well that he did not possess a halfpenny. And they have no right whatever to sit and play for mother's money.

WILLIAM. Ah, that's one of these confounded modern ideas, that the wife shall have the right to dispose of her own money independent of the husband. It's sheer madness; it will lead to the destruction of family life.

BERTA. But if the husband gambles away the money of the wife, or does what is worse, that does not destroy family life of course?

WILLIAM. No—it need not do that at all! It is the wife who keeps the family together, and as long as she does not forget her duties, the husband is sure to find his way home again to the domestic hearth, even if he has been a little foolish for a time.

BERTA (*holding her hands to her ears*). Oh, William, do you not hear how it grates on one's ears? Yes, you reason beautifully, you lords of the creation.

WILLIAM (*laughing*). Oh, well, if I am not so quick-tongued as my dear sister-in-law——

BERTA. You! I have never in my life had such a glib tongue as you. Do you think I could have said all those fine things about family ties and the domestic hearth and all the rest?

WILLIAM (*playfully*). Ah, well, to argue with you is to try and blow against the wind.

Mrs. BARK. I hope you don't misunderstand her, my dear William. She is fighting for me—and she means it well, even if she seems to be a little headstrong.

WILLIAM. Yes, I should think she is! Phew, I am all in a heat! Why do you mix me up at all in your affairs. Take it all—it's all the same to me! Why all this farce of asking advice of me? Do you for a moment care what I say? Do as you like—the madder, the better—I don't care.

Mrs. BARK. No, William, you must not be unjust to Berta. You know well enough how she has worked and sacrificed herself in these last years, how she has denied herself the smallest amusement, the most insignificant expense for herself, to be able to lighten my cares. (*Berta tries to stop her.*) No, let me speak out! Oh, I know more than you think. I know how you long ago were anxious and uneasy lest your earnings should not suffice to keep us all, when father had put an end to the trifle we still had left. (*Turns round to William.*) And I recollect how glad, how delighted she was when I last year had that small sum of money left to me with right to dispose of it as I liked.

WILLIAM. Yes, I remember it too. And I remember I thought at the time how very fond my dear sister-in-law was of money.

BERTA. It was a great, great anxiety which was lifted off my mind. Oh, how I had pondered how I should be able to increase my earnings with just as much as then literally came pouring down from heaven! It was exactly what we wanted to be able to live. But if father now nevertheless should get hold of this money and spend it all—oh, it is more than I can bear to think of!

Mrs. BARK. No, no! He shall not do that, my dear girl! Don't be afraid of that!

WILLIAM. No, that would really be a shame, I must confess! Your plan is perhaps not so bad after all, my good sister-in-law! You do get a bright idea now and then. Yes, speak to your friend in the bank. Good night! I shall not, in any case, interfere in the matter, whichever way you arrange it! (*Takes Berta's hand.*) Is my good lady offended?

BERTA. That would be of little use indeed! I am sure you would not sleep a bit the worse on that account.

WILLIAM. I shall try not to. Good night! (*Goes.*)

BERTA (*to her mother*). We must make haste to get this matter settled. To-morrow morning early I go at once to the bank to see Lundberg, and to ask him to come here and help us to prepare the deed.

Mrs. BARK. Are you sure we do not do anybody an injustice, Berta? What the wife possesses belongs also to the husband, you know.

BERTA. No, mother dear, that was the law once, but it does not exist any more. You have been left this little capital by your aunt under express stipulations—she would never have given it to you if she had thought that it would go the same road as everything else. Otherwise she would have

given it to charities like the rest of her fortune. But in this case she gave it to you alone for your own use, that you should not suffer any distress when father had finished all you possessed.

Mrs. BARK. Yes, Aunt Mallie meant it well enough, but she was not married, and did not understand what a marriage really means. She did not understand that a wife must help her husband as long as she has anything; no laws in the world can alter that. I do not understand laws and jurisprudence and all that kind of things, but what at one time has been right is, and will be, right, however much you change the laws,

BERTA. Yes, true enough! But what formerly was looked upon as right with regard to women was in reality a shameful wrong. Fortunately it is no longer the greatest virtue of woman to be like dogs.

Mrs. BARK. Dogs! Oh, Berta, how——

BERTA. Yes, just dogs! The more you beat them the more devoted they become. And now that the law of the country has begun to help the women to become human beings they cannot even rid themselves of the traditions. They will rather take thrashing and hunger than they will be without a master.

Mrs. BARK. You are right, my child! Your mother deserves nothing but contempt.

BERTA. You, mother! You are the best being in the whole world—so kind, so good!

Mrs. BARK. Why don't you say "weak"? You said only just now that goodness was nothing else but weakness.

BERTA. Don't mind all my foolish words. I sometimes get so bitter when I think of all—but no, don't let us talk about it now. No, such goodness as yours is of quite a different sort. You, dear mother, have a sense of justice, and that is worth more than so-called goodness. And just on that account you must not agree to let father have this money. You will soon understand what a great wrong that would be. I work as much as I am able to—you know that—but I alone cannot provide for us all three.

Mrs. BARK. No, no, my own beloved girl. But your father will assail me with entreaties and reproaches—it will be hard to resist!

BERTA. But it is just to protect you from this that I want you to give up the deeds to me. He will not dare to ask me for them.

Mrs. BARK. Hush! There is somebody at the door. Can it really be father coming home already? Leave me now, Berta—I beg you!——

BERTA. But I feel inclined to say a word to him.

Mrs. BARK. No, not on any account. He will only be angry with you, and you will gain nothing by it.

BERTA. Oh—that one might only be allowed to speak out for once!

Mrs. BARK. Berta—for my sake! I shall only have to suffer for it afterwards.

BERTA. Yes, yes—that's true—good as he is. (*Kisses her mother's hands, goes out to the right, but leaves the door a little ajar.*)

(BARK *enters at the back.*)

Mrs. BARK. Dear me, have you come home already, my friend?

BARK (*throws his hat on a chair*). To-night is the last time I shall ever play.

Mrs. BARK. Ah, Pontus, if I only could depend on that!

BARK. If you can depend upon it! hav'n't you got my word for it? It is my fixed determination!

Mrs. BARK. But you have said so many times before, my dear husband!

BARK. But don't you hear, I say it is my fixed determination. Don't you believe I am a man of my word? Besides I have lost all inclination for playing—I have had the most infamous luck.

Mrs. BARK. What—have you lost?

BARK. Yes.

Mrs. BARK. Much?

BARK. Well—that depends upon circumstances; with my income it is a considerable amount!

Mrs. BARK. But how have you been able to pay it?

BARK. I have not been able to pay it, that's just the misfortune. I have been obliged to borrow a little, here and there from good friends.

Mrs. BARK. But Pontus, you should not have done so.

BARK. What do you mean? Oh, those dear old fellows, they don't mind it. But now those confounded blockheads have gone and made a hash of it; all these driblets have been collected in one hand, and this evening that rascal of a Borg comes and presents me a nice little bill.

Mrs. BARK. Borg! why, that's your good friend!

BARK. Of course he is, a nice fellow, my brave and honorable friend, but how can I know that he does not mean to play me a trick? Of course I had no idea that my debt had run up to such an amount.

Mrs. BARK. How much is it then?

BARK. Oh, a trifle altogether. The disgraceful part of the business is, that I must pay it to-morrow.

Mrs. BARK. To-morrow! why, isn't Borg very well off?

BARK. Bah! He! why he has spent all he had, and now that vagabond says that he must insist on having the money to-morrow.

Mrs. BARK. How much is it?

BARK. Well, if you must know, it's not so terrible—some few thousands perhaps.

Mrs. BARK. Some thousands?

BARK. Yes, it's not very pleasant, I must confess. But it shall never happen again. To-night I have been for the last time to that den.

Mrs. BARK. And where will you get the money from?

BARK. *(wheedlingly.)* Well, I thought my little wife might lend it to me; she is a capitalist, you know.

Mrs. BARK. But you know I have no ready money, only some bonds.

BARK. Well, they are good enough. I have been thinking I could borrow on them in a bank for the present.

Mrs. BARK. And when will you repay the loan?

BARK. Oh, I will pay off a little now and then.

Mrs. BARK. With what? When you have reduced our income, which is already little enough.

BARK. Berta must contribute a little more towards the house. It's only fair—her education has cost me a lot of money.

Mrs. BARK. Berta has paid for her own education, for the most part. And now she contributes all she earns to the house.

BARK. Well, then she must work a little more, and see and make more.

Mrs. BARK. She works all the day and sometimes she has to use the nights as well.

BARK. Does she, poor girl? Oh, well—there will be some way out of it, you will see. I have been thinking much of getting some work myself——

Mrs. BARK. My dear——

BARK. What do you mean?

Mrs. BARK. You know well enough that won't come to anything. You have been thinking of that for the last seven years—ever since we sold Bergfors and moved into Stockholm.

BARK. Yes! But now you will see I will set about it seriously. For the present the thing is to get out of this monetary embarrassment. Just bring me the papers while we are about it, so that I need not waken you when I go out in the morning.

Mrs. BARK. I have not got them—they are deposited in the bank.

BARK. What does that mean? But I suppose you have a receipt for them in any case.

Mrs. BARK. Berta has got it.

BARK. Berta! What does that mean? Berta! You are really an unpardonably weak foolish mother, Julie! I must tell you that plainly! You let Berta manage everything, as if she—but on my soul I will—Has anyone heard the like? You will just tell Berta to give it back to you at once.

Mrs. BARK. I shall call her! (*Goes towards the door on the right.*)

BARK (*stops her.*) No, no!—on no account! I do not want to stand here as a supplicant before my lady daughter! You must settle that with her alone. But just tell her from me that she had better make no bother or scenes about it, because it is not she that rules the house, and that I must have the papers at once, to morrow morning early. Good night, my dear! (*Kisses her.*) If you like you can tell Berta that I have decided never to play any more. And you may also tell her that I am thinking of getting some occupation that I may increase my income. That will please her.

(Mrs. BARK *smiles incredulously.*)

BARK. What—what do you mean?

Mrs. BARK. Don't be angry, my dear. But do you know I cannot give Berta that message? She does not exactly believe in your promises. But if she saw you proceed to action—that would be another thing.

BARK. I hope I need not be answerable to my daughter, neither for my words nor my actions. There is something so unwomanly about Berta—so chilling—so unpleasant. She is, as I always have said, Aunt Mallie all over. Now you, my dear, were quite different in your young days—yes, and as far as that goes you are to this very day much sweeter than your youngest daughter. Lizzie!—now there is something else for you—she is like you—she has something truly womanly about her—just like you! When will she be here?

Mrs. BARK. She could not say for certain. The steamers are so irregular in the autumn.

BARK. Well, well—good night, my dear! Don't forget what I have said—to-morrow morning early everything must be in order. (*Exit to the left.*)

BERTA (*from the right*). Yes, to-morrow morning early everything shall be in order. Don't be afraid, my own dear mother—I will take everything upon myself. As long as I am alive, I shall not suffer him to ruin you. (*A bell is heard ringing in the anteroom.*)

Mrs. BARK. Was that a ring again? Oh, Berta, how frightened I am! What if they have come now for the money—perhaps they will put an execution in the house!

BERTA. Now, mother dear, don't be foolish. (*Runs into the anteroom and opens a door.*)

(LIZZIE *enters in travelling costume. Berta after.*)

Mrs. BARK. Lizzie—is it you, my dear girl? (*Embraces and kisses her.*) My own little girl—how happy I am to have you here again! And Willie, where is he? And how is it you come so late in the night?

LIZZIE (*speaks very quietly all the time, but is very restless and anxious*). The steamer has been delayed by fog. I left Willie and the nurse on board—I myself was so uneasy—I could not stop on board—I was longing so much to see William.

BERTA. Well, why didn't you go straight home to him? He has only gone from here a short time ago!

LIZZIE. From here?

Mrs. BARK. Yes; he came from a dinner party, and just looked in as he passed.

LIZZIE. Did he not say where he was going?

Mrs. BARK. We thought he went home. But perhaps he has taken a little walk first.

LIZZIE (*as before*). I have seen him——

Mrs. BARK and BERTA. Have you seen him? Well?

LIZZIE. He was talking to a woman. Then they parted, and I hurried on to overtake him. It was close to his lodgings.

Mrs. BARK and BERTA. Well?

LIZZIE. When he came to the door, she appeared again. They went in together.

Mrs. BARK. I suppose it was an acquaintance, who lived in the same house, my dear child.

LIZZIE. That was what I thought! I could not think there was anything wrong, although a terrible dread came over me. I rang the bell.

Mrs. BARK. Well—didn't the concierge open the door for you?

LIZZIE. Yes—I asked for William——

Mrs. BARK and BERTA. Well?

LIZZIE. Then she answered, there was already one up there—and so she called me a ——, and asked me to get away at once or she would send for the police—and then she slammed the door in my face. (*Long pause.*)

LIZZIE (*as before*). I thought of running straight down to the harbor and into the water. But then I felt I must leave Willie with you first!

BERTA. Lizzie, oh!

Mrs. BARK (*embraces her weepingly*). My poor child!

(*Curtain.*)

(*To be continued.*)

"Progress and Poverty":

A REVIEW OF THE THEORIES AND PROPOSALS OF MR. HENRY GEORGE.

V.—THE THEORY OF POVERTY.—*Continued.*

THERE are two more of Mr. George's arguments against the Malthusian theory which must not be passed over. They are worthy of note and comment, if only for the purpose of showing the lengths of absurdity to which a man who wields a facile pen may venture without discrediting himself with that much-catered-for dunderhead, "the general reader."

The first of these arguments has the merit—and it is its only merit—of being amusing. I could have appreciated it in Mark Twain. In a work on political economy—a work which ought to and will influence the conduct of men in serious practical concerns—the feelings to which it gives rise are impatience and annoyance. "Increase of descendants," it is argued, "does not show increase of population. It could only do this when the breeding was in and in. Smith and his wife have a son and daughter, who marry respectively some one else's daughter and son, and each have two children. Smith and his wife would thus have four grandchildren; but there would be in the one generation no greater number than the other—each child would have four grandparents. And supposing this process were to go on, the line of descent might constantly spread out into hundreds, thousands and millions; but in each generation of descendants there would be no more individuals than in any previous generation of ancestors.

The web of generations is like lattice-work or the diagonal threads in cloth. Commencing at any point at the top, the eye follows lines which at the bottom widely diverge; but beginning at any point at the bottom, the lines diverge in the same way to the top. How many children a man may have is problematical. But that he had two parents is certain, and that these again had two parents each is also certain. Follow this geometrical progression through a few generations, and see if it does not lead to quite as 'striking consequences' as Mr. Malthus' peopling of the solar systems." [1]

"This geometrical progression" rests on the false assumption that a person *must* have four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on. For this assumption there is no warranty whatever in facts. The necessity for having twice as many grandparents as parents is a moral one; but even this necessity, which is not a physical one, disappears with the next generation. So true is this that the whole human race *may* have descended from a single pair. And the early portion of Mr. George's reasoning is as fallacious as the later. It rests on the assumption that each human couple produces only two children. If this is taken for granted it is very easy to show that "in each generation of descendants there would be no more individuals than in any previous generation of ancestors." But was it worth while to show this? One has only to vary the assumption to vary the result which follows from it. If it be said that Mr. George's argument proves that, while population remains stationary, a given couple's descendants multiply, we must reply that they are not descendants of *that couple only*, as they would have to be to make the reasoning relevant. In the Malthusian theory we start, not from an arbitrary assumption, but from a demonstrable physiological fact—that, in the absence of all checks to its exercise, the fecundity of human beings is such that they would at least double at each generation. The result of the unchecked operation of that cause is thus calculated, and it is shown that the number is such, after a comparatively few generations, as cannot be accommodated on earth. Moreover, long before any such time arrives, the productiveness of human labor is progressively lessened by the necessity of recourse to inferior soils and less productive natural agents generally. This necessity may be counteracted by progress in the arts of life; but it is, nevertheless, a dread reality. Progress in the arts gets used up in this way, instead of adding to our wealth or increasing our leisure.

Strange to say, Mr. George recognises this; and his attempt to answer it is the second of the two arguments which I have proposed to criticise. "Even if the increase of population," he argues, "does reduce the power of the natural factor of wealth, by compelling a resort to poorer soils, etc., it yet so vastly increases the power of the human factor as to more than compensate. Twenty men working together will, where nature is niggardly, produce more than twenty times the wealth that one man can produce where nature is most bountiful. The denser the population the more minute becomes the subdivision of labor, the greater the economies of production and distribution, and, hence, the very reverse of the Malthusian doctrine

[1] "Progress and Poverty," pp. 78, 79.

is true, and, within the limits within which we have any reason to suppose increase would still go on, in any given state of civilisation a greater number of people can produce a larger proportionate amount of wealth, and more fully supply their wants, than can a smaller number."

This fallacy has not even the merit of novelty. It is simply that of Bastiat[1]—a writer who, though wide as the poles asunder from Mr. George on his cardinal point, private property in land, resembles him in his constant invocation of heaven-appointed harmony, his eloquence, and his liability to be intoxicated by his own rhetoric.

It is quite true that the increase of population enables the producers to divide and classify their labor, with the result of increasing the effectiveness of that labor; and this is, so far as it goes, a set-off against the necessity of recourse to inferior natural agents. But how far does it go? Mr. George's loose assertion that it more than compensates is not a sufficient basis for a scientific argument. That he may have observed something of the sort in the early history of California we do not deny. At an early stage in the settlement of a country, when land of good quality is plentiful and population is so sparse as to put an insuperable difficulty in the way of the main steps in the division of labor, it is undoubtedly true that the increase of population brings with it increased productiveness. But the chief advantages to be reaped in this way are soon reached; and, when this point has been attained, the advantages resulting from a further subdivision of labor grow less and less, while the disadvantage of further depressing the margin of cultivation becomes greater and greater. And there is another, and a very important, consideration which tells in the same direction. There is no need for England or France to increase their population in order to attain such benefits as may result from a more minute subdivision of employments. The same result may be attained by increased facilities of transport, and abolition of the artificial obstacles which man has placed in the way of the exchange of wealth. Manchester requires not that the market for her goods should be within the limits of the United Kingdom. The arms of its industry reach all over the habitable globe. Improved means of communication and less custom-house interference will give the means for further classifying and increasing the productiveness of man's labor, without more than nullifying this good by multiplication of our numbers.

I hope I have said sufficient to show that limitation of population is a condition of human progress. The astonishing thing is that Mr. George acknowledges that they vary with one another, though he thinks that the limitation is a spontaneous effect of intellectual and social progress, and that the progress does not result from the limitation. "That besides the positive and prudential checks of Malthus there is a third check which comes into play with the elevation of the standard of comfort and the development of the intellect, is pointed to by many well-known facts. The proportion of births is notoriously greater in new settlements, where the struggle with nature leaves little opportunity for intellectual life, and among the poverty-bound classes

[1] See "Harmonies of Political Economy" (Stirling's translation), p. 424.

of older countries, who in the midst of wealth are deprived of all its advantages and reduced to all but an animal existence, than it is among the classes to whom the increase of wealth has brought independence, leisure, comfort, and a fuller and more varied life. This fact, long ago recognised in the homely adage, 'a rich man for luck, and a poor man for children,' was noted by Adam Smith, who says it is not uncommon to find a poor half-starved Highland woman has been the mother of twenty-three or twenty-four children, and is everywhere so clearly perceptible that it is only necessary to allude to it. If the real law of population is thus indicated, as I think it must be, then the tendency to increase, instead of being always uniform, is strong where a greater population would give increased comfort, and where the perpetuity of the race is threatened by the mortality induced by adverse conditions, but weakens just as the higher development of the individual becomes possible and the perpetuity of the race is assured."

Is it not astounding that a man of Mr. George's ability should not be able to see that this is not "a third check," not something "besides the positive and prudential checks of Malthus," but is the prudential check itself? D.

(*To be continued.*)

Our Household Pests.

THE CRICKET.

THE idea most commonly associated with the mention of this insect is that of its *merry* chirp by the fireside. But in truth it seems very wearisome to me—that everlasting squeak, squeak, squeak; and if it be true, as I suppose it is, that these are the amatory expressions of the creature, why, his love-making must be an awfully monotonous thing. Perhaps he stridulates, though, in the very wantonness of animal spirits and of superabundant leisure—to relieve himself from *ennui*, and its accompanying evils. If he were of the class of philanthropists who have a mission in life, and who bore everybody with it, he might be more obnoxious than he actually is. Better listen to that light o' love monody than to the drearier tap, tap of the mailed head of the death-watch beetle, who is supposed by some wise folks to have a mission of a very grave character indeed.

"The cricket chirping on the hearth" conveys the idea of something akin to the song of birds, melody produced by the organs of the mouth, an idea which is incorrect when applied to insects. The cricket stridulates by means of the wing-covers, the tegmina. We observed that the cockroach had two pairs of wings, the posterior pair being the true membranous organs of flight, the anterior being the wing-covers, the counterparts of the elytra in the true beetles. Corresponding organs occur in the cricket, but it is to the tegmina or anterior pair that we wish to invite attention.

These wings are reticulated with very stout veins, the reticulations including hollow spaces of various sizes between them. At about a

third of the distance from the base of the wing, one of these horny ridges runs in an oblique direction across the wing. That ridge under a high magnifying power is seen to differ from the others in this—that it is serrated or notched like a rasp. Both wings are identical in structure, and the stridulation is produced as follows: The insect raises the wing covers, and bringing the rasp of the one over a smooth horny ridge on the other imparts a rapid and tremulous motion to them both. The rapid scraping of the rasp, the natural resonance of the horny texture of the wings themselves, aided by the sound-transmitting power of the inter-veined spaces and a hollow air chamber underneath, combine to produce the loud and harsh stridulation of the creature. First, the rasp of one wing cover, then that of the other, are successively brought into play, with unwearied persistence, and almost automatic regularity.

This faculty of stridulation is a sexual distinction, the males only possessing it in most of the species where it exists. The methods by which it is produced vary also; in the locust tribe for instance the action of the wings cannot be alternated, but the left wing only possesses the rasp-like process, while in the grasshoppers it is the leg which is notched and which is scraped over the wing covers. The Cicadæ on the other hand produce their loud music by the expulsion of air from the trachea acting upon a pair of valve-covered cavities. Some people like this monotonous music. Scaliger, it is said, was accustomed to keep crickets in a box for his amusement; the Chinese, like the ancient Greeks, are so fond of listening to the sounds produced by certain of the Cicadæ that they keep them in cages for their entertainment. Mr. Darwin says that the stridulation of some of the locusts can be heard at the distance of a mile. He describes one of the order inhabiting North America as "mounting on the upper branches of a tree, and in the evening beginning his noisy babble, while rival notes issue from the neighboring trees, and the groves resound with the call of '*Katy-did-she-did*' the livelong night."

The Cricket (*Gryllus domesticus*), belongs to the same tribe as the locusts and grasshoppers—the tribe Saltatoria, or leapers, of the order Orthoptera. These are classed together, because of the leaping just named; besides which they bear a very close resemblance to one another in outward form. We meet here with a development of the hind leg similar to that which we found in the flea—an enormous femur, combined with great length, and powerful muscles. The leap is performed by a doubling up of the lower and upper portions of the limb (tibia and femur) against each other, followed by a sharp straightening of the parts. The same sharp spines which we observed in the tibiæ of the cockroach are present here also, as well as the pair of claws or hooks which terminate the tarsi or feet, imparting the necessary breadth and steadiness and clinging power to those organs.

The head and jaws are strongly developed in the crickets, more so than in their neighbors the cockroaches; yet with some slight variations in their minute anatomy, the type remains the same. The antennæ are very similar in character, those of the cricket being however of a lighter hue, and somewhat more hairy than those of the cockroach. Like the cockroach too, and the bug, the cricket passes

through no inactive stage of existence after leaving the egg, but simply increases in bulk, and in maturity of structure.

The cricket tribe furnishes a good illustration of the insect ovipositor. It is, as its name implies, the organ by means of which the eggs are deposited in the niches most fitting for their incubation. It is variously modified in the different tribes wherein it occurs. A very well-known form gives, by the serrations of its blades, the distinctive name of "saw flies" to a whole family of the Hymenoptera. In the cricket, this instrument, which appears to the unassisted eye as a simple organ, is found to consist, when dissected out, of four parts, each extremely thin and lance-like, along one edge, but thickened up and horny upon the other. Piercing organs in the first place, they form also, by their coalescence, a tube for the passage of the eggs. It is this ovipositor which, modified, becomes the "sting" in the Hymenoptera, the bee and wasp tribes.

There are two or three portions of the minute anatomy of the cricket which are favorite objects with microscopists. One is the so-called "tongue," really a part of the fleshy labium or lower lip, remarkable for the beautifully wavy, ribbed, radiating bands, with which it is striped. Another is the enlargement of the intestinal canal called the "gizzard." This follows immediately after the crop, and is a triturating organ preceding the true stomach. Cutting it open and placing it under the microscope, it is seen to be armed internally with regular rows of sharp horny teeth, formed of the chitinous substance which goes to compose the harder portions of insect anatomy. It is an interesting organ, and will repay a little trouble incurred in cleansing and mounting. Its symmetrical provision for grinding and masticating reminds one very forcibly of the tiny palates of the slugs and snails, with their myriad rows of hooked teeth, so sharp and so beautiful in their regularity. It would be an interesting study to indicate the early origin and the development of an organ of this kind, to trace in different types the gradual thickening of the lining membrane of the digestive canal, and the development of regular and highly specialized rows of triturating teeth.

One's curiosity is greatly aroused on noting the marked differences in insect structure and function. Among the insect tribes how varied, for instance, the developments of the limbs. The pads of the flies, the claws of the land beetles, the fringed limbs of the aquatic forms, the suckers of the Dytiscus, the combs of the spiders, and the proportions of different parts, result from the habits and instincts of the tribes in which they occur having remained invariable in the main through myriads of ages. The difficulty is not to trace the development of a departure from the more ancient type, but to discover its incipient stages. Yet, in relation to our cricket family, it is not difficult to conceive how the possession of the leaping faculty in some slight degree may have enabled certain individuals of the straight-winged type of insects to escape predatory foes to which less favored members fell victims. Assuming such "survival" to have happened, the after and more perfect development of that faculty becomes chiefly a question of lapse of time. But in point of fact the insects which leap are comparatively few, so that the faculty does not seem to have been so easy of development as we might imagine, compared

for example with the flying, swimming, and running capacities. Yet in the Elater, or skip-jack beetles, there is a structural peculiarity, the genesis of which is far more difficult to account for. They also leap, but not with the aid of their limbs, for they are so short as to be incapable of assisting the insect to right itself if thrown upon its back. But the first thoracic segment, the *prothorax*, instead of being permanently united to the second segment (*mesothorax*), is connected therewith by a sort of loose tenon and mortice arrangement quite unique in insect anatomy, and forming a division in the thorax as well defined as that which usually exists between thorax and abdomen. The insect when about to spring bends its body upwards until the prosternum (the tenon) is quite clear of its corresponding recess in the mesothorax; then suddenly relaxing its muscles, it allows the tenon to return to its place with such force that the insect is thrown violently into the air.

How, again, we may be disposed to wonder did the crickets and grasshoppers become possessed of that strong stridulating rasp in its embryonic form? The wings of the cockroaches and crickets are very much alike in appearance, each of a leathery consistence, each reticulated in much the same fashion; yet the rasp, so strongly developed in the one, is absent in the other. Some accidental thickening, some slight corrugation in some primæval form or forms, must have determined this departure, and once acquired, its subsequent strengthening and growth is easily understood. We must not forget when we are disposed to magnify the difficulties incidental to the inauguration of an incipient anatomical structure that these developments are mere isolated survivals out of thousands, possibly millions, of minute variations which have never survived long enough to become well marked.

But there are some peculiarites of structure the reason of the development of which is obvious enough. A most striking instance occurs in a near relative of the instinct whose anatomical distinctions have given rise to these remarks. I refer to the mole cricket (Gryllotalpa vulgaris), a creature which by the long-continued practice of burrowing in the soil has acquired enormous muscularity about the fore-legs and thorax. Their tibiæ, instead of being mere slender shaft-like forms, are flattened at their extremities into broad triangular shaped plates, terminating in four sharp spines. The tarsi, short and thick, placed on the internal margins of the tibiæ, complete the equipment of this most efficient burrowing apparatus. The thorax, as we should expect, is of strength proportionate to that of the limbs themselves. There are many insects which burrow besides the mole cricket, but none possess so remarkable and *outré* a development, and in this case, one out of many which might be instanced, the sequence of cause and effect is plainly discernible.

And here we part company with our merry cricket, who has been leading our thoughts away into far-off wanderings. We rather like him in his homely suit of russet brown, and would not readily vote him a nuisance as we would his cousin, the cockroach. Still, if he becomes too noisy a bore we must do with him as with the cockroach, tempt him to his death through the medium of his drinking propensities, by setting near his haunts a basin of sweetened beer or treacle.

At least we may consider it a fortunate thing that the little crickets of our kitchens can be so readily extirpated, while the locusts, their relatives, increase so marvellously as to darken the heavens by their numbers, and to leave the country over which they pass shorn of every green thing.

J. HORNER.

The Scullerman.

AYE! aye! sir, the water looks murky;
A river's a curious sight;
No wonder that strangers seem shirky,
And dread to be near it at night;
Sit astarn, sir, come past me, there, steady;
If you wouldn't mind holding the lamp;
Begins to feel wintry a'ready;
Cold? Aye sir; feels chilly an' damp.

Been long on the river? Why, bless you!
I was suckled an' weaned on the quay;
Sit still, sir, there's naught to distress you;
The river's a mother to me;
I sat i' the boat long o' father,
Fifty years since, or near about that;
You can land near the bridge if you'd rather;
Sommat floating? It's only a cat.

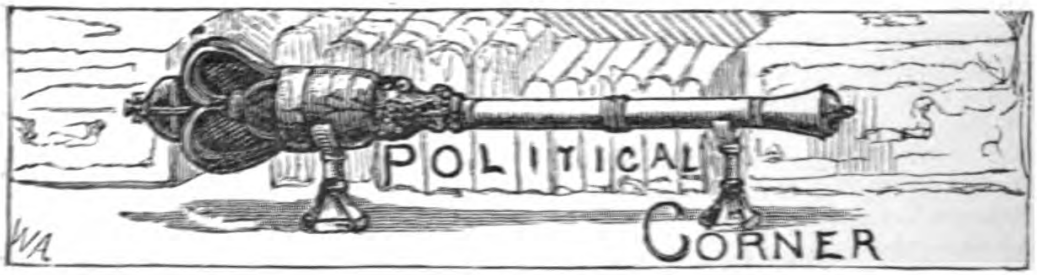
You're right, they are not always cats, sir,
As floats in the river at night;
Why, just 'bout this place we are at, sir,
I've seen many a terrible sight;
Young women, sir, winsome and pretty;
Bad husbands an' fathers, sir, aye!
Driven to it, poor things, it's a pity
That a girl for a devil should die.

Well I knows a young woman near me, sir;
Her husband's a demon for drink;
Ill treat her? You ask why, dear me, sir,
She is used like a dog, I should think;
Poor Sally! she works all the day, sir,
For bonnie wee Bet; that's the bairn,
An' he's allus roamin' away, sir,
Adrinkin' near all she can earn.

Want a match? In the pouch o' my jacket
You'll find one, that's it, t'other side;
Heard a splash, sir? You must be mistaken,
It's only the lash o' the tide;
Thank you, sir. Back to-morrow? All right, sir!
Give a whistle, I'll not keep you long;
Be careful, here, gi'e me the light, sir,
Through that gateway, you cannot get wrong.

Hold hard while I pull her up closer.
  Stop a bit, hold the lamp, sir, what's that?
Beg pardon! I got on your toes, sir,
  Look, look, there's a shawl an' a hat!
Another bad job I'm afeard, sir.
  Two on 'em all ghastly an' wet,
A mother, poor thing! an' her babby,
  Good heavens, its Sally and Bet!

JOHN ROWELL WALLER.



IF the natives on the West Coast of Africa had any one to efficiently tell their story through the public press, English readers might, perhaps, be startled to learn that a kind of war has been going on for some time in the Boom, Bompehand and Kittam countries. There are semi-fortified island towns from which marauders, encouraged by British traders, sally out and rob, kidnap, and murder. The British traders supply the robbers with arms and ammunition, share the plunder, and claiming to exercise dominion over part of the riverway between British Sherboro and Mocabay, these British traders actually employ Africans to seize, or connive at, and arrange the seizure of goods belonging to independent traders carried up the river in canoes.

THE agitation continues through the country against the rejection of the Franchise Bill, and the feeling increases in favor of the abolition of the Lords. The counter Conservative gatherings in support of the Lords are poorly manipulated. In the Riding School, at Hatfield, out of some 600 listeners fully one-third were Radicals. In nearly all the Franchise demonstrations held in large centres there have been strong expressions in favor of Northampton, and this, despite the hindrance shown by moderate Liberals to any attempt to bring the matter forward.

IT is said that certain high personages do not approve too much agitation against the Lords, and so pressure not to be too extreme is put upon Mr. Gladstone and upon the Cabinet and upon Liberal organisations. The question is, are the Radicals strong enough and firm enough to compel the Liberals to be serious? Mr. Gladstone at Midlothian said: "I look with reluctance to entering upon questions of organic change in the Constitution of this country, unless and until the moment comes when I can no longer deny their necessity. I do not believe that the House of Lords has as yet placed itself in a position of irretrievable error. I believe it to be possible that it may go back—and may go back with dignity and with honor." And Radicals should answer seriously and firmly that the House of Lords has sinned too often to be allowed to escape punishment by merely going back. The London Clubs have taken into their own hands the matter of the proposed

October demonstration in Hyde Park, and a fully attended delegated meeting convoked by the Combined Political Committee of the Chelsea Clubs dealt with the matter in business fashion. The federation of the various political working men's clubs is a hopeful sign. One of the first-fruits of the federation of the Hackney Clubs was the grand demonstration in Victoria Park, in which the whole money expenditure was under £20, the men not only working gratuitously but meeting the outlay amongst themselves.

THE attempt to steal Tonquin is attended with serious danger to the stability of a Republican form of government in France. Without any formal declaration of war, Admiral Courbet by way of "reprisal" bombarded Foochow, and the *Times* correspondent, present during the action, rebuked the bombardment as excessive and unnecessary. The Parisian journals reply that it was no worse than the English bombardment of Alexandria. Both the rebuke and the rejoinder are right, the bombardments of Alexandria and Foochow are equally shameful. The resignation of General Millot, on the nominal ground of ill-health, has probably been forced from Paris because he blamed Dugenne, the French officer whose precipitate action at Bac Le provoked there a disastrous conflict. A strong anti-English feeling — which has been growing in France ever since our ill-judged intermeddling in Egypt—has recently found vent in Paris. The worst of civilised nations indulging in huge armaments is, that there is always the temptation to find excuse for war. The best feeling in France as expressed by *La Nouvelle Revue* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is opposed to the conduct of hostilities against China not only without any declaration of war on the part of France, but with clear misstatements by M. Ferry as to the conduct of China.

LORD NORTHBROOK and Lord Wolseley have gone to Egypt by way of Vienna, and great expenditure is being incurred. For what? It is clear that General Gordon might have left Khartoum over and over again during the past six months. The Mahdi who was going to sweep down on Cairo twelve months ago is still in nebulous regions. Osman Digna or someone else fights intermittently near Suakim. I suppose it will end in our stealing Egypt; English people seem so careless of honor and conscience in dealing with weaker nations. As we go to press it seems clear that Lord Wolseley is to be provided with much larger forces than were originally announced, and it is not easy to put any limit to the extent of our responsibilities.

IN Belgium the Clerical movement to control education has been met by a pacific but enormous Liberal demonstration praying the King not to give his assent to the measure. The Clerical counter-manifestation was a failure, and was accompanied by considerable rioting.

IN Russia there has been a renewal of anti-Jewish riots near Kovno, and some exhibitions of renewed Nihilistic activity.

IN Austria there is much alarm at the progress of Socialism, the Austrian police authorities striving to persecute it out of existence, and of course lamentably failing.

IN Holland M. Van Houten has proposed the abolition of the Parliamentary oath.

THE report of the Crofters' Commission has been emphasised by what even the *Times* describes as a genuine Crofters' demonstration, at Dingwall. "More land," and "Down with deer forests," are two cries which involve the claim for the repopulation of the Highlands, and seem likely to be heard pretty often during the next twelve months.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

THE fifty-fourth annual meeting of the British Association was opened at Montreal on August 27th, some eight hundred members having travelled thither from England. The most liberal hospitality is being shown by the Canadians, who have arranged excursions to Majara, to the Rocky Mountains, and to other places of interest, while receptions and festivities of every kind fill up all moments not devoted to sterner duties. The inaugural address was delivered by the President, Lord Rayleigh, F.R.S., etc., and it is perhaps to be regretted that a biologist, instead of a physicist, should not have been followed the outgoing President, Professor Cayley, in the chair. It is time that the sciences which deal with living things should again be offered homage through one of their ablest students, instead of honor being done only to the mathematical side of science. The curious twist which seems to lead the pure physicist into superstition was evidenced at the close of Lord Rayleigh's address; no great modern biologist could have said: "Many excellent people are afraid of science as tending towards Materialism. That such apprehension should exist is not surprising, for unfortunately there are writers, speaking in the name of science, who have set themselves to foster it." The words of Professor Tyndall, his predecessor in the chair, should have taught Lord Rayleigh modesty.

SIR W. THOMSON, as President of the Mathematical and Physical Science Section, delivered an able and interesting address on "Steps towards a Kinetic Theory of Matter." Sir Henry E. Roscoe, President of the Chemical Science Section, gave an opening discourse on the general progress of chemistry between 1848 and 1884, which will well repay the careful reading of the chemical student; while perhaps a larger number will turn with interest to the address of Mr. Moseley, F.R.S., on biology. Mr. Moseley devoted himself to the "consideration of some deep-sea biological questions," and none is more competent to deal exhaustively with such problems. (A full report of these addresses will be found in *Nature* for August 28th.)

ONE of the most interesting speeches was that delivered by Dr. E. B. Tylor, President of the newly-constituted section of Anthropology. Dr. Tylor took his audience to the "old sandy beach of the Thames near Crayford, thirty-five feet above where the river now flows two miles away in the valley. Here," he said, "we are on the very workshop floor where palæolithic man sat chipping at the blocks of flint which had fallen out of the chalk cliff above his head. There lie the broken remains of his blocks, the flint chips he knocked off, and which can be fitted back into their places; the striking stones with which the flaking was done; and with these the splintered bones of mammoth and tichorhine rhinoceros, possibly remains of meals. Moreover, as if to point the contrast between the rude palæolithic man who worked these coarse blocks, and apparently never troubled himself to seek for better material, the modern visitor sees within

fifty yards of the spot the bottle-shaped pits dug out in later ages by neolithic man through the soil to a depth in the chalk where a layer of good workable flint supplied him with the material for his neat flakes and trimly-chipped arrow-heads."

DEALING with "the comparison of peoples according to their social framework of family and tribe," Dr. Tylor showed that the matriarchal system prevails among many American Indian tribes, and he tells us: "It was through becoming an adopted Iroquois that Morgan became aware of this system, so foreign to European ideas, and which he supposed at first to be an isolated peculiarity. No less a person than Herodotus had fallen into the same mistake over two thousand years ago, when he thought the Lydians, in taking their names from their mothers, were unlike all other men. It is now, however, an accepted matter of anthropology, that in Herodotus' time, nations of the civilised world had passed through this matriarchal stage, as appears from the survivals of it retained in the midst of their newer patriarchal institutions. For instance, among the Arabs to this day, strongly patriarchal as their society is in most respects, there survives that most matriarchal idea that one's nearest relative is not one's father but one's maternal uncle; he is bound to his sister's children by a 'closer and holier tie' than paternity, as Tacitus says of the same conception among the ancient Germans. Obviously great interest attaches to any accounts of existing tribes which preserve for us the explanation of such social phænomena. Some of the most instructive of these are too new to have yet found their way into our treatises on early institutions; they are accounts lately published by Dutch officials among the non-Islamised clans of Sumatra and Java. Among these people not only kinship but habitation follows absolutely the female line, so that numerous dwellers in one great house are all connected by descent from one mother, one generation above another, children, then mothers and maternal uncles and aunts, then grandmothers and maternal great-uncles and great-aunts, &c. There are in each district several *suku* or mother-clans, between persons born in which marriage is forbidden. Here then appear the two well-known rules of female descent and exogamy, but now we come into view of the remarkable state of society, that though marriage exists, it does not form the household. The woman remains in the maternal house she was born in, and the man remains in his; his position is that of an authorised visitor; if he will he may come over and help her in the rice-field, but he need not; over the children he has no control whatever, and were he to presume to order or chastise them, their natural guardian, the mother's brother (*mamak*), would resent it as an affront." The whole of Dr. Tylor's address is so interesting that I trust he may reprint it as a pamphlet.

It is stated that a method of steering balloons has been discovered. The rudder and propeller are worked by electricity, and the balloon was driven right against the wind in its trial trip. Captain Renard is the inventor, and we see that a German officer claims to have made a similar discovery.

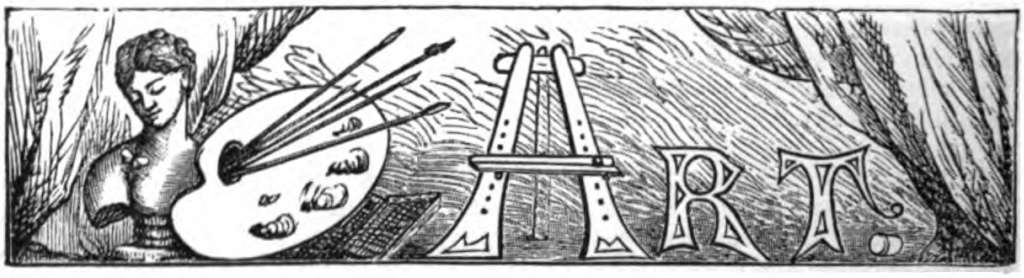
CHOLERA has spread into Italy, despite the strict quarantine enforced, and Naples is suffering severely. It is said that the "filth of the lower quarters and the defective draining of the town generally, make Naples a hot-bed of typhoid, and furnish all the conditions favorable to the development of cholera." The same disease has broken out in Spain, in the province of Alicante. One death occurred in London, which was returned by the medical man as "Asiatic cholera, six hours," but after careful investigation it was found to be only a severe case of ordinary English cholera, which had begun thirty hours before death.

THE British Archæological Association held its forty-first annual meeting last month at Tenby. Tenby is surrounded by objects attractive to the antiquarian mind, such as cromlechs, barrows, Druidical remains, etc. The Bishop of St. David's was the president.

A CURIOUS youth is now in London, passing through it on his way to America, where he is to be exhibited by Mr. Barnum. "His peculiarities are an extraordinary growth of silky fair hair, especially on the face, and an equally extraordinary deficiency of teeth. The growth of hair on the face, especially about the eyes, nose, and ears, strongly suggest the aspect of a terrier, and the position of his four teeth also suggests the resemblance to a dog. Professor Virchow, of Berlin, it is said, has likened him to the terrier monkey. The name bear-man has been given to the boy to distinguish him from his father, a man with similar peculiarities, who some ten years ago was exhibited on the Continent as 'the dog-man.' According to his guardian, a Mr. Forster, the father and this lad, then about two years old, were discovered in one of the Russian Government forests. The man, who is now dead, was a thorough savage, and nothing could be ascertained from him to throw light on his antecedents or the history of the boy. The lad has been given the name of Theodor Jewtichejew. He is of an amiable disposition, and is quick to learn. He has received some education in St. Petersburg. He speaks German, and knows a few words of French and English. He dances and plays the concertina, and is greatly delighted when he evokes applause. At the American Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, Theodore is to be seen by doctors, anthropologists, who may be interested in him, and others invited by his guardian, but his first public engagement is to be in America with Mr. Barnum."

THE obituary for the month includes: Mr. H. G. Bohn, aged 98, the world famed publisher and bibliographer; Dr. James Collis Browne, aged 66, the inventor of chlorodyne; Mr. E. A. Ray, Assistant Keeper of the Printed Books, British Museum; Mr. John Aitken, a well-known geologist; M. Barral, the eminent chemist, and the executor of Arago, Humboldt, and Count Gasparin, aged 65; George Bentham, F.R.S., F.L.S., the famous botanist, aged 83.

ANNIE BESANT.



"ANNO DOMINI."—Much complaint is made concerning the growing custom of exhibiting pictures of special interest in private Galleries. As a question of personal enjoyment it is to me a treat to quietly ponder over a great work such as the picture to which Mr. Long has given the above title, undisturbed by comments not always distinguished for their discrimination, or by the unavoidable distraction of a surging crowd.

The subject of the painting now on view in Bond Street is the flight into Egypt of Mary and Joseph with the infant Jesus. The setting sun touches with roseate hues the Temple of Osiris, the Pylon or gateway leading to the Temple and the distant Pyramids.

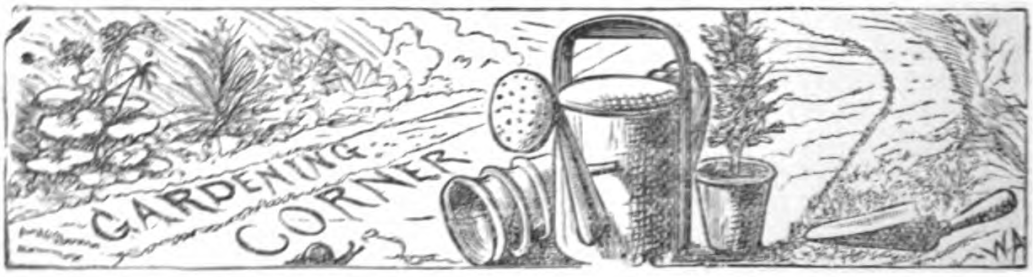
Through the gateway, and moving towards the east, sweeps a long procession in honor of the Egyptian deities. Near the Pylon is the sacred bull Apis, nearer the spectator is the figure of Osiris, "Manifester of Good and Truth," attended by a band of white-robed priests. About the middle of the procession is the golden image of Isis with her son Horus on her knees, Isis the Queen of Heaven, all-powerful and all-pure. On either side the image walk the twin sisters who lived as vestals in constant attendance on their Goddess. At the feet of the figure some slaves have laid the litter of their sick mistress in the hope that healing virtue may go forth from the symbol of divinity. The whole procession is headed by singers, players and dancers. On the left a stalwart negro is selling amulets and sacred images. Near him is a lover clasping round the neck of his beautiful betrothed the "eye of Osiris," the charm that ensures constancy. Crouched on the ground is a despairing mother, with a look of agony on her upturned face, holding in her arms a dying child. Slave-girls hold in front of its unconscious face the sacred symbols of their faith, while some that have been tried and found ineffectual lie unheeded on the ground. For the centre of the foreground is a group that attracts more notice from the spectators of to-day than it did from the Eastern crowd. Riding on an ass Mary carries the child Christ in her arms, while Joseph with staff and gourd walks beside her. Mary's face is very beautiful, and the infant looks out from the picture with lovely, wondering baby eyes; both faces and figures are wholly human, and there is no nimbus to give an air of unreality. Mother and child alike are of the Western type, and in striking contrast with their surroundings. A dark-skinned girl half lying in the sand holds up to Mary the image of Pasht, Goddess of Purity, but Mary's eyes are fixed with pitying gaze on the dying child of the Egyptian.

I have read that Mr. Long's work is distinguished for its "Christian" feeling. To me the picture is a work of art, and true art is for all creeds. Looking at the painting from an Atheist point of view, I found much to rejoice over in the fair treatment of another creed than the one by law established in our own country. The legend of Isis and Horus has so much in common with the Christian myth that it needs little imagination to substitute in fancy a figure of the "Madonna and Child" for the golden one of Isis; white-robed choristers with swinging thuribles for the dancing maidens with their timbrels; the cross and sceptre for the sacred emblems of the older Gods, and the procession then becomes a church festival in the middle ages, when the humanity of the mother and child had been lost sight of in the pomp and pride of a creed become in its turn popular with the great ones of the earth. That the worship of Christ superseded that of Isis is a matter of history, and it is well that the Christian group should be advancing towards the light in the West; but the light though brilliant, is that of the *setting* sun. Much remains to be said of the beauty of the execution, of the varying expressions on the faces of the vast crowd, of the grace of the dancers, and the careful study of archæological details; but as the picture will doubtless be exhibited in the provinces I will content myself with advising everyone who has the opportunity to see and judge in person.

"CHATTERTON."—Few plays have moved me more than this short one-act piece now playing at the Princess's. We are with Chatterton in the last few hours of his sad life. Failing to obtain the employment that shall save him from starvation, too proud to take the offered charity of his landlady, the boy—for he is little more—who hoped so much from life, seeks an escape from his troubles by self-inflicted death, discovering too late that love and renown were within his reach, had he but discovered and read the letter hidden among his manuscripts, before instead of after drinking his poison draught. The proud independence of the starving youth who rejects food with: "No,

thank you, Mrs. Angell. I am not hungry:" the insatiable longing after fame, the despairing and lonely death, have a pathos patent to all. Not quite so apparent to all the audience was the, to me, most pathetic as well as the strongest episode in the sketch. An artist-friend in a semi-intoxicated condition urges Chatterton to accept his maxim: "Don't know—don't care." Chatterton is in the state of mind to which the temptation appeals strongly, and moves as if to accompany Boaden to the haunts where the skill of his pencil is repaid by stimulants. Taking a paper from Boaden's hand, Chatterton shrinks from the specimen of the debased use the artist makes of his talents. Boaden, half seriously, half in jest, boasts that he once had high resolves, and has fallen gradually lower and lower; as he speaks the look grows stronger on Chatterton's face that tells us he will find death easier than disgrace. He resists the insidious and so often successful temptation: "It will be all the same a thousand years hence," with the desire to keep his name unsullied for the generations yet unborn. Mr. Wilson Barrett satisfies at every point. He is the earnest, impassioned poet throughout, self-contained and free from all suspicion of ranting. His impersonation is one not readily forgotten, and should be seen by all who care for fine acting.

ELIZABETH CRACKNELL.



OCTOBER.

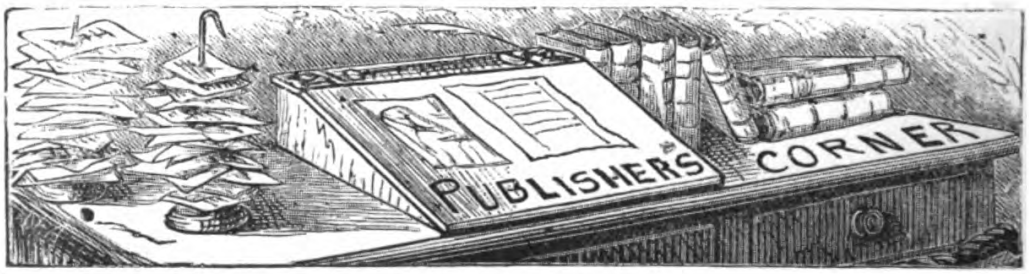
DURING this month in most localities the glories of the flower garden will have passed away, and amateurs will have anxious thoughts as to repotting, storing and preserving favorite plants, with a view to their glories being revived in the coming year. A few hints, then, on what are the guiding principles and essential conditions necessary to the successful growth and preservation of pot plants, in as far as potting and soil are concerned, may, it seems to us, very well form the subject of this paper. And first we advise amateurs who wish to lift, repot, and winter safely bedded-out geraniums and other such greenhouse plants that have adorned their parterres during the season, to carefully go over these, say three weeks before it is proposed to lift, and with a sharp knife cut in all the strong and leading shoots to within three or four eyes of their base. By so doing they will make their plants compact and easily handled when they come to lift and repot them; whilst the wound made by the knife will quickly callous and so retain the sap and concentrate it for the benefit of the incipient eyes, which will break and form bushy, shapely plants by and bye when safely potted and stored in the greenhouse. We urge attention to the above, as we have often seen great loss and havoc made in collections by neglect of it. We have seen fine vigorous growing plants lifted from beds, taken to the potting bench, there to have their heads remorselessly cut in, and repotted at one operation. Now it should not be necessary to inform any one in the least acquainted with plant physiology that this was a most barbarous and unscientific proceeding; that to disturb the roots and behead the plant at the same time

must prove a serious shock to so delicate and sensitive an organised existence as a plant. The existence and action of the roots and leaves are so reciprocal and dependent on each other that to interfere with both at the same time, must, in the nature of things, prove a retarding blow to the plant, whereas, if the operations of which we now write are peformed at separate times, the roots hasten to restore the foliage or the foliage the roots as the case may be. To illustrate this further let it be supposed that a healthy young plant, say a geranium, is placed in our hands. The object is, of course, to grow the young plant into any desired size which accommodation and taste may suggest, and at last to have a plant with healthy green leaves and a good development of bloom. The first thing to be thought of is to grow this plant, having only a single shoot, into a handsome, symmetrical plant, and in order to make it branch out from the single stem into half-a-dozen or more, it must be topped in order to throw the current of sap into the lateral buds and cause them to burst into branches. When should this topping (or more technically "stopping") operation be performed? Should it be before or after the plant is transferred into a larger pot? or should the operation of "stopping" and potting be contemporaneous? We say it should be "stopped" a sufficient time before potting to allow the wound to callous and the lateral buds to break into growth, or it should be deferred till after the plant is shifted into a larger pot, and recovered the unavoidable check consequent on repotting, and has commenced to root into the new soil. If our young geraniums require this "stopping" operation to secure lateral shoots, the roots, if not disturbed, will soon force the lateral buds into growth and restore the balance; or if the plant is potted with its full complement of leaves into a larger pot, the leaves will in like manner, restore the damage caused to the tender and delicate roots by the operation of shifting into a fresh pot and soil.

After a healthy root-action takes place, and the system of the plant is in full and vigorous play and feeding on the fresh soil, the removal of the top of the plant, or the "stopping" of side shoots, will soon be compensated by the bursting forth of the lateral growths. Take, on the other hand, the case of a geranium that is done blooming and which has been grown in a pot for window or greenhouse decoration, and has been cut down to lay the foundation for another season's flowering. In order to its healthy growth, it is required that the whole of the old and exhausted soil be shaken from its roots and be supplied with fresh soil. Now, this operation is frequently performed immediately the plant is pruned and denuded of every leaf, and as a consequence delicate sorts perish outright. The plant after pruning should be allowed to burst into leaf before the old soil is shaken from its roots. The young crop of leaves keep up their action on the roots, and hasten the formation of young and active feeders in the fresh soil, and the shock is soon recovered from, and the whole system of the plant brought into full and healthy action. Every active rootlet or spongiolet dies immediately the plant is cut down and denuded of its foliage, and it is not till the leaves are again formed that they once more come into play. From the foregoing it will be inferred that in potting plants which require any cutting or pruning, the two operations should not be performed at the same time. Generally it is best to prune first and allow the plants to make fresh growth before the potting is performed. Deciduous plants should never be repotted till they have burst into leaf. Fuschias, for instance, which have been dried off in winter, should in no case be shaken out of their old soil till they have developed or expanded a few leaves, and all pruning required in their case should be done before the roots are disturbed. But when these are in active growth you may pinch the shoots with a view to "lick" your plants into any shape you want with impunity. Evergreen plants, such as Camelias, Oranges, Myrtles, &c., have a particular season at which their roots elongate or increase with more rapidity than is usual at other stages

of their growth, and under ordinary circumstances that season is immediately they have made their growth in branches and leaves, and that is the most desirable time to shift such as require it into larger pots and a more nourishing soil, for just as the roots are extending they are ready to lay hold of the new and more nourishing diet. But to throw the consideration of "stopping" or pruning aside—for it often occurs that shifting a plant into a larger pot becomes necessary when pruning is not called for—when it is desired to increase the size of a plant it should be shifted into a larger pot as soon as the roots have coiled themselves among and around the soil in their present pot to an extent that renders it safe to perform the operation without danger of the ball falling to pieces. Generally speaking, a sure criterion as to when a plant requires more pot room and nourishment, is when the roots make their appearance through the bottom of the pot. It is, however, much preferable on the near approach of winter to have plants a little cramped at the roots than to shift them on at such a season. Under such circumstances the operation should be deferred till early spring. Azaleas and Camelias, as has already been stated, should not be shifted till their blooming season is past and they have made fresh growth. All plants that are dependent on a well-ripened growth the previous season for a good crop of bloom are much better under-potted than over-potted, and are likewise much less likely to suffer from over-watering. Other hints we would like to throw out on this important subject, but must defer them for a future paper.

W. ELDER.



MISS HOWELL'S "After Life of the Apostles"[1] ought to be found in the library of every young Freethinker. It is a simply and effectively written account of the doings of the traditionary apostles of the Christian Church.

Mr. Gladstone's "Midlothian Speeches"[2] have been issued. A very cheap popular edition, containing the three speeches, is issued by Mr. Bell of Darlington, and each speech is also published separately, on good paper.

Professor Büchner's admirable address, "Der Fortschritt in Natur und Geschichte im Lichte der Darwin'schen Theorie,"[3] has been published as a pamphlet. We hope to present the readers of *Our Corner* with a translation. Every fresh application of the Darwinian theory throws new light on the complex problems of the past.

M. Jules Blancard[4] appears to be a curious mixture of Communist and Theist.

[1] "After Life of the Apostles." By Constance Howell. 1s. London: Freethought Publishing Company, 63, Fleet Street.

[2] "Midlothian Speeches, 1884." Darlington, Mr. Bell. 1d. Also separately, London: H. J. Enfield, 160, Fleet Street, and Freethought Publishing Company, 63, Fleet Street. 1d. each.

[3] "Der Fortschritt in Natur," etc. By Professor Ludwig Büchner, M.D. Stuttgart: E. Schweizerbart'sche Verlagshandlung.

[4] "Lettre aux Anarchistes." Par Jules Blancard. Bordeaux: 160, Rue d'Ornano.

Dr. Schlaeger has just issued an interesting analysis of Wagner's Parsifal,[5] which he regards as a "grand attempt . . . . to interpret the naïve Christianity of the Middle Ages, handing down its moral essence to posterity in a purified and glorified form."

A most learned treatise on the Drink Question,[6] by Axel Gustafson, is a very armory of weapons for temperance reformers, and deserves careful reading from all.

"Biblical Biology"[7] is a propagandist tract from the pen of Mrs. Besant, making fun of biblical errors in science.

Parts I. and II. of the "Atheistic Platform"[8] should be bought by every Secular Society at the beginning of the winter session. They contain twelve lectures of well-known Freethought advocates.

Anecdotes.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the solution of a cryptogram which appeared in the *Standard* the other day: "My dear, dear love: You are very precious to me, and I think of you always. Been ill, very sad and discouraged, but will write soon—hkvzp gi nv yvulov biftl.—Y. O. C." He writes: "It is evident that *l* and *v* are vowels, and that they are *e* and *o*. On the assumption that *v* is *e*, I asked myself how these two letters are related; and answered that *v* is the same distance from the end of the alphabet as *c* is from the beginning. The whole message is written in this way, and is: "Speak to me before you go;" but there is a mistake in the fifth letter of the fourth word, which should be *i* not *o*.

A GERMAN who went over to Italy, dined at a *café* kept by an Italian, and was given Lacrima Cristi (Christ's tears) wine. On his being informed what the wine was, he smacked his lips and said: "Mein Gott! Vat a pity our Lord didn't veep in my country!"

[5] "The significance of Wagner's Parsifal." By Dr. Schlaeger. Translated by Miss Coleman. 6d. Minden: Brun's Verlag. London: Freethought Publishing Company, 63, Fleet Street.

[6] "The Foundation of Death." By Axel Gustafson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1, Paternoster Row.

[7] "Biblical Biology." By Annie Besant. 1d. London: Freethought Publishing Company, 63, Fleet Street.

[8] "Atheistic Platform. Parts I. and II. Sixpence each. The two in one wrapper, One Shilling.

Two Views of Married Life.

The first view is obtained by reading the following verses straightforward as usual; but in order to see the second, it will be necessary to alternate the lines, reading the first and third, then the second and fourth.

That man must lead a happy life,
Who is directed by a wife;
Who's freed from matrimonial claims,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace
Till he beheld a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female race appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride,
In woman never did reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in woman we behold?
The failings that in woman dwell
Are almost imperceptible.

Confusion take the men, I say,
Who no regard to women pay;
Who make the women their delight,
Keep always reason in their sight.

Bewildered in an immense forest during the night, and having only one small torch for my guide, a stranger approached, and thus addressed me: "Friend, blow out thy light, if thou wouldst make sure of the right path." This stranger was a *priest.—Diderot.*

The story came from Paris that a lady who attended four churches in one day, missed her umbrella on returning home. She immediately revisited all four churches and found her umbrella in the last one. When the umbrella was handed to her she thankfully said to the sexton: "The people at this church are much more honest than those at the others."

Deacon Dewgood's son returned home very late the other night from a pressing engagement with his pretty sweetheart. "Where have you been?" growled the old man, as the youth came sneaking upstairs in his stocking feet. "Dear father," he replied, "I cannot tell a lie; I've been to a protracted meeting." And the good old man upbraided himself for having treated his son so harshly.

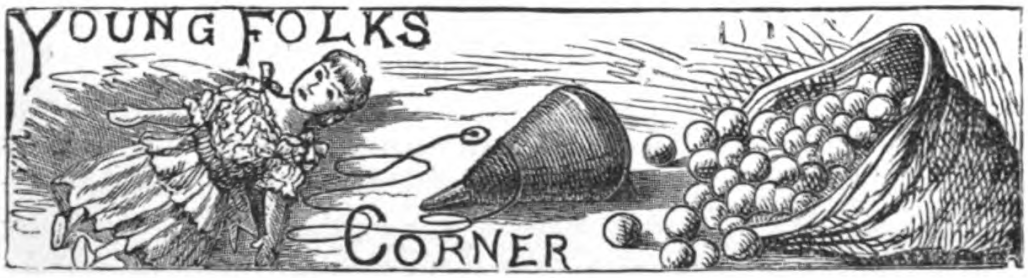
A Quaker barber was sued by the clergyman of his village for tithes, so he went to him and asked why he troubled him, as he never had any dealings with him. "It is for tithes," said the parson.—"For tithes? upon what account?"—"Why, for preaching in the church."—"Then have I nothing to pay thee, for I come not there."—"But you might: for the door is always open at convenient times." Presently the Quaker sued

the clergyman for forty shillings. "What do I owe you?" asked the parson. "Truly, friend, for shaving," rejoined the Quaker. "But I was never shaved by you in my life." "But thou mightest have come to be shaved, for my door is always open at convenient times as much as thine."

THE following story is going the round of the Bar. The Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Grove, and Mr. Baron Huddleston are in consultation over the Bradlaugh case.—GROVE, J.: I think the evidence does not prove either the existence or the non-existence of a Supreme Being.—HUDDLESTON, B.: I think the evidence distinctly proves the existence of a Supreme Being. Besides, all the duchesses assure me that there is one.—LORD COLERIDGE, C. J.: I do not know whether the evidence proves the existence of a Supreme Being, but I am perfectly sure that there is one, and that I am he.

CARDINAL BOCCA DI PORCO had uniformly a fishing-net placed upon his table at dinner, in token of humility, and as an allusion to the trade of his father, who had been a fisherman. As soon as the Cardinal arrived at the pontificate (Sergius IV.), this practice was discontinued; on being asked the reason, his holiness replied, "that the fish was now caught."

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said an American lawyer last week, "there were just thirty-six hogs in the drove. Please remember the fact—just three times as many as in the jury-box, gentlemen!"



How the World was Made.

From the Latin of P. OVIDIUS NASO.

NELLIE sat on the yellow sands one summer afternoon, watching the blue sea come rolling in. She saw how the beautiful blue waters seemed to gather themselves up into a vast wave and then come rolling in towards her, as though they wanted to come and play with her; and then how, just before the wave reached her, it broke up into countless brilliant foamy drops, and came rippling gently up to her feet, just as if it knew very well that a wave was too big and noisy and rough to play with a little girl, and so divided itself into the hundreds of tiny wavelets which came murmuring joyfully up to her. And as Nellie let the sparkling waterdrops pass through her tiny

fingers, she said lovingly: "Dear sea, beautiful sea, I wonder where you come from and how old you are."

Nellie turned round to look for her brother Fred. Fred was close by; he had taken off his shoes and stockings, and was hard at work building up a wondrous sand castle. It was nearly finished; just another tower to add, and it would be done.

"Fred," said Nellie, "leave your castle, and come and watch the sea. Isn't it beautiful? I wonder how old the sea is."

"Oh! the sea is very old, but it is not half so nice as the sand—unless you have a boat, I mean. Look at all the things I have been building with the sand—a castle, a mountain, a railway, and all sorts of things. The sand is best, and I am sure it is just as old and wise as the sea."

"How old is that?" asked Nellie.

"Oh, ever so old! As old as grandfather, I should think," answered Fred.

"Let us ask grandfather; he will be sure to know. We'll ask him when the sea was born, and the sand, and the sky, and the stars, and the trees, and the flowers and the—oh! everything," said Nell.

Fred, who had been building with sand all the afternoon, and now felt he had done a good day's work, willingly agreed, and immediately began to pull on his shoes and stockings.

Nellie, delighted at the idea, stooped once more to dip her hands in the wavelet at her feet. She kissed the bright water drops on her finger-tips, and waving her hands gaily to the far-reaching ocean, she cried: "Good-bye, dear sea; I shall come back to-morrow. I am only going to ask grandfather all about you." She thought the sea murmured a gentle "good-bye."

After tea the children coaxed grandfather out into the garden, and made him sit down in the arbor. It was such a nice arbor, all covered with roses and honeysuckle; if the sun wanted to peep in he had to come and look through the doorway, because the flowers and leaves grew in such thick profusion that they scarce left a tiny hole for the curious sun to spy through.

Nellie perched herself on grandfather's knee, and twining her arms round his neck, like the little coax she was, said: "Grandfather dear, we want to know how old the sea is, and the stars, and everything in the world, and when they were made."

"Is *that* all?" said grandfather, with a comical expression; "well, I am sorry I can't oblige you."

Fred and Nellie looked disappointed.

Grandfather noticed this, and so went on: "If you want to know about the lives of trees and flowers, how they are born and live and die, you must study a science called Botany. This science tells you to notice every little wayside flower you see, to pass by none unheeded, and thus by continual watchfulness make yourselves acquainted with much of their exceeding beauty which is otherwise lost to you. It is just the same thing with the sand, and the rocks, and all the other things. Each must be studied separately; I cannot tell you in a breath how they were all formed."

"But, grandfather," said Fred, "Johnnie Pearce says the world was made in six days; the earth, and the sky, and the sea and everything, all in six days—trees, and men and animals, too."

"My dear boy," replied grandfather seriously, "all these things were not made at once. Look at that creamy rose just beside you. It has taken years and years to produce that; its parent is the wild rose, which grows so plentifully on the hedges. That was a fable Johnnie Pearce was telling you—a Jewish fable, believed in by a great many people at one time, but no sensible people believe in it to-day. Why, that same fable says the world is only 6000 years old, and the coal we burn in our grates took much longer than that to become what it is to-day. But since you are so anxious to know how the world was made, I will tell you another fable about it, quite as veracious as the one Johnnie Pearce told you. This fable was written in verse by an old Roman who lived nearly 2000 years ago.

"Once upon a time, the whole universe was in a state which men called chaos. The earth and the sea and the sky were all mixed up together; they were there, but they formed a rude mass all heaped up in one place, no harmony or order reigned amongst the atoms.

"As yet there was no Titan (whom mortals call the sun) to bestow light upon the world, nor did bright Phœbe (the moon) appear, increase and fade. The earth was not as yet poised in the surrounding air, balanced by its own weight, nor had Amphitrite, the Goddess of the Ocean, yet stretched out her arms to embrace the earth.

"Everywhere where there was land there also was sea and air, so that the earth was without solidity, the air without light and the sea unnavigable. The one was always in opposition to the others; in one body cold would struggle with heat, moisture with dryness, softness with hardness, and weight with weightlessness.

"The God or more beneficent Nature put an end to this continual

strife. He separated the earth from the heavens and the waters from the earth, and drew apart the clear serene sky from the gross atmosphere. After he had disentangled these, each one from the others, and released them from the confused mass, he re-combined them, joining them harmoniously together, each in its proper place.

"The arched sky, fiery and without weight, rose and took its place in the highest region. Next, both in lightness and place, came the air. Far heavier than these was the earth; it drew into it all great atoms, and was pressed together by its own solidity. The surrounding waters fell to the lowest place of all and restrained the ponderous earth.

"Now when he—whichever of the Gods it was—had liberated and set apart these different components, giving to each a distinct position, he continued his work of order. In the first place, that the earth might not be unequal on any side, he massed it up into the form of a vast sphere; then he commanded the sea to be poured about it, and, swelling with boisterous winds, to clasp the shores of the earth like a girdle. He added also springs and immense ponds and lakes, and hemmed in the down-flowing rivers with slanting banks. These varied in different places; some were taken into the earth, some travelled down to the sea and, received into this wide field of waters, beat against shores instead of banks.

"He commanded, too, that the plains should be extended, that the valleys should sink, that the woods should be clothed with leaves, and that rocky mountains should arise.

"At the north two zones divided the heavens, two zones divided the south, and in the middle came the fifth, hotter than all the rest. The God divided the earth into regions corresponding to the heavenly zones. Of these the middle was not habitable because of the heat, two were covered with deep snow, but between these hot and cold regions on both sides he placed another to he which gave a temperate climate, mingling heat with cold.

"Over these hung the air, which was heavier than fire, even as the water had less weight than the earth. Here he commanded the mists and fogs, and the heavy clouds to take up their abode. Here also was to dwell the thunder destined to move the minds of mortals with fear, the lightnings and the cold winds. Not indeed that the maker of the world allowed these winds to take possession of the air at random. Even now, although each governs his own blast in a distinct region, so great is the strife amongst these brothers (for does

not Hesiod tell us that they were all sons of the giant Astreus and Aurora, Goddess of the Morning?) that it is with great difficulty that they can be kept from rending the world in pieces.

"Eurus (the East Wind) took his way to where he might see the coming of Aurora, to the eastern climes where the mountain peaks were bathed in the morning light. The home of Vesper, the evening star, where the shores were warm with the setting sun, was the quarter allotted to Zephyrus, or the West Wind.

"Blustering Boreas invaded Scythia and the region of the seven stars. If you look up to the sky towards the north you will see seven stars, called the Great Bear or Charles' Wain. It was with them that the North Wind dwelt. The opposite quarter of the earth is always heavy with moisture from the continual clouds and the rain-bearing South Wind.

"Above these he placed æther, clear and imponderable, and containing nothing of the baseness of the earth.

"Hardly had all this been arranged, than the stars, so long hidden in that chaotic mass, now began to shine out over the whole heavens.

"That no region might be without living kind, the stars and the Gods took possession of the heavenly plains; the waters were inhabited by shining fishes, the earth harbored the wild beasts, and the yielding air the birds. But an animal more divine than these, capable of higher intelligence, and of ruling the rest, was still wanting. Then Man was born. Whether the maker of all these things, the originator of this better world, fashioned him from divine elements, or whether the new earth, but lately separated from the lofty æther, still retained some grains of its kindred leaven, which mixed with the waters of the river, Prometheus, son of Japetus, modelled after the image of the gods who rule all things, I cannot say. But while all other animals incline their looks downwards towards the earth, to man he gave an upraised face and commanded that he should be able to behold the heavens and turn his eyes undaunted to the stars.

"Thus the rude and shapeless earth became changed and assumed the form of man."

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

(*To be continued.*)

Real Heroes.

Martin Luther.

Part III.

"Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time."

Though Luther and his wife were, on the whole, happy, yet they must at times have suffered severely from "the pinch of poverty," for he would never receive a farthing for the books and pamphlets he wrote, declaring that his conscience did not suffer him to receive money for working in the cause of truth. And so the great reformer, the Doctor of Divinity, had to learn how to turn a lathe, that he might earn bread for himself and his family.

His life was blessed by several beautiful friendships. There was Ursula Cotta, the friend of his youth; Staupitz, the superior of the Erfürt convent; Frederick, Elector of Saxony; the gentle and learned Melancthon; and there was Lucas Kranach, the painter.

One is glad to learn that Luther was discovered one fine Sunday afternoon, heartily enjoying a game at bowls, and to know that not from him have the pious people learnt to turn Sunday into a day of gloom and dulness. It is pleasant also to know that he loved music to the end of his life; that he liked a merry game and a hearty laugh.

He died at Eisleben, his birthplace, a peaceful, painless death, with friends gathered round his bed. One of the latter, Justin Jones, asking him if he still believed the doctrines he had preached and fought for throughout his life, he answered firmly and earnestly: "Yes!" Then he closed his eyes and fell asleep, his last sleep. Thus died Luther, the great Reformer, the fearless champion of truth, who never in his life was known to quail before a human being. All men and women owe him a deep debt of gratitude for having shaken the power of the Church of Rome so violently that it will never recover the shock. Luther, in teaching the men and women of his day to love liberty of thought in religious matters, "builded better than he knew." Little did he imagine that in urging the nations to rebel against the tyranny of the Church of Rome, he was sowing in men's hearts seeds of hatred against all kinds of despotism, social, political and religious. He never guessed that in teaching mankind to love and value truth for its own sake, he was doing mighty service for Freethought, and was really laboring to destroy belief in that very Hebrew Bible which he was said to love so well. He had, indeed, set a mighty stone a-rolling, and was powerless to stop its course. "The Peasants' War," a revolt of the German peasantry against the harsh and unjust rule of the barons and princes, was said by many to be due to the new doctrines taught by Luther. In reality this outbreak was mainly the result of centuries of injustice and cruelty; although probably the peasantry were stimulated to quicker action by the teachings and example of Luther.

At that time the German peasantry were leading lives of utter

misery and degradation. Tyrannised over by cruel lords and superstitious priests, crushed and burdened by unjust taxes, forced to labor for masters whom they hated, they were treated more as slaves than as free men, and were, in many places, sold together with the soil they tilled. To such men as these the story of Luther's brave fight against the tyranny of an all-powerful Church was most attractive. To their ears, the (to them) new word "freedom," so often on men's lips at that day, had the sweetest of all sounds. We too will be free! they cried. We will work no more for these cruel lords. We will have bread. We will no longer starve that they may have plenty. And all the pent-up hatred of the peasantry, so long repressed, blazed forth at last, and took shape in one of the wildest, saddest revolts the world has ever known.

At first Luther did his best to appease the fury of these poor maddened, misguided men. He remonstrated with them, he entreated the princes to make some concessions and to pity and forgive the anger of a suffering and wronged people; but in vain. The princes and lords would make no terms with men whom long habit had taught them to regard as inferior beings, and the peasants, full of the mad, blind rage that is ever born of centuries of oppression, rose as one man against their tyrants, and filled Germany with scenes of bloodshed and horror. Castles were plundered and burnt, monasteries sacked and razed to the ground, innocent men and women barbarously murdered. Liberty! cried the peasants as they burnt and pillaged and slaughtered at their will. They had been nearer the truth had they cried Vengeance! hatred! For liberty has indeed no part or place in scenes of bloodshed and horror. Then, in their turn, the nobles and princes of Germany united against a common foe, and most terrible and merciless was their vengeance on the unhappy peasants. All the barbarities of the peasant revolt were repaid a thousandfold to the insurgents, and the slaughter was terrible.

It is an undying disgrace to Luther that at this crisis he had no word of pity for those poor misguided peasants, now utterly at the mercy of the nobles. He had enormous influence in Germany, and might well have pleaded in their behalf, reminding their oppressors of all the wrongs so long and so patiently suffered by these poor men. But, alas, untrue to his nobler self, he joined in the popular outcry, whose burden was "Blood, human blood, human life." A wicked, wicked cry it is, remembering how infinitely precious, how full of mighty possibilities is this same human life, that in time of war is held so cheap. "Let everyone strike; pierce and kill who is able," cried Luther. . . . . "If you do not put a mad dog to death, he will kill you." He was incensed with the peasants for the cruelties they practised, angry also that his own name should be denounced by many on account of such crimes. Scant mercy was shown to the unfortunate rebels. They were slaughtered by thousands, many were barbarously deprived of their sight, and the taxes and burdens against which they had justly revolted were imposed upon them with even less pity than of old.

Few records of human life are entirely free from stain, and that of Martin Luther is marred by one dark blot: his treatment, namely, of the peasant rebels of Germany. But we must remember that he lived

300 years ago, that much of the knowledge which, in this nineteenth century, enables us to see with clearer vision, was impossible for him, and that his reason must have been sadly clouded by his religious belief. For he believed in a Devil, and worshipped a God so barbarously cruel as to doom human beings to unending torment. And this was in his day the universal belief of Europe. We, who live in a more fortunate and enlightened age, should think with tolerance of Luther's failings, and, despite all faults, he lived a noble life—a life that has shed a glory on the world for all time. When other men were silent and hid their real feelings through fear, Luther dared to speak out, to utter the thoughts that burned in his heart. Alone and single-handed he struggled against the tyranny of an all-powerful priesthood, knowing well that such audacity might be punished by death. Truth was dearer to him than any worldly gain or personal ambition; for her sake he worked and fought throughout his long and busy life. He was a genuine hero. Such men as he cannot fail to move the world, and he has moved it to such an extent that it has never been quite the same place since he lived upon it. We have to thank Martin Luther for much of our present civilisation and religious freedom, for our wider knowledge and more ardent love of truth and justice. And these are things that, like a snowball, grow with use, so that our debt of gratitude to the great Reformer increases day by day.

J.

Puzzles.

SYNCOPATIONS.

o o * o o
o o * o o
o o * o o
o o * o o
o o * o o
o o * o o
o o * o o
o o * o o
o o * o o
o o * o o
o o * o o

1. Syncopate a book of pictures, and leave a mineral salt.
2. Syncopate an important grain, and leave that which.
3. Syncopate part of a poem, and leave a Roman censor.
4. Syncopate a dishonest person, and leave familiar talk.
5. Syncopate to divide, and leave a prophet.
6. Syncopate wide, and leave thin nail.
7. Syncopate young domestic animals, and leave cottages.
8. Syncopate the best part of anything, and leave to force down.
9. Syncopate a famous Huguenot, and leave a book of laws.
10. Syncopate a word for money, and leave a snare.
11. Syncopate a fancy, and leave part of an ounce.

The word formed from the Syncopated Letters means good-will.

[12 marks.]

In syncopating a word you are required to take out one or more letters, and the word in its original and syncopated forms must satisfy the conditions given in the "Lights." In the above, the Star marks the position of the syncopated letter.

ANAGRAMS.

1. N, on time; 2. O wall; 4. Sow all; 4. Rat in gin; 5. Night loom; 6. Run, dear G! [6 marks.]

PUZZLES.

1. Show how to add two figures to 81 so that the result may be less than 9. [4 marks.]

2. What word in the English language contains all the vowels in alphabetical order? [4 marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. A debt of 50 guineas was paid with half-sovereigns and guineas. The number of half-sovereigns was 17 less than four times the number of guineas. How many gold pieces were paid? [8 marks.]

2. Three men, the lengths of whose strides are 2ft. 8 inches, 3ft., and 3ft. 4in. respectively, walk a mile. Find how often they will step together. [6 marks.]

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

Shakspere Acrostic.—Othello.

1. Ophelia
2. Timon.
3. Hamlet.
4. Emilia.
5. Lear.
6. Lysander.
7. Orlando.

Buried Poets.

1. Keats; 2. Cowper; 3. Hood; 4. Dante; 5. Mil(l)ton; 6. Southey.

Conundrums.

1. The letter A.
2. Because he has lost his all (awl).

Cracked Nuts.

1. If each boy's work equals half that of a man, then 42 boys will do the work of 21 men. 27 men to do the work in 28 days must work 10 hours a-day. One man to do the work must work $10 \times 27 \times 28$ hours. 21 men (or 42 boys) to do the work in 45 days must work

$$\frac{\overset{2}{\cancel{10}} \times \overset{3}{\cancel{27}} \times \overset{4}{\cancel{28}}}{\underset{3}{\cancel{21}} \times \underset{5}{\cancel{45}}} = 8 \text{ hours.}$$

∴ The boys must work 8 hours a day.

∴ Number of shots fired $= 10 \times 11 = 110$. 20 bull's-eyes and 11 misses represent 31 shots. ∴ 79 = number of shots to be divided among centres and outers. Total score = 286. 20 bull's-eyes count 80 ∴ 206 = value of centres and outers.

Then $79 - x$ represents number of outers,

$$\begin{aligned} \text{And } 3x + 2(79 - x) &= 206 \\ 3x + 158 - 2x &= 206 \\ x &= 48 \end{aligned}$$

∴ Number of centres = 48
Number of outers = 31

TOTAL MARKS POSSIBLE, 32.—Scheherezade, 32; Ottilie, 31; Hypatia, Leoney, 30; Quicksilver, Hawkeye, 28; Our Corner Man, 26; Cromwell, 20; Mignonette, 16; Perth, 14; Mumford, Aladdin, Eureka, 10; Jumbo, 8.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—MUMFORD: You have not taken a fancy name. Your answer to Nut 1 is incorrect, and no marks can be given in any case unless the working is shown.—PERTH: You must choose a fancy name; you have only given your address.—33, NORFOLK ROAD: We have credited your marks to QUICKSILVER; but it is very careless not to put your name.—ALADDIN: Look at working of "Cracked Nuts;" you have not done your best.—CROMWELL and MIGNONETTE: Look at working of "Cracked Nuts;" you have each gained half marks for your working, but with a little more care you would have gained full marks.

PRIZES.

(The Total number of Marks possible is 92.)

No one has succeeded in gaining this number; the highest marks obtained are 72, by OTTILIE (Hedwig Fischer), who therefore takes the FIRST PRIZE. Next comes HYPATIA (Georgina Warriner) with 70; but she has already taken a Quarterly Prize, so is barred. HAWKEYE (F. T. Wright) and QUICKSILVER (H. Wright) with 69 each, are both barred for the same reason. OUR CORNER MAN (W. R. Langley) takes the SECOND PRIZE with 65 marks; CAPTAIN NEMO (J. C. Woodhead), has 54 marks for two sets of answers, and takes the THIRD PRIZE. CROMWELL (W. Norman) with 49 marks, runs the prize-winners close. [NEMO is not the BEELZEBUB of last quarter, who took a prize, but is his brother.]

YOUNG FOLKS' PUZZLE-CORNER RULES.

ANY girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on pp. 254, 255. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

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In the November number of "OUR CORNER" will appear an article by Charles Bradlaugh, entitled:

"THE HOUSE OF LORDS;
ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH & PRIVILEGES."

Also an article by "D." on

"POVERTY AND PRIVATE PROPERTY IN LAND."

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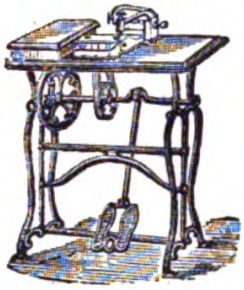

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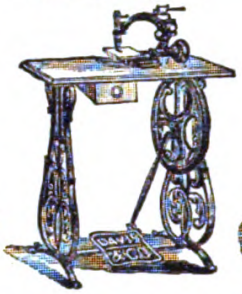

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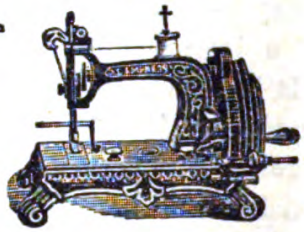

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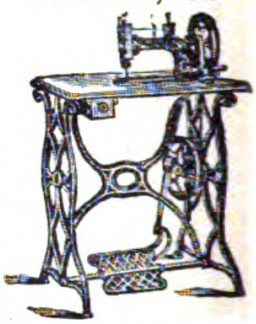

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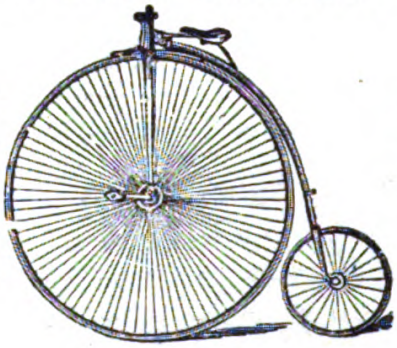

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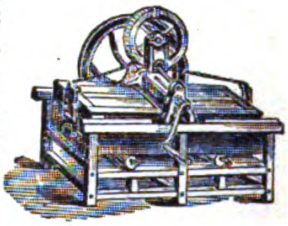

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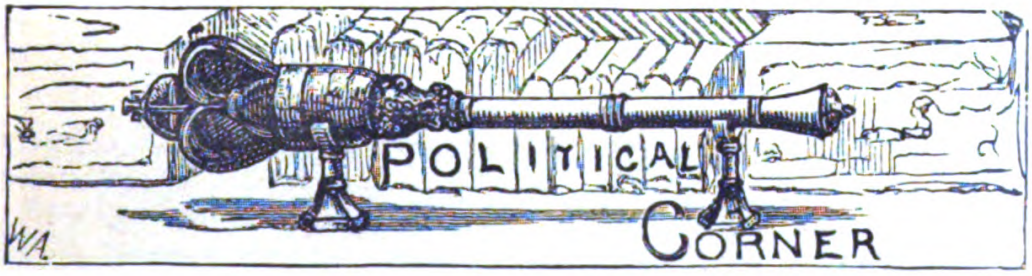

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November 1, 1884.

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XI.

The two months after my mother's death were the dreariest my life has known, and they were months of tolerably hard struggle. The little house in Colby Road taxed my slender resources heavily, and the search for work was not yet successful. I do not know how I should have managed but for the help, ever at hand, of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott. During this time I wrote for Mr. Scott pamphlets on Inspiration, Atonement, Mediation and Salvation, Eternal Torture, Religious Education of Children, Natural *v.* Revealed Religion, and the few guineas thus earned were very valuable. Their house too, was always open to me, and this was no small help, for often in those days the little money I had was enough to buy food for two but not enough to buy it for three, and I would go out and study all day at the British Museum, so as to "have my dinner in town", the said dinner being conspicuous by its absence. If I was away for two evenings running from the hospitable house in the terrace, Mrs. Scott would come down to see what had happened, and many a time the supper there was of real physical value to me. Well might I write, in 1879, when Thomas Scott lay dead: "It was Thomas Scott whose house was open to me when my need was sorest, and he never knew, this generous noble heart, how sometimes, when I went in, weary and

overdone, from a long day's study in the British Museum, with scarce food to struggle through the day—he never knew how his genial 'Well, little lady', in welcoming tone, cheered the then utter loneliness of my life. To no living man or woman—save one—do I owe the debt of gratitude that I owe to Thomas Scott."

The small amount of jewellery I possessed, and all my superfluous clothes, were turned into more necessary articles, and the child, at least, never suffered a solitary touch of want. Mary was a wonderful contriver, and kept house on the very slenderest funds that could be put into a servant's hands, and she also made the little place so bright and fresh-looking that it was always a pleasure to go into it. Recalling those days of "hard living", I can now look on them without regret. More, I am glad to have passed through them, for they have taught me how to sympathise with those who are struggling as I struggled then, and I never can hear the words fall from pale lips: "I am hungry", without remembering how painful a thing hunger is, and without curing that pain, at least for the moment.

But I turn from this to the brighter side of my life, the intellectual and social side, where I found a delight unknown in the old days of bondage. First, there was the joy of freedom, the joy of speaking out frankly and honestly each thought. Truly, I had the right to say: "With a great price obtained I this freedom," and having paid the price, I revelled in the liberty I had bought. Mr. Scott's valuable library was at my service; his keen brain challenged my opinions, probed my assertions, and suggested phases of thought hitherto untouched. I studied harder than ever, and the study now was unchecked by any fear of possible consequences. I had nothing left of the old faith save belief in "a God", and that began slowly to melt away. The Theistic axiom: "If there be a God at all he must be at least as good as his highest creature", began with an "if", and to that "if" I turned my attention. "Of all impossible things", writes Miss Frances Power Cobbe, "the most impossible must surely be that a man should dream something of the good and the noble, and that it should prove at last that his Creator was less good and less noble than he had dreamed." But, I questioned, are we sure that there is a Creator? Granted that if there is he must be above his highest creature, but—is there such a being? "The ground", says the Rev. Charles Voysey, "on which our belief in God rests is man. Man, parent of Bibles and Churches, inspirer of all good thoughts and good deeds. Man, the master-piece of God's thought on earth. Man, the

text-book of all spiritual knowledge. Neither miraculous nor infallible, man is nevertheless the only trustworthy record of the Divine mind in things pertaining to God. Man's reason, conscience, and affections are the only true revelation of his Maker." But what if God were only man's own image reflected in the mirror of man's mind? What if man were the creator, not the revelation of his God?

It was inevitable that such thoughts should arise after the more palpably indefensible doctrines of Christianity had been discarded. Once encourage the human mind to think, and bounds to the thinking can never again be set by authority. Once challenge traditional beliefs and the challenge will ring on every shield which is hanging in the intellectual arena. Around me was the atmosphere of conflict, and freed from its long repression, my mind leapt up to share in the strife with a joy in the intellectual tumult, the intellectual strain.

At this time I found my way to South Place Chapel, to which Mr. Moncure D. Conway was attracting many a seeker after truth. I was fortunate enough to be introduced to this remarkable religious leader, and to his charming wife, one of the sweetest and steadiest natures which it has been my lot to meet. It was from Mrs. Conway that I first heard of Mr. Bradlaugh as a speaker that everyone should hear. She asked me one day if I had been to the Hall of Science, and I said, with the stupid ignorant reflexion of other people's prejudices which is but too common:

"No, I have never been. Mr. Bradlaugh is rather a rough sort of speaker, is he not?

"He is the finest speaker of Saxon English that I have ever heard", Mrs. Conway answered, "except, perhaps, John Bright, and his power over a crowd is something marvellous. Whether you agree with him or not, you should hear him".

I replied that I really did not know what his views were, beyond having a vague notion that he was an Atheist of a rather pronounced type, but that I would go and hear him when I had an opportunity.

Mr. Conway had passed beyond the emotional Theism of Mr. Voysey, and talk with him did something towards widening my views on the question of a Divine Existence. I re-read carefully Mansel's Bampton Lectures, and found in them much to provoke doubt, nothing to induce faith. Take the following phrases, and think whither they carry us. Dean Mansel is speaking of God as Infinite, and he says: "That a man can be conscious of the Infinite is, then, a supposition which, in the very terms in which it is expressed, anni-

hilates itself. . . . . The Infinite, if it is to be conceived at all, must be conceived as potentially everything and actually nothing; for if there is anything in general which it cannot become, it is thereby limited; and if there is anything in particular which it actually is, it is thereby excluded from being any other thing. But again, it must also be conceived as actually everything and potentially nothing; for an unrealised potentiality is likewise a limitation. If the infinite can be that which it is not, it is by that very possibility marked out as incomplete and capable of a higher perfection. If it is actually everything, it possesses no characteristic feature by which it can be distinguished from anything else and discerned as an object of consciousness".

Could any argument more thoroughly Atheistic be put before a mind which dared to think out to the logical end any train of thought? Such reasoning can lead but to one of two ends: despair of truth and consequent acceptance of the incomprehensible as Divine, or else the resolute refusal to profess belief where reason is helpless, and where faith is but the credulity of ignorance. In my case, it had the latter effect.

At the same time I re-read Mill's "Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy", and also went through a pretty severe study of Comte's *Philosophie Positive*. I had entirely given up the use of prayer, not because I was an Atheist but because I was still a Theist. It seemed to be me absurd to pray, if I believed in a God who was wiser and better than myself. An all-wise God did not need my suggestions: an all-good God would do all that was best without my prompting. Prayer appeared to me to be a blasphemous impertinence, and for a considerable time I had discontinued its use. But God fades gradually out of the daily life of those who never pray; a God who is not a Providence is a superfluity; when from the heaven does not smile a listening Father, it soon becomes an empty space whence resounds no echo of man's cry.

At last I said to Mr. Scott: "Mr. Scott, may I write a tract on the nature and existence of God?"

He glanced at me keenly: "Ah, little lady; you are facing then that problem at last? I thought it must come. Write away."

The thought that had been driving me forward found its expression in the opening words of the essay (published a few months later, with one or two additions that were made after I had read two of Mr. Bradlaugh's essays, his "Plea for Atheism", and "Is there a God?"):

"It is impossible for those who study the deeper religious problems of our time to stave off much longer the question which lies at the root of them all, 'What do you believe in regard to God?' We may controvert Christian doctrines one after another; point by point we may be driven from the various beliefs of our churches; reason may force us to see contradictions where we had imagined harmony, and may open our eyes to flaws where we had dreamed of perfection; we resign all idea of a revelation; we seek for God in Nature only: we renounce for ever the hope (which glorified our former creed into such alluring beauty) that at some future time we should verily 'see' God; that 'our eyes should behold the King in his beauty', in that fairy 'land which is very far off'. But every step we take onwards towards a more reasonable faith and a surer light of Truth, leads us nearer and nearer to the problem of problems: 'What is THAT which men call God?"

I sketched out the plan of my essay and had written most of it when on returning one day from the British Museum I stopped at the shop of Mr. Edward Truelove, 256 High Holborn. I had been working at some Comtist literature, and had found a reference to Mr. Truelove's shop as one at which Comtist publications might be bought. Lying on the counter was a copy of the *National Reformer*, and attracted by the title I bought it. I had never before heard of nor seen the paper, and I read it placidly in the omnibus; looking up, I was at first puzzled and then amused to see an old gentleman gazing at me with indignation and horror printed on his countenance; I realised that my paper had disturbed his peace of mind, and that the sight of a young woman, respectably dressed in crape, reading an Atheistic journal in an omnibus was a shock too great to be endured by the ordinary Philistine without sign of discomposure. He looked so hard at the paper that I was inclined to offer it to him for his perusal, but repressed the mischievous inclination, and read on demurely.

This first copy of the paper with which I was to be so closely connected bore date July 19th, 1874, and contained two long letters from a Mr. Arnold of Northampton, attacking Mr. Bradlaugh, and a brief and singularly self-restrained answer from the latter. There was also an article on the National Secular Society, which made me aware that there was an organisation devoted to the propagandism of Free Thought. I felt that if such a society existed, I ought to belong to it, and I consequently wrote a short note to the editor of the *National Reformer*, asking whether it was necessary for a person to profess

Atheism before being admitted to the Society. In the *National Reformer* of August 2nd, the answer appeared:—

"S. E.—To be a member of the National Secular Society it is only necessary to be able honestly to accept the four principles, as given in the *National Reformer* of June 14th. This any person may do without being required to avow himself an Atheist. Candidly, we can see no logical resting-place between the entire acceptance of authority, as in the Roman Catholic Church, and the most extreme Rationalism. If, on again looking to the Principles of the Society, you can accept them, we repeat to you our invitation."

I sent my name in as an active member, and find it recorded in the *National Reformer* of August 9th, with an intimation that Londoners could receive their certificates at the Hall of Science from Mr. Bradlaugh on the Sunday evening. It was, accordingly, on that 9th of August that I first set foot in a Freethought hall.

As I sat, much crushed, surveying the crowded audience with much interest and longing to know which were members of the brotherhood I had entered, a sudden roar of cheering startled me. I saw a tall figure passing swiftly along and mounting the stairs, and the roar deepened and swelled as he made a slight acknowledgment of the greeting and sat down. I remember well my sensations as I looked at Charles Bradlaugh for the first time. The grave, quiet, *strong* look, as he sat facing the crowd, impressed me strangely, and most of all was I surprised at the breadth of forehead, the massive head, of the man I had heard described as a mere ignorant demagogue.

The lecture was on "The ancestry and birth of Jesus", and was largely devoted to tracing the resemblance between the Christ and Krishna myths. As this ground was well-known to me, I was able to judge of the lecturer's accuracy, and quickly found that his knowledge was as sound as his language was splendid. I had never before heard eloquence, sarcasm, fire, and passion brought to bear on the Christian superstition, nor had I ever before felt the sway of the orator, nor the power that dwells in spoken words.

After the lecture, Mr. Bradlaugh came down the Hall with some certificates of membership of the National Secular Society in his hand, and glancing round for their claimants caught, I suppose, some look of expectancy in my face, for he paused and handed me mine, with a questioning: "Mrs. Besant?" Then he said that if I had any doubt at all on the subject of Atheism, he would willingly discuss it with me, if I would write making an appointment for that purpose.

I made up my mind to take advantage of the opportunity, and a day or two later saw me walking down Commercial Road, looking for Turner Street.

My first conversation with Mr. Bradlaugh was brief, direct, and satisfactory. We found that there was little real difference between our theological views, and my dislike of the name "Atheist" arose from my sharing in the vulgar error that the Atheist asserted, "There is no God." This error I corrected in the draft of my essay, by inserting a few passages from pamphlets written by acknowledged Atheists, to which Mr. Bradlaugh drew my attention; with this exception the essay remained as it was sketched, being described by Mr. Bradlaugh as "a very good Atheistic essay", a criticism which ended with the smiling comment: "You have thought yourself into Atheism without knowing it."

Very wise were some of the suggestions made: "You should never say you have an opinion on a subject until you have tried to study the strongest things said against the view to which you are inclined". "You must not think you know a subject until you are acquainted with all that the best minds have said about it." "No steady work can be done in public unless the worker study at home far more than he talks outside." And let me say here that among the many things for which I have to thank Mr. Bradlaugh, there is none for which I owe him more gratitude than for the fashion in which he has constantly urged the duty of all who stand forward as teachers to study deeply every subject they touch, and the impetus he has given to my own love of knowledge by the constant spur of criticism and of challenge, criticism of every weak statement, challenge of every hastily-expressed view. It will be a good thing for the world when a friendship between a man and a woman no longer means protective condescension on one side and helpless dependence on the other, but when they meet on equal ground of intellectual sympathy, discussing, criticising, studying, and so aiding the evolution of stronger and clearer thought-ability in each.

A few days after our first discussion, Mr. Bradlaugh offered me a place on the staff of the *National Reformer* at a small weekly salary; and my first contribution appeared in the number for August 30th, over the signature of "Ajax". I was obliged to use a *nom de guerre* at first, for the work I was doing for Mr. Scott would have been injured had my name appeared in the columns of the terrible *National Reformer*, and until the work commenced and paid for was concluded I did not

feel at liberty to use my own name. Later, I signed my *National Reformer* articles, and the tracts written for Mr. Scott appeared anonymously.

The name was suggested by the famous statue of "Ajax crying for light", a cast of which stands in the centre walk of the Crystal Palace. The cry through the darkness for light, even if light brought destruction, was one that awoke the keenest sympathy of response from my heart:

"If our fate be death,
Give light, and let us die!"

To see, to know, to understand, even though the seeing blind, though the knowledge sadden, though the understanding shatter the dearest hopes, such has ever been the craving of the upward-striving mind of man. Is the craving wise, good, healthful? I am not sure. But I am sure that it exists, and exists most strongly in some of the noblest of our race; that from the lips of those who have done most in lifting the burden of ignorance from the overstrained and bowed shoulders of a stumbling world has gone out most often into the empty darkness the pleading, impassioned cry:—

"Give light."

(To be continued.)

The House of Lords: its Origin, Growth, and Privileges.

The House of Lords is formally described as the Lords spiritual and temporal of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled. At one time, in England, the Lords spiritual, now one-eighteenth in number, were by far the most numerous in Parliament. In the Parliament of 1295 there were forty-nine lay peers, of whom eight were earls and forty-one barons, to ninety spiritual peers, of whom sixty-seven were mitred abbots and priors. Apparently, in the reign of Edward I., "abbesses" were summoned to Parliament and to the Councils as well as abbots, but all were allowed to be represented by their duly authorised proxy. In some parliaments proxies of spiritual lords were authorised, and in some totally prohibited. The greatest number of spiritual peers ever summoned was in the reign of Henry III., when 122 abbots, forty-one priors and masters of orders, and five deans were summoned. Some of these spiritual peers were only summoned to Parliament once. Some were summoned as often as eight or ten times. About the end of the reign of Edward III. only twenty-

five abbots were constantly summoned. Prior to Henry VIII. we find twenty-six mitred abbots and two priors sitting in the Lords. To-day there are two archbishops and twenty-four bishops; and before the disestablishment of the Irish Church one archbishop and three bishops sat with the peers to represent the then law-established church of that country. Some of these spiritual peers sat on summons received by virtue of their baronies. It appears that as far back as the twelfth century the kings, by their royal prerogative, summoned whom they would to their councils or parliaments; but that the receipt of such summons and consequent sitting—by any not holding by barony—did neither ennoble them nor their heirs as peers of the realm, but only made them assistants with the Lords in Parliament. It has been held that Parliament is complete without any spiritual peers being summoned to it, and no spiritual peer sat in either of the first two Parliaments of Charles II. Statutes may therefore be enacted without the assent or presence of spiritual peers; but it has been doubted whether an act passed by spiritual peers alone has legal statutory value. By an actual standing order of the House of Lords, it is declared "that bishops are only lords of Parliament, but not peers", though it has been held at law that a bishop might plead his privilege "as a peer of the realm".

There is little practical use in trying to trace back our Parliamentary institutions prior to the Norman Conquest, though about 1042 we find laws of Edward the Confessor, by authority of the king, barons, and people. After the Norman Conquest, Parliament, and more particularly the lords spiritual and temporal in Parliament, had origin in the king's great councils; the word parliament is first used towards the end of the reign of Henry III., and did not originally denote a legislative assembly, but only the king's select council and supreme court of justice. This council consisted of such prelates, earls, and barons as the king chose, assisted by the chancellor, chief justice, judges, and other great state officers. At first the summons to a peer to one council gave him no right to come to a subsequent council, and most certainly gave no right whatever to his heir. Custom, enactment, and legal decision, probably, to-day, give every peer of the realm the right to insist on his writ of summons to each new Parliament as a mere consequence of the right given by letters patent. The whole of the Lords are, even to-day, the Supreme Court of Justice, though, in practice, no lay lord except Lord Denman has ever claimed to exercise a judicial vote since the appeal on the writ of error in the case of Daniel O'Connell, in 1844. Lord Denman did exercise the right, and voted against the defendant in the case of Clarke *v.* Bradlaugh in 1883.

Some curious judgments resulted when all the Lords used to exercise their right. In 1685 eighteen bishops and sixty-seven temporal peers overruled a decree of Lord Keeper Guildford. In 1689 thirty-five peers against twenty-three overruled the unanimous opinion of nine judges. In some eight or ten other cases the prejudices of the lay lords have determined legal decisions. In 1783 the bishops mustered strongly in a case in which the Bishop of London was party. This power should be most certainly taken away from every peer who is not a law lord. The first Earl of Minto says that on the 16th June, 1806: "The House of Lords made a very discreditable appearance,

attending in great numbers at the solicitation or command of the Prince of Wales to vote on the appeal as to the guardianship of Lord Hugh Seymour's daughter". Lord Shaftesbury, speaking in the Lords in 1675, admitted that there had been provocation for the desire to deprive the Lords of the right of adjudicating in final appeal, and reminded them "of committee dinners and the scandal of it; those droves of ladies that attended all causes; it was come to that pass, that men even hired or borrowed of their friends handsome sisters or daughters to deliver their petitions".

Between the 49th Henry III. and the accession of Edward I., the proceedings of Parliament are involved in much obscurity. Apparently the early procedure of legislation was that the Commons humbly petitioned, the Lords in Council consented, and the king gave his final assent. About the 15th Edward II. may be traced the first distinct recognition of peers entitled to be summoned by special writ, and this is confirmed in the reign of Richard II. Practically, for about five and a half centuries, peers of the realm of right by birth have been held entitled to special writ of summons to each new Parliament. Sir George Bowyer, who had certainly no extreme Radical tendency, says: "It must be admitted that persons sometimes succeed to a seat in the House of Lords, by inheritance, who are a disgrace to that illustrious assembly; and it would, perhaps, be desirable (if, indeed, such an institution could be contrived so as to be free from abuse and danger) to establish a censorship upon the nobility, such as existed in the aristocratic Republics of Genoa and Venice, for the purpose of casting out of the Upper House, for life or a lesser term, those members who are unworthy of sitting there." At first the only peers were Earls, whose authority dates back to Saxon times, and who had originally, for the support of their state, the third penny out of the sheriff's court issuing out of the pleas of the shire whereof they had the title. The country to-day pays to her Majesty each year, out of the Consolidated Fund, £101 in lieu of such third penny for the Earldom of Lancaster. The Dukes of Rutland and Norfolk have recently commuted the third pennies which were respectively the revenues of the old Earls of those shires. Perhaps as ancient as the Earl, but of lesser dignity, was the old Vavassour, or Saxon Thane, or Norman Baron. The title of Duke, now the highest in the Peerage, was created in the 11th of Edward III., who made the Black Prince Duke of Cornwall. The dignity of Marquis, which now ranks below Duke and above Earl, was introduced into the English peerage by Richard II., who created his great favorite, Robert de Vere, then Earl of Oxford, Marquis of Dublin. Viscount was anciently an Earl's deputy; Henry V. was the first to make it a peerage degree in this country by creating John Lord Beaumont Viscount Beaumont, and giving him precedence above all Barons.

In 1648 (Parliamentary year), on March 19th, the Commons alone passed, and directed to be printed, an Act wholly abolishing and taking away the House of Lords in Parliament; but, in the winter of 1657, Cromwell, by authority of a resolution of the Commons of 26th June, 1657, summoned a Parliament of two houses, which met on the 20th January, 1657 (1658), and in the Commons' Journals of that day there is the entry: "That his Highness is in the Lords' House, and stays for this House", and the "House thereupon went accordingly

to the Lords' House to his Highness". According to the reports of the debates, there was at first some difficulty as to calling the "other House" the "Lords' House".

In the reign of Charles II. there was a curious struggle for supremacy between the House of Commons and the House of Lords, which was only terminated by the prorogation of Parliament. The Commons arrested several counsel for pleading an appeal before the Lords in which a member of the House of Commons was party. The House of Lords ordered Black Rod to release these prisoners, and the Sergeant-at-Arms having submitted, and having surrendered to Black Rod the prisoners, the House of Commons dismissed him for "betraying his trust", and appointed a new Sergeant-at-Arms, who was then sent with the mace into the Courts sitting in Westminster Hall, where he re-seized the counsel, notwithstanding that, two days before, the House of Lords had given to each of the counsel a special protection order guaranteeing against arrest. To prevent another rescue by the Lords, the Commons sent the prisoners to the Tower. The Lords directed the new Sergeant-at-Arms to be arrested by Black Rod, and ordered the Lieutenant of the Tower to deliver up to them the prisoners, and, on his refusal, prayed the King to appoint another Lieutenant. The Lord Keeper issued writs of *habeas corpus*, and, on the Lieutenant of the Tower hesitating, made each writ returnable under a penalty of £40. The House of Commons immediately ordered the Lieutenant of the Tower not to obey any writ until he should first receive the order and direction of the House, and they posted up a notice in Westminster Hall, declaring that any persons aiding in the execution of any order of the Lords in the matter "shall be adjudged and taken to be betrayers of the rights and liberties of the Commons of England". At this stage Charles II. prorogued Parliament, and the prisoners were thereupon released, as the House of Commons cannot hold or detain any persons as prisoners when it is not sitting.

The number of peers of the realm is unlimited in the discretion of the Crown. The Scotch peers by Statute elect for each Parliament 16 of their number. The Scottish peerage consists exclusively of the descendants of those who were peers in Scotland before the Union, as no provision was made for any subsequent creation of Scottish peers by the Crown. By the Irish Act of Union the Irish peers elect 28 of their number as life representatives. The Queen can only create one new Irish peer for each three Irish peerages which become extinct until the number decrease to 100, at which figure she may maintain the Irish peerage.

It was held in Lord Sanquire's case that a peer of Scotland not having a barony in England, and not being a Lord of Parliament, is not a peer so as then to entitle him to be tried in Parliament.

Irish peers can divest themselves of their privileges of peerage by being elected to and sitting in the House of Commons. Scotch peers cannot do this.

In 1719, when there were only 178 peers, the consent of George I. having been obtained by Lord Sunderland, a measure was passed through the Lords, enacting that its numbers should be limited, 25 hereditary peers being added in lieu of the 16 Scotch representative

peers, and that no more than 6 additional peers should be created. This measure was rejected by the Commons.

In 1856 the Queen created Lord Wensleydale a life-peer and summoned him to Parliament, but the Lords resolved that neither the letters patent nor the writ of summons entitled him to sit and vote, and the Lords succeeded and the peerage was made hereditary. In 1876 three Lords of Appeal were constituted by Statute as life-peers.

Until 1868 a peer could vote by proxy by virtue of a royal licence which authorised him to be personally absent, and to appoint another Lord of Parliament his proxy. On the 31st March 1868, the practice of using proxies on a division was discontinued by a Standing Order, and though this privilege might be revived at any time, on two days' notice, no disposition has been shown to return to the old use or rather misuse of proxies to hinder legislation.

Until 1841 a peer of the realm could only be tried for felony by his peers, and the peers sitting gave each the verdict upon honor; but, by the 4th and 5th Victoria, cap. 22, it was enacted that peers indicted for felony shall plead, and, on conviction, be punished as other subjects. Before this statute it had been resolved by the Lords that a peer of the realm could not even waive his privilege so as to be tried by an ordinary jury. Peers who are witnesses must give evidence upon oath; but, on 15th December, 1621, the point was considered so much in doubt that the Lords appointed a Committee of the whole House and of all the judges in town to consider "whether a nobleman shall answer upon his oath as others, or only protest upon his honor".

A peer cannot divest himself of his peerage. He can only lose his nobility by attainder or statutory deprivation. In the reign of Edward IV., George Neville, Duke of Bedford, was degraded by Act of Parliament on the ground that his poverty rendered him unable to support his dignity. Now, by statute, a peer may be made bankrupt, and during his bankruptcy no writ of summons can be issued to him. The Commons have always denied that the Lords have any right to, in any fashion, interfere in the enactment of taxation. A peer is not allowed to be trustee, director, commissioner, or concerned in the collection of any toll in the nature of a tax, except toll for services performed: nor to be concerned in the levy of any charge upon the people. The Lords cannot even amend a Supply Bill; they must accept or reject it as a whole.

The House of Lords consists, at present, of four peers of the blood royal, two archbishops, twenty-two dukes, nineteen marquises, one hundred and seventeen earls, twenty-six viscounts, twenty-four bishops, two hundred and sixty barons, sixteen Scotch representative peers, twenty-eight Irish representative peers. Each peer, as one of the hereditary counsellors of the Crown, is individually privileged to have an audience of the Sovereign.

Every Session the House of Commons resolves that no peer hath a right to give his vote in the election of any member to serve in Parliament, and that it is a high infringement of the privileges of the Commons for any peer to concern himself in any Parliamentary election.

The peerage to-day owes a large portion of its numerical strength

to the ownership of the rotten boroughs extinguished in great part by the Reform Bill of 1831.

In the debate on the Reform Bill in 1831, Lord Brougham, then Lord High Chancellor, replying to Lord Wynford said: "Merit no doubt has opened to many the doors of this House. To have bled for their country—to have administered the highest offices of the State—to have dispensed justice on the Bench—to have improved mankind by arts invented, or enlightened them by science extended—to have adorned the world by letters, or won the more imperishable renown of virtue—these, no doubt, are the highest and the purest claims to public honors; and from some of these sources are derived the titles of some among us—to others, the purest of all, none can trace their nobility—and upon not any one of them can one single Peer in a score rest the foundation of his seat in this place. Service without a scar in the political campaign—constant presence in the field of battle at St. Stephen's chapel—absence from all other fights, from 'Blenheim down to Waterloo', but above all, steady discipline, right votes in the right places, these are the precious, but happily not rare qualities, which have generally raised men to the Peerage. For these qualities, the gratitude of Mr. Pitt showered down his Baronies by the score, and I do not suppose he ever once so much as dreamt of ennobling a man who had ever been known to give one vote against him." And Lord Brougham gave additional point by describing "one well remembered borough proprietor" who "raised himself to an Earldom and two Lord Lieutenancies and obtained titles and blue ribands for others of his family". CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

Shelley and Poetry.

(*Continued from page* 218.)

BUT we have still to meet the challenge as to the quality of Shelley's thought, apart from any of the defects of his utterance. I have spoken of the "vaporous thinking" in "The Revolt of Islam"; and I can conceive a protest being made against the expression, as being a begging of the question if nothing worse. Shelley's "imagination" is held by many to be important enough to outweigh all his technical shortcomings; and it is the character of the ideas in his larger poems that is understood to be founded on by those critics who assert him to have "outsung" all but a few of his tribe. It is necessary to treat such an issue with special vigilance, there being an equal danger of seeming to say too much and of seeming to say too little in setting forth the "laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty" in this connexion.

Mr. Arnold has laid it down in his essay on Byron that "all the personal charm of Shelley cannot hinder us from at last discovering in his poetry the incurable want (*sic*), in general, of a sound subject matter, and the incurable fault, in consequence, of unsubstantiality". Now this judgment, while in a sense right, seems to me to open the way for any amount of misconception and unsound criticism, and I

cite it as bringing us face to face with the central crux of our subject. The sense in which it is right, I suspect, is not that intended by Mr. Arnold. He has, in his essay on Wordsworth, depreciated that poet's most famous Ode as lacking the character of poetic truth of the best kind; the central thought has, he says, no real solidity. I make bold to dispute the principle which is implied in that judgment, and which, I take it, is reasserted in the passage before quoted, as well as in another sentence in the Byron essay in which Byron is praised because "his topics were not Queen Mab, and the Witch of Atlas, and the Sensitive Plant", but "the upholders of the old order" which he detested—"George the Third and Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington and Southey". Praise of this kind means, if it means anything, that there is a presumption in favor of the poet who chooses the latter rather than the former set of subjects, those by implication being stigmatised as "unsound". I have no fear of not having abundant acquiescence in my dissent from a judgment which works such confusion in our notions of poetry as this does. We may set aside the question—sufficiently dealt with by Mr. Swinburne—as to the fairness of placing Shelley's most fanciful poetry against Byron's political verse, saying nothing of Shelley's dealings with political problems and ignoring Byron's "Hours of Idleness" and oriental tales. The turn for these unfair contrasts is Mr. Arnold's main critical vice. What most concerns us is the theory he has laid down; and there can be little doubt that the great majority of lovers of poetry will instantly recoil from it. What, they will be disposed to ask, is the distinction between poetical and prosaic ideas if the satirising of George the Third and Southey is fitter occupation for a poet than singing about Queen Mab and the Sensitive Plant? Is politics better poetic pabulum than fairies and flowers, with or without the introduction of human problems into the fairy world? Is Shakspere's finest poetry to be found in his historical plays: are we to put Henry VI.—be it Shakspere's or not—above the "Midsummer Night's Dream"? The chances are that most people who care for poetry would, if consulted off-hand, flatly reverse Mr. Arnold's ruling, and declare that the Witch of Atlas and Queen Mab and the Sensitive Plant *are* themes for the poet, and that Wellingtons and Castlereaghs, regarded as political obscurantists, are not. Which side would be right? My modest verdict would be—Neither!

Let us avoid all heat and carry on our inquiry judicially: let us go back to our law that poetry is a concentrated, melodious, incisive, and delightful expression of ideas, and see how far that sanctions a classification of themes into good and bad—sheep and goats, as it were. Evidently it supplies, on the surface, no such sanction whatever, and it will not be an easy matter to extract one by a process of sound inference. All that it entitles us to say is that a theme which cannot be treated at once melodiously and with penetrating expression is unfit for the poet. Observe, we say "theme", not "idea". And where shall we find such a theme? I confess I cannot confidently undertake to name one, and till I can I, for one, will not venture to pronounce any "subject" unfit for a poem. This is a very different thing from saying that a given proposition may or may not be poetical. You may take the most advantageous theme in the world—love, death,

memory, beauty, or hope—and fail to say anything poetic about it: I fear the chances are a hundred to one against any one of us writing verse on one of these themes which shall not contain what we call "prosaic" touches—that is, expressions which are neither subtle nor musical—neither weighty nor charming. But that does not affect the fitness of the theme. On the other hand you may, if you are a poet—an exceptionally fine poet—perhaps say something poetic about a button or Sir Richard Cross. Of course the chances are about a million to one against anybody succeeding in such attempts as these. Having regard to the range of human capacity we may say that, in view of the enormous weight of the presumption against anybody writing good poetry on the subject of the multiplication table, a wise man will not make the experiment—or at least will not publish the result; but within the ordinary range of poetic attempt we should be slow indeed to taboo subjects. One limitary canon we may lay down—that it is inconceivable that comic verse can ever charm so profoundly as the best serious poetry, and that to treat a comic theme, however cleverly, is to work deliberately on an inferior plane. But further than that canon—which, be it observed, covers a good deal of ground—we should hesitate to go. Let me fortify these observations by quoting from what a subtle and thoughtful critic, Mr. Henry James, has recently said concerning the art of fiction—an art in which he excels—in an essay [1] which seems to me to prove him one of the acutest critics in this regard as well as one of the most admirable stylists of his time:

"We must grant the artist his subject, his idea, what the French call his *donnée*; our criticism is applied only to what he makes of it. . . . . We may believe that of a certain idea even the most sincere novelist can make nothing at all, and the event may perfectly justify our belief; but the failure will have been a failure to execute, and it is in the execution that the fatal weakness is recorded. . . . . Art derives a considerable part of its beneficial exercise from flying in the face of presumptions, and some of the most interesting experiments of which it is capable are hidden in the bosom of common things. Gustave Flaubert has written a story about the devotion of a servant-girl to a parrot, and the production, highly finished as it is, cannot on the whole be called a success. . . . . Ivan Turgénieff has written a tale about a deaf and dumb serf and a lap-dog, and the thing is touching, loving, a little masterpiece. He struck the note of life where Gustave Flaubert missed it—he flew in the face of a presumption and achieved a victory."

This, which may be termed scientific criticism, as distinguished from prevailing methods, we may apply fundamentally to the art of poetry, merely noting that Mr. James uses the word "idea" in its inexact sense of "subject" or *motif*, and that the term "execution" has its special import for workers in each art.

To show how Mr. Arnold's principle would confuse our judgments, it is sufficient to apply it to his own poetry; and we may do this without any thought of how he regards his own work. If we adopted his attitude we should say that "The Future" is a much less "sound" theme than "Haworth Churchyard" or "Rugby Chapel"; that "The Scholar-Gipsy" and "Balder Dead" are inferior subjects; and that "The Forsaken Merman" is desperately unsubstantial. The

[1] *Longman's Magazine*, September 1884.

central ideas of the first and the three last poems are assuredly wanting in "solidity". No instructed man will admit it to be sound anthropology to say that primitive life on this earth was more blessed, more elevated, more peaceful, or more leisurely than the life of to-day, as Mr. Arnold teaches in "The Future". Yet which of us will not prefer that poem emphatically to the solidly-motived "Haworth Churchyard" and "Rugby Chapel"? Which of us does not find in the one the charm of fine music, and in the others failure to attain complete charm and music save for a few lines at a time? How, again, from Mr. Arnold's point of view, shall we tolerate "The Forsaken Merman"—a poem which we actually find much more admirable than "Haworth Churchyard"? I do think, I confess, that "The Scholar Gipsy" is a good deal overrated, in its entirety, by university men; that its web of ideas is in large part neither happily planned nor deftly woven; and I do not think the fifty pages of "Balder Dead" satisfactory reading; but will any one say that either subject —provided it be treated at considerably less length—is not a promising one for a poem? No more than he would reject "Philomela" because it sings a myth. We do not go to poetry for arguments and facts: to do so would be to imitate the mathematical personage who asked what was proved by "Paradise Lost". We certainly ask that the poet's thoughts shall cohere—that they shall be the result of his careful thinking; or that when he resorts to myth and fantasy he shall use his utmost skill to make these melodious and exquisite; but it no more spoils his poetry for us to know that his serious thought is after all mistaken than to know that the myth is myth. Edgar Allen Poe, in his boyhood, takes up the legend of "the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures"; and, juvenile as some of his touches are, he turns the fantasy into one of the choicest of melodies—a thing we remember like an air of Schubert's. The same poet's long juvenile poem "Al Aaraaf" is not more fanciful in motive, but it turns out a failure, simply because of its inferior workmanship. "Israfel" is rounded off thus:—

> If I could dwell
> Where Israfel
> Hath dwelt, and he were I,
> He might not sing so wildly well
> A mortal melody,
> While a bolder note than this might swell
> From my lyre within the sky.

It is only a young poet's dream; but just because he has taken the pains and had the genius to turn his dream into quaintly sweet word-music, it endures for us. Certainly we decide that the poet who deals only in fantasy has less cumulative value for us than one who is not only fanciful but thoughtful, and who sings his thoughts as finely as his fancies. When we look about for our greatest poet we pitch on Shakspeare because of his all-round grasp and mastery; but in doing so we are sufficiently far from saying that any themes are unworthy because not "sound", or any poetry faulty as such because "unsubstantial". Assuredly, as Mr. James remarks, there will never be an end of the old fashion of "liking" certain kinds

of subject and certain methods; and it is inevitable that, given two poets of about equal technical talent, he who seems to us to think soundly will stand higher in our estimation than he whose reasoning we believe to be faulty; but if the mistaken thought be choicely sung it remains good poetry, *qua* poetry. It would be a hard saying indeed that whenever a particular way of thinking is seen to be practically astray all artistic expression of it becomes valueless. One of the strongest attractions the literature of the past has for us is the light it casts on the inner life of vanished generations; and if prose can thus attract us by simply letting us see into effete habits of thinking, it is very certain that good poetry will continue to charm, no matter what may be its subject-matter. The subject matter of Dante is tolerably "unsound"; but he remains an immensely greater and more readable poet than many subsequent rhymers with much more knowledge and far fewer illusions. And in any one generation there is no security that the right-thinking man will always have the superior power of expression. It might happen in any case that—

> Mr. Leech made a speech
> Angry, neat, and wrong;

while

> Mr. Hart, on the other part
> Was right, but dull and long.

Filmer's "Patriarcha" is a much better written book than Locke's refutation of it. The reason may be that while Locke could see the other man's thesis was unsound he could not at once attain the vividness and precision which his antagonist developed by reason of confidence; but it might easily be that the mistaken reasoner had by nature the faculty of effective expression to a much greater degree than the other, there being as certainly a varying faculty of expression as a varying height, complexion, and weight among men. It is to be hoped we can all relish a clever speech by Lord Salisbury without being disturbed by its fallacies: nay, may we not relish the literary cleverness the more because we feel the assault on our opinions is innocuous? One's own party's opinions, sound as we feel them to be, are unhappily not always expressed with literary cleverness. The love of literary "form" is an inestimable safeguard to the polemist against narrowness, whether in regard to the thought of the past or that of his own day.

Returning then to Shelley, and continuing our methodical exploration, let us consider the nature of the ideas—the "imagination"—of "The Revolt of Islam". We have seen reason to abstain from passing judgment against any subject as being unsound or unfit: what we have to do is to examine in what manner the subject is treated, how the poet's "imagination" works. But it will be useful to ascertain from Shelley's preface what it was he aimed at doing. We know from his preface to "Prometheus Unbound" that he believed he disliked didactic poetry. "Didactic poetry", he there said, "is my abhorrence"; adding, with much truth but doubtful consecutiveness, "nothing can be equally well expressed in prose that is not tedious and supererogatory in verse". And of "The Revolt of Islam" he gives us the following account:

"The poem (with the exception of the first Canto, which is purely intro-

ductory,) is narrative, not didactic. It is a succession of pictures illustrating the growth and progress of individual mind aspiring after excellence and devoted to the love of mankind; its influence in refining and making pure the most daring and uncommon impulses of the imagination, the understanding, and the senses; its impatience at 'all the oppressions which are done under the sun'; its tendency to awaken public hope and to enlighten and improve mankind; *the rapid effects of the application of that tendency;* the awakening of an immense nation from their slavery and degradation to a true sense of moral dignity and freedom; the bloodless dethronement of their oppressors, and the unveiling of the religious frauds by which they had been deluded into submission; the tranquillity of successful patriotism, and the universal toleration and benevolence of true philanthropy"—

and so on for a dozen lines more, the list concluding with "the transient nature of ignorance and error, and the eternity of genius and virtue". And this, forsooth, is the scheme of a non-didactic poem! It is all "narrative"! It is to be feared Mrs. Shelley was too partial when she attributed to the poet a "logical exactness of reason"; and that he was no less mistaken when he imagined he had a faculty for metaphysics. The fallacy of his distinction between didactic and narrative is transparent to the point of absurdity; it recalls that other "fallacy" confessed to by Pepys—the diarist's expedient of paying another man to pay for him at the theatre, by way of circumventing a vow to spend no more money on plays. Impressed, no doubt, by the dulness of the didactic poetry of Wordsworth and Cowper, Shelley hastily concluded that to be didactic was to be dull; and that the true poetic walk was that of fantasy—moral lessons becoming poetical in that environment and there only. The former dogma has survived Shelley, and is perhaps to-day one of the commonest of superstitions in connection with literature; yet it is falsified by a hundred of the fine passages in English poetry. Turn to "Measure for Measure", and read:—

> "Spirits are not finely touched
> But to fine issues, nor nature never lends
> The smallest scruple of her excellence
> But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
> Herself the glory of a creditor,
> Both thanks and use."

Turn to "The Winter's Tale", and read:—

> "Nature is made better by no mean
> But nature makes that mean; so, over that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes."

Take from "Troilus and Cressida" one of Ulysses' speeches:—

> "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion. . . .
> Take the instant way
> For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
> Where one but goes abreast; keep, then, the path;
> For emulation hath a thousand sons. . . .
> One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
> That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds
> Though they are made and moulded of things past,

And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt [gold ?] o'er-dusted."

Take the motto from Chapman which Shelley puts at the head of the dedication of his poem, after his preface :—

" There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is: there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge: neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law."

What is all this but didactic poetry? As it happens, the didactic intention of "The Revolt of Islam" is "gross as a mountain, open, palpable," apart from the *naïf* disclosures in the preface, though the narrative form is kept up throughout; but didactic intention and narrative form alike fail to make the work successful poetry for us, simply because the poet does not attain to that clarified expression which *is* poetry. In point of fact there is no reason why narrative verse should be better poetry than didactic verse, save this, that in the nature of things it is less difficult to maintain vividness and retain attention in a long narrative than in a long reflective poem. But in a literature in general there is wofully little room to choose between the mass of bad narrative poetry and the bad didactic poetry; and when we examine the outline of Shelley's poem we are far enough from being stimulated to eager attention by the nature of his story. This narrative of spectral tenuity, with its phantasmagoria of dreams and visions, boats and voyages, caves and palaces, is not the kind of thing to repel tedium through six hundred stanzas. Not that we condemn the narrative as such: we simply decide that in default of fine execution the narrative will not maintain our interest. When, however, the execution—that is, the concatenation of ideas, the phraseology, and the rhyming, together—is found to be crude, headlong, slipshod, the poem is condemned past all appeal.

It may well be that, without some further exposition, this judgment will remain unconvincing to those who feel in all Shelley's verse the presence of a stress of feeling, an intellectual exaltation, which is absent alike from the polished didactic verse of Pope, the narrative of such moralists as Crabbe, and the descriptive verse of writers like Thomson. This sibylline ecstasy, they insist, is something abnormal; it proceeds from and induces an emotional condition differing in kind from that which belongs to the poetry of the second-rate men; it means inspiration, genius. And there is undoubtedly something even in Shelley's unsuccessful poetry which gives color to these convictions—something which still requires to be analysed and explained. JOHN ROBERTSON.

(*To be continued.*)

"Progress and Poverty":

A Review of the Theories and Proposals of Mr. Henry George.

VI.—Poverty and Private Property in Land.

"Let us", says Mr. George,[1] "suppose land of diminishing qualities." This is much more than a supposition; it is a fact. "The best", he continues, "would naturally be settled first, and as population increased production would take in the next lower quality, and so on. But, as increase of population, by permitting greater economies, adds to the effectiveness of labor, the cause which brought each quality of land successively into cultivation, would at the same time increase the amount of wealth that the same quantity of labor could produce from it. But it would also do more than this—it would increase the power of producing wealth on all the superior lands already in cultivation." The increase of population *compels* resort to inferior soils, or higher cultivation of those already under tillage with a like result; while it only *permits* greater economies. And that it *does not* increase the productiveness of agricultural labor in proportion to the increase of population is clear; for otherwise the additional food would be obtained from the land already under cultivation, and there would be no need for resorting to poorer land. None but the best lands would ever be cultivated; and the crops obtained from them would increase *pari passu* with the increase of population. "If", adds Mr. George, and there is much virtue in this if, "the relations of quantity and quality were such that increasing population added to the effectiveness of labor faster than it compelled a resort to less productive qualities of land, though the margin of cultivation would fall and rent would rise, the minimum return to labor would increase. That is to say, though wages as a proportion would fall, wages as a quantity would rise. The average production of wealth would increase. If the relations were such that the increasing effectiveness of labor just compensated for the diminishing productiveness of the land as it was called into use, the effect of increasing population would be to increase rent by lowering the margin of cultivation without reducing wages as a quantity, and to increase the average production. If we now suppose population still increasing, but, between the poorest quality of land in use and the next lower quality, to be a difference so great that the increased power of labor which comes with the increased population that brings it into cultivation, cannot compensate for it—the minimum return to labor will be reduced, and with the rise of rents, wages will fall, not only as a proportion, but as a quantity. But unless the descent in the quality of land is far more precipitous than we can well imagine, or than, I think, ever exists, the average production will still be increased, for the increased effectiveness which comes by reason of the increased population that compels resort to the inferior quality of land, attaches to all labor, and the gain in the superior qualities of land will more than compensate for the diminished pro-

[1] "Progress and Poverty," p. 164.

duction on the quality last brought in. The aggregate wealth production, as compared with the aggregate expenditure of labor, will be greater, though its distribution will be more unequal."

"Thus, increase of population, as it operates to extend production to lower natural levels, operates to increase rent and reduce wages as a proportion, and may or may not reduce wages as a quantity; while it seldom can, and probably never does, reduce the aggregate production of wealth as compared with the aggregate expenditure of labor, but on the contrary increases, and frequently largely increases it."[1]

It will be noticed how much less confident this language is than that already cited.[2] When our author was criticising the Malthusian theory, he boldly announced that increase of population "so vastly increases the power of the human factor as to more than compensate" for resort to the poorer soils. Now, when he faces the Ricardian theory of rent, which he understands and accepts, he thinks increase of population "*seldom* can, and *probably* never does, reduce the aggregate", &c. It is evident that Mr. George has been misled by his Californian experience; and has committed the fallacy of generalising from a country in an early stage of settlement, where land is relatively abundant and the advantages to be obtained by concentration of population sufficient to permit the larger steps in the division of labor are great.

But here we come to a point in our exposition at which it is necessary, in justice to Mr. George, to point out the great truth the embodiment of which in forcible and popular language is the one redeeming feature of his book. The Malthusian theory, against which the waves of his rhetoric have broken themselves not in vain, for they have once more proved how immoveably fixed in reason and truth that theory is—the Malthusian theory accounts for the persistence of poverty, but not for the simultaneous increase in wealth of certain portions of the community. There is nothing in the law of population to account for any person becoming richer while the majority of those by whom he is surrounded grow poorer. For a solution of this problem we must go, not to Malthus, but to one of the greatest geniuses —if not the greatest genius—who ever wrote on political economy, David Ricardo.[3]

Mr. George maintains that private property in land is at the bottom of this problem, and he is right. The increase of population would not and could not have produced such results as we see at the present day in England and Ireland, were it not that the land is the private domain of the few; and Malthusians will justly be discredited if they ignore this.

Let us see what happens when (1) the numbers of the people are increasing and (2) the raw material of the earth, which no man made, belongs, not to all equally, but to some exclusively. We may pass lightly over that early stage of a community's existence in which the land is not fully appropriated, or in which, if it is so appropriated, the supply, in consequence of the sparseness of the population, is so much

[1] "Progress and Poverty", pp. 164, 165. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 105.

[3] Not only is Malthus not to be credited with the deep and clear insight into the relations of economic phænomena which has resulted from Ricardo's reasonings, but he manifested an utter incapacity to understand them.

in excess of the demand that an increase of the population does not necessarily cause resort to poorer soils or more unprofitable cultivation. In that stage, all Malthusians agree that there is an economic advantage in a denser population. This point has been specifically urged by Wakefield, in his theory of colonisation.[1] The reason for this is that the division of labor very largely increases the productive powers of man, and is limited by the facilities which exist for exchanging the products of labor. The more our work is specialised, the wider is the market which we require in order that we may dispose of the results of that work. The division of employments is thus limited by the extent of the market; and every widening of the market is equal to a potential increase of the productiveness of human labor. This is the ultimate foundation of the doctrine of Free Trade.

Here, however, we come to a point of some importance, which I hope I shall be pardoned for arguing somewhat technically. I have already had occasion to refer frequently to the law of diminishing return from land. By this is meant that, after a certain stage in the progress of tillage, an equal series of increments of labor applied to land does not produce an equal series of increments of produce, but a constantly diminishing series. Now this kind of law—a constantly diminishing series of effects resulting from an equal series of additions to one of the variable conditions, the other conditions remaining unaltered—runs through the whole of economics. It is so with the "pains" bestowed by man on his work. When a man commences to work he does not produce so much in proportion to those "pains" as he does a little later on, when he "gets into" his work. There soon comes a point, however, at which the returns in proportion to fatigue are at a maximum; and, after that, there is a constantly lessening result in return for the pains bestowed, till at last the pleasure to be obtained from the wealth produced would be less than the pains taken in producing it—a juncture at which the wise man will throw down his tools. What is thus true of land and labor is true also of capital. The advantages to be obtained by the application of "doses" of capital may increase up to a certain point, after which they commence to decrease, and go on decreasing. And the same thing is true of the advantages resulting—through facilities for the division of labor—from concentration of population. At first these advantages are very great, and as the law of diminishing return from land has—for the reasons already given—scarcely, if at all, come into operation, they are obtained with very little, if any, compensating disadvantages. But, when once the law of diminishing return from agricultural labor comes into operation, the circumstances are entirely altered. The land yields an increased produce more and more grudgingly, while the good to be obtained from further division of labor tapers off into nothingness.

In order to correct some fallacious notions connected with the growth of rent it may be well here to state the exact order of events which result, from an increase of population. More people require more food and more raw produce generally. The greater demand

[1] See Mill's "Political Economy", p. 72.

causes the price of agricultural produce to rise, and this rise in prices enables the farmer to cultivate land with the ordinary expectation of profit which, before the rise in prices, he could not so cultivate. But as the rent of a given piece of land is the surplus of produce obtained from that land over what could be obtained at the same cost on the worst land in cultivation, the depression of the margin of cultivation —which results from the rise in prices, which results from the increased demand for food, etc., which results from growth of population—alters the standard by which rents are gauged, and causes their increase. The same circumstance, therefore, which causes a depression of the remuneration of labor, causes also a rise in the rent of land; and, if the land is the private property of individuals, those individuals grow in wealth by the very circumstance which causes the impoverishment of the masses by whom they are surrounded. It is not, however, high rents which cause high prices, but high prices which cause high rents.

But, as this is so, is the wealth of the landed few not in any way the cause of the poverty of the landless many? In order to answer this point, let us enquire what is the exact impoverishing effect of growth of population. The people have, perhaps, a thousand square miles of land under cultivation. They increase so that they require another square mile to be brought into tillage. Let us suppose that this land will return only three-fourths of the produce which would be produced by the same exertions applied to the worst land before under cultivation. This would evidently enhance the average cost of agricultural produce, but the advance would be very slight, for it would affect less than one-thousandth of the produce, and this, when spread over the whole, would have but a trifling effect. But prices must have risen one-third—if wheat were 30s. per quarter before, it must now be 40s.—before this inferior land could come under cultivation, and the higher price would have to be paid, not only for the produce which was obtained at higher cost, but for the whole of the supply. This increased price, on all save the produce of the last square mile, cannot—as Ricardo's theorem demonstrates—be retained by the farmers. It goes to swell rents, and, if land is private property, the people outside of the landlords are annually impoverished to a like amount. It is increase of population which causes inferior land to be brought into cultivation; but it is private property in land which, when this happens, smites the whole of the land with a like barrenness, reduces the returns of labor and capital to what they would be if they were employed on the worst land in cultivation, and hands over the difference to persons who have done nothing whatever to bring it into existence. D.

Some Advanced Women of the Past.

CHRISTIANITY may claim to have produced many women famous for sanctity, for beneficence, and for devoted attachment to religion and its supposed duties. But these duties have not included the duty of courageously thinking for oneself. A St. Theresa wasting her loving heart upon an invisible bridegroom, inflicting self-torture in hopes of gaining his favor, and even fancying in her trances that she had visited hell; an Elizabeth of Hungary, with the noble title of "Protectress of the Poor", bringing improvidence upon the kingdom and swarming it with beggars by her adherence to the injunction: "Give to every one that asketh"; a Madame Guyon spending her life in mystical strivings, and finding herself denounced by Bossuet and imprisoned because her fine religious spirit could not express itself in orthodox language—such as these are among the noblest types of the Christian heroine. They at least had an ideal of conduct extending beyond that of the obedient house drudge. Christianity, with its doctrine that the woman was made for man, but not man for the woman, left only two courses open to the feebler sex—wifely subserviency, or dedication to God. Not until Freethought had attacked this scriptural position was it possible for woman to assume her rightful position as the equal co-worker of man in the service of humanity.

It is, at all times, well to recall the services of able workers in the past. If the women to whom I desire to call the attention of readers of *Our Corner* did not in all respects come up to the standard of to-day, it must be remembered how modern is that standard, and how potent have been the influences to prevent women shining in the walks so long occupied by man alone.

A sort of personal debt induces me to place first the name of ELIZABETH CARTER. The fortunate possession of her translation of Epictetus early taught me that morality could exist outside the creed in which I had been reared, and the precepts of the crippled Pagan slave, who taught the practice of virtue though there was "no Hades nor Acheron, nor Cocytus nor Phlegethon", had an abiding influence on my life. Elizabeth Carter was born in 1717. Her father, Dr. Nicholson Carter, a clergyman in Kent, gave her what was at that time an exceptional education. She was soon mistress of Latin, Greek, French, and German, to which, in after life, she added Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew, and Arabic. At the age of sixteen her poetical attempts appeared in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and of a volume of poems afterwards published, an "Ode to Wisdom" still finds place in choice selections. In 1739 she published a translation from the French of Crousaz on "Pope's Essay on Man", and from the Italian of Count Algarotte's exposition of the Newtonian philosophy for ladies. In 1749 she began her translation of Epictetus, a work which, when published (in 1758), excited the admiration of Dr. Johnson and of all the scholars of the time, Warton pronouncing it superior to the original. This translation of Epictetus has passed through many editions, and the latest translation in America, that of

T. Wentworth Higginson, is professedly based upon Miss Carter's version. This was, indeed, the original intention of George Long, the modern stoic, translator of Antoninus and Epictetus, who acknowledges the merits of the earlier translation. Miss Carter lived to the extreme age of eighty-nine, and lies interred in the burial gound of Grosvenor Chapel. In her "Memoirs" are published some "Notes on the Bible", in which she very freely criticises the translation, but apparently never thought of criticising the contents, of the books so entitled.

Of more original genius was CATHERINE MACAULAY. She was born in 1733, at Ollantigh, in Kent. Her father, John Sawbridge, was an alderman of the City of London, at a time when to be an alderman was not necessarily to be a Philistine. She was educated in Radical sentiments, and early in life displayed her devotion to the study of history. In 1760 she married Dr. G. Macaulay, a London physician, and, in 1763, published the first volume of her "History of England from the Accession of James I." This work, although now but little read, is of decided value to all students of the period of the English Commonwealth, or, as Mrs. Macaulay preferred to call it, the English Republic. When it appeared it came into collision with the work of Hume, and, although not characterised by the graces of his style, it is distingushed by far more zeal for civil liberty. It is, indeed, throughout more than tinged with Republicanism.

The following extract on the character of Charles the First gives a good illustration both of her style and her independent judgment:

"Passion for power was Charles's predominant vice; idolatry to his regal prerogatives his governing principle. The interests of his crown legitimated every measure, and sanctified in his eye the widest deviation from moral rule. His religion was to this a secondary and subordinate affection. The prelates of the Church of England paid him an impious flattery; they inculcated a slavish dependence on the regal authority; the corruptions in their ecclesiastical discipline fostered superstition; superstition secured their influence over the people; and on these grounds, and to these ends, they kept an interest in the King's heart, which continued to the last period of his life. If Charles had an higher estimation of the faith in which he had been educated than of Popery, it was because the principles of Popery acknowledged a superior allegiance to their spiritual than their temporal prince; but regarding that superstition to be more favorable to the interests of monarchy, he preferred it to the religion of any differing sect, and publicly avowed his wish that there had never been a schism in the church. Neither gratitude, clemency, humanity, equity, nor generosity, have place in the fair part of Charles's character. Of the virtues of temperance, fortitude, and personal bravery, he was undeniably possessed. His manners partook of the dissipation, and his conversation of the indecency, of a court. His chastity has been called in question by an author of the highest repute; and were it allowed it was tainted by an excess of uxoriousness which gave it the properties and the consequences of vice. The want of integrity is manifest in every part of his conduct, which, whether the corruption of his judgment or heart, lost him fair opportunities of reinstatement in the throne, and was the vice for which, above all others, he paid the tribute of his life."

In 1775 Mrs. Macaulay published an "Address to the People of England, Scotland, and Ireland", on the unjust taxation of our colonists in America, which gained for her the friendship of General

Washington, whom she visited in 1784. In her "Letters on Education", published in 1790, she combats Rousseau's view of a sexual difference in character, and advocates that amusement and instruction should be alike for both sexes. She would teach practical morality in schools, but says: "The Bible and New Testament I would totally exclude." In another passage she declares: "Roman fortitude, patriotism, and simplicity, are virtues which have been but faintly copied by men bred under the light of gospel morality; and the Christian world would suffer much in comparison with the Romans of the first few centuries after the building of the imperial city." Mrs. Macaulay also published a sensible "Plea for the Property of Copyright", and "Remarks on Hobbes' Rudiments of Government". Her last effort was a "Letter to Earl Stanhope", in opposition to Burke's strictures on the French Revolution. She died in 1791. In the following year her History of England was translated into French with an introduction and notes, said to be by Mirabeau, but really written by C. P. T. Guirandet.

Of like mind, but less fortunate in her early influences, and less happy in her life, was MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. Her father was idle and dissolute, and in her own family she had several instances of the ill-effects of uncongenial marriages. Born at Hoxton, April 27th, 1759, the eldest of a large family, she was, while still a girl, thrown on her own resources, and called upon to think and act both for herself and others. Her education had been neglected, but she supplied the want by reading, and after the death of her mother she was capable of procuring humble means of subsistence by teaching. In 1785, a friend having fallen dangerously ill at Lisbon, she resigned her school in order to assist at her bedside. On her return she became governess to Lord Kingsborough, in which capacity she had another example of legal fetters binding antipathetic hearts, and marriage out-lasting love. On leaving his service, in 1787, she wrote "Mary", a tale which displays at once her keen perception and sensitive nature. Full of the enthusiasm of humanity, and fondly desirous of promoting the welfare of her kind, she determined to adopt a literary career. She published "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters", "Original Stories from Real Life", afterwards illustrated by William Blake. She new-modelled and abridged a work translated from the Dutch, entitled "Young Grandison"; began a translation from the French called the "New Robinson"; compiled a series of extracts for female readers, translated Necker on the "Importance of Religion"; translated and abridged Salzmann's "Elements of Morality", and contributed to the *Analytical Review*. Mary Wollstonecraft was one of the first of the friends of liberty who answered Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution". Her "Vindication of the Rights of Man in a letter to the Right Honorable Edmund Burke" (1790) is full of eloquent, nervous English, worthy of Paine, and has passages of satiric invective that might have been written by Junius. This answer was followed up by the "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," famous as the herald of the demand that woman shall no longer be man's toy or slave, but his friend and companion. This, her most important and original work, in her own words, "is based on this simple principle, that if woman is not prepared by education to become the companion

of man she will stop the progress of knowledge; for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on general practice." She insisted that not only the virtue but the knowledge of the two sexes should be the same, that both girls and boys should be instructed in the elements of physiology and medicine, and have sufficient exercise of body as well as mind. She would have education include training in industry, and the use of tools appropriate to the future destiny of the individual. In dealing with the usual training of woman with the view of making her enticing to man's desires, she spoke with a boldness which startled, exasperated, and drew down upon herself the virulence of outraged conventionality. Some of her remarks were perhaps ill-considered in their vehemence, but they are more than redeemed by her lofty purpose and independent spirit. Her much abused work is, indeed, animated by a morality as high above that of convention as the heavens are above the earth. The keynote to her thoughts on sexual subjects is given in the sentence: "I know of no other way of preserving the chastity of mankind, but that of rendering women rather objects of love than of desire." As a sample of her animated sarcasm I transcribe the concluding passage of the book.

"Let woman share the rights and she will emulate the virtues of man; for she must grow more perfect when emancipated, or justify the authority that chains such a weak being to her duty. If the latter it will be expedient to open a fresh trade with Russia for whips; a present which a father should always make to his son-in-law on his wedding day, that the husband may keep his whole family in order by the same means; and without any violation of justice reign, wielding this sceptre, sole master of his house, because he is the only being in it who has reason—the divine indefeasible earthly sovereignty breathed into man by the master of the universe. Allowing this position, women have not any inherent rights to claim, and by the same rule, their duties vanish, for rights and duties are inseparable.

Be just, then, O ye men of understanding! and mark not more severely what women do amiss, than the vicious tricks of the horse or the ass for whom ye provide provender,—and allow her the privileges of ignorance, to whom ye deny the rights of reason, or ye will be worse than Egyptian taskmasters, expecting virtue where nature has not given understanding!"

In her life as in her writings, Mary Wollstonecraft had to face the most difficult social problems. After the outcry at the "Vindication", she went to Paris, to console herself in the general joy (1792). But the joy was short-lived. Her friends were of the Girondin party, and she soon had to share in the dangers and hardships of the time. Some of her experiences are given in "An Historical and Moral View of the Origin and Progress of the French Revolution", which Mr. C. Kegan Paul calls the best balanced and most philosophical book on the Revolution as far as it had then gone. He adds: "Her accounts of the Bastille siege and the Versailles episode are worth reading beside those of the great master to whose style they are so great a contrast. Carlyle has seized on the comic element in the march to Versailles, Mary Wollstonecraft on the tragic, and hers seems to me the worthier view." In Paris Mary met Captain Gilbert Imlay, an American who had served in the War of Independence, and who had been a United States Commissioner in the back settlements. His position enabled him to be of help to Mary, and friendship quickly blossomed into love. The cir-

cumstances of time and place made a legal marriage almost impossible. Nor would Mary have required this. Confiding in his honor, she needed nothing but his love. Her letters to Imlay were published by William Godwin. Their publication was a noble instance of Godwin's devotion to her memory, for they prove her true wifely devotion to Imlay, and are a complete justification of her conduct. Imlay was no fit mate for the impulsive high-toned woman whose love he had gained. The birth of a child estranged instead of cementing his affections, and he left for England, knowing the obloquy Mary would incur if she followed him. But she did follow him, and his infidelity drove her to the verge of suicide and despair. What though she had been a true wife and mother, only seeking opportunities for displaying her affection? Her union had not been sanctified by the blessing of the priest, and she could be deserted with impunity. Shame upon *her!* The sinless are so numerous that the stones they cast form monumental cairns for the sinners.

In her misfortunes Mary had the happiness to find a sympathetic friend in William Godwin, whose home she eventually shared. They had met before in the company of Thomas Paine, whom Godwin desired to hear talk, but Mary engrossed all the conversation, and Godwin retired little pleased with her. Friendship, however, improved on acquaintance, and Mary found she could love again. In order to legitimise the result of the union with Godwin, they were married, and some brief happiness came to Mary in the prospect of joint congenial literary labors. But it was not to be. She died on September 10th, 1797, in giving birth to a daughter destined to be famous for ever as the wife of Shelley.

The portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft by Opie is well known. It is a winning, girlish face, full of serene sadness and keen intelligence. Southey speaks of her eyes as "the most meaning I ever saw".

J. M. Wheeler.

(To be continued.)

My Crazy Contributor.

In 1875, during the most verdant phase of my salad days, I edited and published the first number of a political periodical entitled—well, let us say *The Democratic Beacon.* I was at that time a raw youth endowed with a plenitude of zeal, but with little discretion to guide and control it. I wrote most of the articles, "set up" the type of the whole number, printed on an ancient hand-press the 960 copies that I correctly anticipated would more than supply the public demand; and finally shouldered the parcels, which I left at publisher's offices. The *Beacon* has now a regular circulation of 2,500,000 copies (see the certified statement of the eminent accountants, Messrs Hookey, Walker & Co.,) but at that time I found that a very large proportion of my modest 960 copies found their way back to me, in a more or less dilapidated condition.

I persevered however, and found that the position of an editor, even if he control but a small monthly paper, is not without its interesting features. His life, like that of the policemen in "The Pirates of Penzance", is not altogether "a happy one", and he is sometimes dreadfully worried by callow "poets", who bombard him with their crude and childish attempts at rhyme. In my own case, one of the most curious incidents of my experience was in connexion with a gentleman who, I think, may be justly termed a "crazy contributor". It happened in this wise.

In December, 1877, I received a letter and some manuscript from a correspondent whom we will call Smith. The note was a courteous epistle in which the writer offered his aid as a contributor, furnishing his name and address. The "copy" consisted of six paragraphs, making about two columns of matter, evidently connected one with another, but not forming a coherent essay. They appeared to me to be written by an educated man of ability, and I printed them under the heading "Fragments", numbering the divisions in order. To show the style of writing I reproduce the first paragraph:

"The frequent advocacy of change in the system of Parliamentary representation may often induce the erroneous conclusion that some such change, if attainable, would necessarily lead to the benefit of the people. It will be obvious on reflexion that it is not necessarily so; and that the mere change of one set of men in the place of another set of men often produces in all subjects nothing more than a little temporary excitement. The representation of labor by men who have labored is beyond a doubt desirable; yet the advantage to be gained by it when attained is strictly a probability, but no more."

The foregoing paragraph was the briefest of the six; but it can be at once seen that the writer was a thinker, and knew how to express his thought in clear and elegant language. In the succeeding division he directed attention to that which he described as "a far more practical subject of utility"—a revision of the existing system of voting by majorities in Parliament. He proceeded to suggest some improvements; and proposed that a majority of three-fourths should be required for "any statute which creates a new offence (*besetting* or picketing)". Of course, I had not the remotest idea as to what "*besetting*" meant; but, in truth, there lay the craziness of my contributor, of which as yet I suspected nothing. One of Dickens's characters converses sanely and lucidly on all subjects, but somehow he cannot prevent King Charles's head from becoming mixed up sooner or later with every topic. And my crazy Smith was using the *Beacon* as a means of exposing the enormity of the crime of *besetting*. At the conclusion of his last paragraph he introduced the thin end of the wedge by advocating the "restoration of personal right", and explaining how that might be effected. "It is not necessary", he concluded, "to invent anything new in order to attain it, but merely to repeal and stamp out all the statutes of Parliament passed in and since Sir Robert Walpole's time, from about 1730". This was indeed a modest proposal. I failed to see how the "restoration of personal rights" could be brought about by extinguishing the legislation of one hundred and fifty years; but I awaited developments.

The cloven hoof appeared rather more plainly in a second communi-

cation with which he favored me, and which I inserted under the heading "Aristocratic Oppression". It would be impossible to accurately describe that article. The former reference to 1730 was amplified, and the writer declared that "the reign of George II. in England, as a destruction of the British race, stands out in a blackness of color peculiar to itself in the records of humanity". He went on to describe the case of a young Englishmen of good family, who, having in youth "barely escaped being the victim of secret proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court and Law through family troubles or disputed genealogies", fled to America and lived in the back-woods, desiring to escape from human influence. After a time he passed over to Africa, and was reported in England to be dead. But the writer suggested quite plainly that the European whom Stanley discovered in Africa, and who was stated to have been Dr. Livingstone, was not that distinguished traveller, but the Englishman who fled from his native land in order to escape the infamous machinations of the "establishment" that had determined to crush and destroy him. Another step had thus been gained by the ingenious Mr. Smith, in asserting the existence of an organisation that, for some mysterious reason and by means of some mysterious powers, pursued and destroyed innocent men.

In the course of the following month I received a second instalment of the "Fragments". In these the writer discarded all pretence and openly stated his positions. He commenced by declaring that "there is no law in England", and asserted that that which at present is called law is "only a bundle or system of most detestable secrets". He contended that the present legal system could only be understood or reduced to reason by supposing the "existence of some secret 'Denunciation Office', or secret department in the State Government, where one man, by going behind the scenes, may denounce another; whereupon the person so denounced finds all the world against him, without knowing how this is done". This idea was worked out in much detail; and the author suggested that there were various grades or degrees in the knowledge of these secret machinations, and that certain barristers, attorneys, and solicitors were not so well-informed upon them as others.

About this time I received from my mysterious contributor a communication which "explained all". It was a circular, headed "Advertisement", in which the writer invited correspondence from any gentlemen suffering under "the notorious and well-known system of hiring or employing some party . . . . to watch and keep the eye upon a person by overlooking him, fascinating, listening backwards to him . . . . hancking, despising, bewitching, eyebiting, tormenting, blowing upon him; . . . . conspiring with the 'Master' and 'Establishment' in England (as visible by the 'Spectral Sight' from off the coast)". . . . . Any person afflicted in this bewildering fashion was requested to write to a certain address, in order that organised effort might be brought to bear to obtain the repeal of the Statute 9 Geo. II, c. 5, ("Conduitt's Act") which alone prevented "eye-biting" and its companion infamies from being punished by law. But in the body of the circular, the author was thoughtful enough to give directions specifying how the "eye-biters" might be utterly discomfited. In a preamble he declared that insanity was not a normal

disease incidental to human nature, but the preventible result of witchcraft, and he indicated certain "palliatives" which might be used when the "Man Witch" set about his nefarious work.

After specifying the usual "hire" of a Man-Witch—about £100 yearly—the writer proceeds to define Witchcraft, and the description is so curious that I give it practically complete:

"Legally, witchcraft is a poison, usually accompanied by whispers, blown by the wicked use of the instinctive and unconscious exercise of the power of secret from a circle of witches, listening backwards, with hands joined, in the power of secret, directed on the victim by the hired Man-Witch, who, having impaled himself with that circle, is in the sense of secret, ensconced in its centre. The substantive effect produced on the victim by this poison is pining by wasting, infecting, and wearing the will, and thereby the nervous frame, whereof evidence as to the fact, founded on the 'Spectral Sight', may, by the Common Law, be submitted to a jury. This poison may be seen and observed by looking athwart the sun's rays on a warm summer afternoon near any large madhouse, as gyrating films (*ἀποῤῥοία*), each revolving rapidly on its own centre, moving towards the building; each film encloses a whisper, the purport of which may often be heard. This whisper, set in motion by the evil will of the witch, is the weapon cognisable by the Law called *Lex Cornelia de Sicariis et Veneficis*, under which he (the witch) is amenable for his act in the same sense as he would be for the use of a gun; which law 150,000 Roman citizens died to obtain. This poison is imponderable but material"; and the author concluded by asserting that the recognition of this maleficent influence, and the provision of penalties upon its exercise, is the "first essential necessity, the root, foundation, and axiom" of any true system of Law.

Thus far the description of the "poison" which, maliciously imparted to certain unfortunate individuals, produces the mental phænomenon known as madness or insanity. Not content with putting society on its guard against the machinations of the "Man-Witch", the author benevolently proceeded to prescribe certain preventive and remedial measures. As a means of "indisposing the system towards the reception of the poison", four prescriptions were given. The first was to hold the hands closed—"habitually, day and night"—in a certain eccentric and extremely inconvenient position. Secondly, cork soles were to be worn inside the shoes, both in and out of doors. Thirdly, wool moistened with chloroform was to be worn in the ears when in the open air; and lastly, a silk or linen bag, containing Hypericon (St. John's Wort)—leaves, seeds, and tops—was to be worn, "encircling the neck, and suspended on the chest, inside the dress". Protected by these amulets, it would be extremely difficult for the "Man-Witch" to inoculate the menaced individual with the dreaded "poison". A preparation compounded of various herbs and oils, was recommended as a further preventive; and this was "to be applied to the body from the neck to the soles of the feet, especially before going out of doors". Several other recipes were given in doctors' Latin, all designed with a view to warding off the "poison", but I will not trouble the reader with any description of these. Pills, lotions, and draughts of various kinds were provided for; and pickles,

vinegar, and sugar, were "to be avoided as much as possible while using the above medicines".

This extraordinary document then proceeded to give advice respecting the *modus operandi* of the "Man-Witch". The individual threatened was advised "never to answer the lies blown about" by the evil one; he was exhorted not "to reply to the 'insults' cast upon him by pretended third parties", and it was pointed out that "the habit of calling and whistling in the head '*backwards*' in obedience to a 'Man-Witch', used by youths and boys while passing in the streets, is now an engine in the hands of the 'establishment', with which they can do anything they please, since the whisper or whistle is blown upon the back part or head of the victim; deaths are now daily procured by its means in all ranks of society, and . . . . it may often be verified by actual observation that respectable but friendless women are constantly murdered by this means under the circumstances classed as suicide, under the pretended 'Temporary Insanity'". These diabolical misdeeds should be made amenable to the common law, and this could only be done by repealing the Statute 9th, George II., c. 5 ("Conduitt's Act".)

Such is a bald and incomplete summary of this most mad and mysterious circular. Strange to say, after I had received, read, and duly marvelled at its wondrous contents, I received from its author two most lucid and able articles—one on "Peace", the other on "Taxation"—in which not a trace of mental alienation could be discerned.

Within three months after my receipt of the circular I was honored with a first and last visit from my crazy contributor. He was a handsome old gentleman, of most benign and intellectual appearance; and his manners were unexceptionable. He came to me, however, in a state of painful perturbation, to explain that he could contribute no more articles to the *Beacon*, and to beg that I would seek to hold no further communication with him. He said he had learned that the "Man-Witches" were on his track; that one of these villains would probably call on me and seek to gain information as to his whereabouts; and he implored me, in case any such enquiry were made, to refuse any answer. This, of course, I readily promised to do; and, replying to an anxious question, I assured him that no such enquiries had hitherto been made of me. The old gentleman informed me that he had once been "bewitched" and confined in an asylum; and that efforts were being made to incarcerate him again. After a brief interview he took his leave, and I never again saw or heard from my crazy contributor.

GEORGE STANDRING.

"Holy Willie's Prayer."

(REWRITTEN).

[The contest for Parliamentary honors in Dunedin East, which resulted in the return of Mr. Robert Stout (an "avowed and aggressive Freethinker") by a large majority, excited more than usual interest in consequence of the religious feeling attempted to be elicited against the successful candidate. The late member, Mr. M. W. Green, depended more upon his persistently protested piety than on his three years' record as a politician. The allusion in the last four verses needs some explanation. Although the last session of Parliament extended over only eleven days, a majority of the members voted themselves the £220 customary for a session of four or five months. Mr. Green was among those who thus lavishly helped themselves out of an impoverished treasury.]

O, Thou who hold'st in Thy right hand
Electors' hearts throughout the land,
Behoves Thee now to take Thy stand
E'en by the just.
In Thee Thy own peculiar brand
Does put his trust.

Lord, how thy enemies would flout:
"Ha! ha!" and "Tush!" the foes would shout
If that freethinking fellow Stout
Should head the poll.
Arise, O Lord, put him to rout,
Body and soul.

Thou know'st how, on Thy holy day,
When others meet to sing and pray,
Stout's heathen crew their tricks display
With flag and banner;
And march and counter-march away
To the pianner.

For me, on every Sabbath day
I sing, or preach, or teach, or pray—
A shining ornament alway,
And burning light;
In gifts excelling far away
Both Stout and Bright.

How has my zeal within me burned
When from our schools Thy book was spurned!
I vow, O Lord, if I'm returned
On Thy own ticket,
I'll never rest till I've o'erturned
This ordinance wicked.

In this foul world, where sin is rife,
Thou know'st, O Lord, my saintly life;
My conscience keen as any knife
Or razor stropped.
Thou wilt not see in party strife
Thy servant whopped.

But yet, O Lord, confess I must
My soul is stained with Achan's lust;
For I have touched the thing accursed
With hands unclean.
But Thou art merciful as just,
O Lord, I ween.

Besides, aforetime Thou didst say
The workman's worthy of his pay;
And if that twenty pounds a-day
Do scandalise Thee,
Remember, Lord, we are but clay—
Do not chastise me.

Then, for this sin I'll make amends.
Who giveth to the poor he lends
To thee; and if the pelf offends
Thy precepts, lo!
I'll dedicate to holy ends
Ten pounds or so.

Then for thy chosen vessel fight;
The host of Midian put to flight,
Who scorn and flout, blaspheme, and slight
Thy priests and laymen.
Thine be the glory and the might
For ever. Amen!

—From a Dunedin paper, quoted in the Sydney *Liberal.*

The Jewish Sabbath.

So far as we can gather both from sacred and profane history, the Jews since the time of Ezra's inauguration of the alleged Mosaic dispensation have always observed the seventh day of the week as a particularly holy day devoted to religion and to rest. The reason for the institution of this Sabbath is more easily ascertainable by the direct application of a little thought to the subject than by reference to written records. According to the "Encyclopædia Britannica", Plutarch says the Jews kept their Sabbath in honor of Bacchus, but Tacitus said that Saturn was the god originally thus honored, while Apion declared that the Jews rested in memory of their being cured on that day of a shameful disease called by the Egyptians *sabbo.* The Bible, although it has the advantage of divine superintendence or inspiration, and also of being written by Jews, is as contradictory in this matter as are the accounts given by heathen historians. Speaking from Mount Sinai, God, according to Deuteronomy (v. 14), distinctly said that the Sabbath was to be kept by the Israelites because he had delivered them from Egypt with a mighty hand and by a stretched-out arm—"therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." But according to Exodus (xx., 11), the words uttered by God were quite different, and the reason was universal in its application, and not local or tribal. It was because "in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it". Giving up these conflicting statements as mutually destructive, we may fairly fall back upon our own common sense, which will safely attribute the institution of a periodical day of rest and recreation to the general needs and desires of mankind. The seven-day

period is obviously derived by subdividing the moon-th or lunar month first into halves and then again into quarters. Religion sanctioned the day of rest in order to appropriate it. The spirit of Secularism is gradually converting holy days back again into holidays.

All believers in the Mosaic dispensation held in a general sense that "no manner of work" should be done on the seventh day, but some obeyed the divine command more strictly than others. The Samaritan converts would not so much as stir out of their places on the Sabbath-day, because in Exodus xvi., 29, God is represented as saying: "abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day". For a long time the Jews held that it was unlawful to fight upon the Sabbath even in self-defence. Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, took advantage of this strict obedience to the divine commandment. He assaulted Jerusalem on the Sabbath-day when the Jews would not so much as lift a weapon, and so became master of the holy city without the slightest opposition. When the Jews began fighting for their independence under the leadership of the Maccabees, large numbers of their warriors allowed themselves to be slain rather than desecrate God's Sabbath by resistance. As this scrupulous observance of the Lord's Day was fast bringing ruin upon the national cause, Matthias, with the consent of the priests, issued a decree allowing his followers to defend their lives on the Sabbath-day and repel the enemy's assaults as best they could. This became a general rule in Jewish warfare, but only such operations as were strictly defensive were allowed. Force might lawfully be repelled with force, but there the permission ended. No attacks could be made upon the enemy. Hence Pompey, when besieging the Temple, took advantage of the Sabbath-day to make his trenches and prepare his batteries and engines, knowing that his soldiers would meet with no molestation in doing so. He thus captured the place more speedily and easily than otherwise he could have done.

By the time Jesus appeared on the scene there was a reaction against this strict observance of the divine command, and his teachings were influenced by this tendency towards reforming and secularizing the ancient Sabbath. Thus he maintained, against the opinion of many eminent rabbis, that it was lawful to help animals out of a ditch on the Lord's day.

The Jews observe the Sabbath from sunset on Friday till sunset on Saturday; and by reference to the account of the creation in Genesis it is obvious that they correctly follow the teachings of the Bible in so doing. Christians have transferred the obligation from the seventh day of the week to the first day of the week. On this point Milton says: "If on the plea of a divine command, they impose upon us the observances of a particular day, how do they presume, without the authority of a divine command, to substitute another day in its place?" The real reason was that the weekly leisure day or holiday of the Gentile world was the first day of the week, and the Christians therefore held their meetings and services on this day. Thus the day became sacred to them as their Sabbath, and in the end, when they acquired power, they enforced observance of its ceremonies and of its sanctimonious gloom by laws and by persecution. The excuses put forth by Christians for this alteration are of the flim-

siest description, the best of them, perhaps, being that Jesus rose from the dead on the first day of the week. Hence, as we see, they continue to observe that day as a dreary time of repression, when human joy and laughter and wit and song and lively converse or amusement or instruction are unutterably sinful, and as much out of place as they would usually be felt to be at a funeral.

Through this change of day some Christians have been very much troubled in mind with the fear of disobedience to God in not keeping the seventh day holy. One divine recommends that Saturday should be observed by Christians as the Sabbath rather than Sunday, as otherwise they run great peril of their salvation. The safest way would be, we should think, to keep both, and to make assurance doubly sure, Friday, as the Mohammedan Sabbath, might also be kept holy. Dr. Wallis recommends Christians of tender consciences to take a voyage westward round the globe so as to lose a day. They can thus keep every seventh day holy, and on their return to their native land each sacred seventh day will correspond with the Sunday or first day of the week of their neighbor.

W. P. BALL.

True Women.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

BY MRS. ANNE C. EDGREN.

(*Translated from the Swedish original by H. L. B.*)

CHARACTERS.

MR. BARK.
MRS. BARK.
BERTA, LIZZIE, } their Daughters.
WILLIAM, Lizzie's Husband.
MR. LUNDBERG, Clerk in a Bank.
LOUISA.

ACT II.

(*The same room. Morning. Mr. Lundberg, Berta, and Mrs. Bark are standing by the writing table.*)

MRS. BARK. My dear Mr. Lundberg, I know Berta has such great confidence in your sense of justice, and I think therefore I may depend upon it that you would not have advised us to take this step if there was anything wrong in doing so. I suppose then you are quite sure that I have the right to deprive my husband of this money?

LUNDBERG (*decidedly*). Yes, certainly, as long as you do not think you have greater obligations to your husband's fellow-gamblers than to your children.

MRS. BARK. No, but still I suppose it is considered an affair of honor to pay one's debts.

LUNDBERG. Quite so, as long as one does not take from one to give to another.

Mrs. BARK. But this money is mine, is it not?

LUNDBERG. Yes, but given to you with the express proviso that it should not be used to pay your husband's debts, but solely for the benefit of yourself and your children. Is that not so?

Mrs. BARK. Well, yes, that is true. But are such conditions absolutely binding?

LUNDBERG. Allow me to ask—if you now so nobly pay your husband's debts—who is to pay your own afterwards?

Mrs. BARK. My debts! I have never got into debt!

LUNDBERG. No, not hitherto. But when your husband has spent all your little fortune—for if he gets some of it now he will of course soon take the rest—and when you are reduced to depending all three upon Miss Berta's earnings—when you find that these are not sufficient—do you then know what you are likely to do? You will be getting things for the house on credit—you will be getting into debt for small amounts in all the shops—and who is to pay? (*Pause.*) Forgive me for taking the liberty of mixing myself in your affairs, but Miss Berta has taken me as her adviser, and I consider it my duty to speak out. And how do you think that your daughter will be able to meet all those troubles and humiliations in which you then will be placed? She too maybe obliged to contract debts—perhaps borrow of the managers or her colleagues in the bank—feeling all the time that she will not be able to repay the money—but all this is of course nothing, so long as your husband only gets money to pay his gambling debts with. Otherwise no one will play with him any more, and he will feel bored—and besides, a good, devoted wife ought not to refuse her husband anything, is not that so?

BERTA. No, Mr. Lundberg, you go too far! Do you not see how you wound my mother?

LUNDBERG. Oh, if people were only as a rule not so afraid of wounding, much evil could be avoided.

Mrs. BARK. But what you were saying just now is in any case impossible. Berta is by nature too proud to stoop for a moment to such—borrowing without being able to pay—begging of her superiors——

LUNDBERG. Your daughter, Madam, will do anything for those she loves, even if it were to humiliate herself. But you have no right to drive her to this point.

BERTA (*half-playfully*). Hush! I cannot understand how that concerns you. You assume a tone—you speak with an authority, as if——

LUNDBERG. Have you not, by placing confidence in me, given me a right to do so, Miss Berta?

BERTA. But you need not waste any more words on that subject. My mother will surely not refuse to sign the deed—that was all settled between us last night.

LUNDBERG. But it is not quite enough that your mother signs the deed, Miss Berta. She must also be fully convinced that what she does is right—otherwise these doubts will haunt her from time to time, and one fine day the whole thing will have to be undone again.

BERTA. It is very hard, indeed, that one cannot earn so much as to support one's own. Were I a man, I might, like you, Mr. Lundberg, be able to support my parents altogether. Then, mother, you might give father this money—then I need not have bothered you about this deed, which I see gives you so much trouble.

Mrs. BARK. My own girl, you already do far more for us than most sons would do.

LUNDBERG. Yes, and, in any case, much more than I do.

BERTA. No, Mr. Lundberg; how can you say such a manifest——

LUNDBERG. I know best, Madam, how much your daughter does for

you—yes I, who see her daily in the bank. Sometimes she has been so tired when he has come there that she has been on the point of fainting——

(*Berta attempts anxiously to stop him.*)

LUNDBERG (*appears not to notice it*). Once or twice she has had such violent fits of headache that she has been obliged to stop working; but she could not be persuaded to go home, because she would not make her mother uneasy.

Mrs. BARK (*embraces her, deeply moved*). My beloved child! (*Eagerly to Lundberg.*) Show me where I am to sign. (*Sits down by the writing-table and begins reading the document.*)

BERTA (*quietly to Lundberg*). I must say you behave nicely, Mr. Lundberg! Such treachery! And what a tell-tale you have become all of a sudden—you who always are so quiet! You have a flow of words, I declare, like father himself. Well, it serves you right that you look so foolish. Now you may stand there and be ashamed of yourself. (*He seizes her hand, and kisses it.*)

Mrs. BARK (*turning round*). Is it here I am to sign, Mr. Lundberg?

LUNDBERG. But have you thought of the second witness, Miss Berta?

BERTA. Yes, our former housekeeper, who lives right opposite, is here assisting us in the kitchen. I will ask her to come in. (*Calls through the door at the back.*) Louisa!

LOUISA (*enters with a dignified air*). What is it, Berta? You know I do not like to be called when I am roasting the coffee.

BERTA. Only for a moment, my dear Louisa! You must just be so kind as to see that mother signs her name to that paper there.

LOUISA (*goes up to the writing-table*). Dear, dear! Here are some more of Berta's ideas. Is she going to make fun of me again?

LUNDBERG (*abruptly*). I suppose Miss Louisa can write?

LOUISA. Yes; thank God, I have had some schooling in my time at any rate. When we were at Bergfors I was housekeeper, and had all the servants and their keep to look after——

LUNDBERG (*interrupting her*). Very well—will you be kind enough to witness Mrs. Bark's signature? I will sign first.

(Mrs. BARK *rises from the table and gives the pen to Lundberg, who signs the document, and then hands the pen to Louisa.*)

(LOUISA *sits down on the chair with considerable importance; Lundberg shows where she is to sign, but she remains sitting with the pen in her hand, while she begins to read through the whole of the deed, all the time following the lines with the fore-finger.*)

LUNDBERG (*abruptly*). But—will you kindly sign——

LOUISA. Gently, gently, if you please. I must, of course, know what it is I am signing.

LUNDBERG. That is not necessary. It is only Mrs. Bark's signature you are to witness.

(LOUISA *continues to read.*)

LUNDBERG. Do tell her——

BERTA. Let her do as she likes. Louisa assists mother now in the house since we no longer have any regular housekeeper, and we have no secrets from her. For instance, she would be highly offended if we ever took away the key of a drawer, when she is here and minds the house.

LOUISA (*signs the deed and gets slowly on her feet*). That is well! Mr. Lundberg deserves many thanks for that.

LUNDBERG. Why so?

LOUISA. Because you have settled it all so well for Berta. (*Goes.*)

LUNDBERG (*takes his hat*). Good morning, ladies!

Mrs. BARK. But allow us first to thank you so much, my dear Mr. Lundberg.

LUNDBERG (*abruptly*). Oh, that isn't necessary. Good morning! (*Bows and goes.*)

BERTA (*embraces her mother and swings her round on the floor*). Ah, mother! how glad I am—how glad I am! You know how sometimes in the midst of all my troubles an irrepressible exuberance of joy and delight in life will burst upon me! I am so glad that I could shriek—jump—dance! But then you see I have won a great victory to day. You look so surprised, mother. Do you think, like William, that I am avaricious? Oh, no,—it is quite different from a few bonds I have won to-day (*draws her mother to a chair and seats herself on a footstool at her feet*). You shall hear what it is, mother. It is something which I want to confide to you.

Mrs. BARK. Ah! I understand you, my child. He has asked you to marry him. So you really love him!

BERTA (*jumps to her feet and walks impetuously across the room, stands for a moment with her head bent in meditation, shakes her head and returns to her place*). No, mother, you misunderstand me. I didn't mean that. It was only about you and me I wanted to speak. (*Speaks with her face turned away from her mother's gaze, while she strokes and clasps her hand.*) You must know that ever since I began to think for myself, there is one thing which always has given me great pain. It is, that you were so weak with regard to father, that you sacrificed us, Lizzie and myself, to humor his bad habits. I remember, for instance, when Lizzie had to break off with her music-lessons because they were too dear—and at the same time father wasted large sums of money—you had not a single word of reproach for him, but you scolded Lizzie because she would not give in. And that time when I was so anxious to go abroad for a year to finish my education, which I believed was so necessary for my future—well, then you let father squander away the money which had been put aside for that purpose. Forgive me, dear mother, if I begin to touch upon these matters; it is not to reproach you in any way—do not believe that. It pained me much at the time, but since, I have learnt that you were not responsible for it. Although the money was yours, it was father alone who seemed to have any right to dispose of it—you had no authority over it and could do nothing. I understand now that it was noble of you to submit as you did; but I would only say that these bitter experiences have left a sting in my heart—a gnawing feeling that father with all his faults was more to you than your children, and that you would sacrifice us for him. And I could not bear that, when I knew I would sacrifice all—all my own happiness (*is silent for a moment, reflects, and repeats with some emphasis*) yes—my own happiness for your sake. But then I have always cheered myself with the thought that if at any time it really depended upon you to act, you would then have the courage to stand up against father for our sake—or rather for the sake of right. Do you now understand why I am so glad to-day? (*Jumps up*). Oh, but how I can forget things! I have to be off with the copying (*goes to the writing-table, takes the deed and goes out to the right; enters immediately with a changed expression*). But, mother, how thoughtless I am!

Mrs. BARK. What now?

BERTA. I am surprised at myself! These violent irrepressible transports of joy and pleasure often come upon me when things around me are most sad. I cannot but believe that it is nature which demands its rights—a resolute demand to live which manifests itself. Just fancy, I have quite forgotten Lizzie, who is sitting in there weeping and weeping, and will not even look up.

Mrs. BARK. We must send for William.

BERTA. I will write a couple of lines. (*Writes and reads aloud.*) "Are you come here as soon as possible? We have important news from Lizzie. (*Closes the envelope and directs it.*) He will come of course. (*Rises and rolls some sheets of foolscap together, which she has brought from her room.*) I shall

send a messenger with the letter. (*Kisses her mother.*) I shall be back immediately. If father should get up in the meantime, give him some evasive answer or other. I will of course weather out the storm with him —it is I alone who am the cause of it all. (*Exit at back.*)

Mr. BARK (*opens the door on the left ajar*). Is Berta gone? That is good, I was waiting for it. (*Enters in dressing-gown and slippers.*) I do not want any scenes with my lady-daughter. What is it you have been busy with so early in the morning; I thought I heard Berta's friend, that clerk in the bank—a disagreeable fellow, whom I never could stand. Has he also been mixed up in our money matters, or what is the meaning of it all?

Mrs. BARK. My dear, I think Mr. Lundberg is a really nice man—and do you know—I am sure he is in love with Berta.

Mr. BARK. In love with Berta! That's a remarkable taste. Well, well, that is to say, Berta is of course a deuced clever girl—but there is this unwomanliness about her. I wouldn't have her for a wife, that is certain. But it wouldn't be a bad match for Berta, for Lundberg is an uncommonly clever fellow. I have always thought a great deal of him, but he is poor as a church rat, and has a whole family to support. How do you think he will be able to marry?

Mrs. BARK. I suppose he will be able to get a better place with a higher salary. They say he is a very able man.

Mr. BARK. Yes, exceedingly able. Has he proposed already?

Mrs. BARK. Almost, I think. But I don't think Berta can settle with herself.

Mr. BARK. Is the girl out of her mind? Why it is a regular bit of luck that anybody will have her. I hope, by all means, you won't let her go and make a fool of herself.

Mrs. BARK. But Berta will have her own way.

Mr. BARK. Yes, I know that, don't talk about it! I cannot understand how she has become so—and that with a mother, who is so truly womanly. But she is, as I say, another Aunt Mallie! Well, I suppose she will come to her senses. And now, my little wife, you must be a dear, and bring me that receipt for the bond.

Mrs. BARK. But, my dear, our family has met with many troubles. If you only knew who is sitting in there in Berta's room, and weeping—weeping till it makes one's heart bleed to hear her.

Mr. BARK. What's the matter?

Mrs. BARK. It is our poor Lizzie. She came here late last night. Her husband did not expect her, and she has made a discovery—a terrible discovery.

Mr. BARK. Discovery! What does that mean?

Mrs. BARK. The most bitter discovery that can happen to a wife. William has forgotten her while he has been here in Stockholm, and has entered into dishonorable connexions. The poor child is in despair altogether.

Mr. BARK. Oh, she will soon get over that! But it is a beastly shame of William, and, 'pon my word, I shall give him a piece of my mind; but what a paltry thing to make such a fuss about! William is a merry soul,—I am rather fond of the rascal, but he *is* a scamp.

Mrs. BARK. Lizzie says she will never see him any more.

Mr. BARK. Oh, bosh, what nonsense! Who is going to keep her, does she think? But we will talk of that another time. I will just speak my mind to William, and there will be no shillyshallying about it, I can tell you; but I am in a hurry now; do look sharp with the papers.

Mrs. BARK. But won't you go in and see Lizzie?

Mr. BARK. Yes, yes,—I would like to see her a moment before I go out (*approaching the door on the right*). Is she crying, did you say?

Mrs. BARK. Yes, she is crying, and very nearly out of her mind.

Mr. BARK (*turning round suddenly*). Well, perhaps I had better leave her in peace. In tears,—no thanks—I am too softhearted. I have never been able to see a woman cry, you know. And besides, I am in a hurry.

Mrs. BARK. But perhaps she will be more quiet if you go in and see her.

Mr. BARK. No, I say! I will not see her crying—that William is a brute.

Mrs. BARK. Little Willie is also here.

Mr. BARK (*tenderly.*) Eh! Is the little rascal here too?

Mrs. BARK. Shall I call him? (*goes towards the door.*)

Mr. BARK. No, no—I haven't time! Has he grown much? I haven't time, I say! I promised Borg to come early with the money. If I don't come, that blockhead will make some bother, I know.

Mrs. BARK (*anxiously*). My dear Pontus, do think of the children—shall we take from them the very last shilling and leave them nothing but poverty?

Mr. BARK (*vehemently*). So, so, there you begin again! Have we not settled all that last night? I will tell you one thing, my dear wife—I am a kind man—no one will deny that, but there is a limit even to my kindness, and I am a little hasty, you know, therefore don't irritate me! Give me at once what I have asked you for! I don't like to use any strong language, but you will force me to it by your obstinacy.

Mrs. BARK (*sinking powerless into a chair*). Do with me as you like! I have not got this money, I have given it away.

Mr. BARK (*rushing up to her*). Given it away! Have you gone raving mad? Given away my money?

Mrs. BARK. Not yours—mine.

Mr. BARK. My money, I say! You are my wife, and everything that you have is mine. What have you done with the money? speak!

Mrs. BARK (*collecting herself, with emphasis*). I have given my money to Berta by a lawful deed, witnessed by Mr. Lundberg.

Mr. BARK. To Berta! Oh, that Berta—she will have to answer for this! (*Clenches his fist in a great rage.*) In any case it is an illegal act, which I shall take no notice of! A wife has no property which is not her husband's at the same time.

Mrs. BARK. Mr. Lundberg knows better, I should say.

Mr. BARK. Does he indeed! Well then I say they are miserable laws which permit such a state of things—it is really too shocking! A wife should have the right without her husband's knowledge? there you see what these modern ideas about emancipation leads to! A complete breaking up of married life and family ties, for what is married life, if the woman is to have the right to act in this way on her own account?

Mrs. BARK. I should say it is not so unreasonable that a wife has the right to protect her own and her children's livelihood.

Mr. BARK. You speak as if man and wife were two hostile parties, who must always be on guard against each other. I never heard of such rubbish. The laws ought of course to be based upon the principle that man and wife are one and have the same interests.

Mrs. BARK. But I suppose the laws ought also to take into consideration those marriages where the wife is in need of protection against the husband.

Mr. BARK. Not at all; that is just what is altogether wrong. By the supposition that there are such cases the law will give the women a sort of right to set themselves up against the men—it is demoralizing in the highest degree.

Mrs. BARK. Berta says on the contrary that it is demoralising——

Mr. BARK. Yes, yes, I know—Berta! She has turned your head with her crackbrained, unwomanly ideas! You, who formerly were such a good

wife—if you could see by my eyes what I wanted then—now you care little if I am disgraced, branded, brought to despair; if you only can save your money and preserve your independence, then you are satisfied.

Mrs. BARK. But, Pontus!

Mr. BARK. Yes; and even allow yourself to be cajoled into a trick—a dishonorable intrigue!

Mrs. BARK. No, Pontus!

Mr. BARK. Yes—I do not retract a single word—a trick—a piece of treachery! It is to deceive my creditors.

Mrs. BARK. They have no right to play with you for my money.

Mr. BARK. Yours, yours! I think you have gone mad with this "mine" and "yours"—*your* money and *your* money—I never hear anything else.

Mrs. BARK. I never spoke a word about mine or yours, Pontus, when you had spent all of my fortune, which wasn't so small, and everything had to be sold—our beautiful estate, the silver, the linen—you never heard me complain then—no, nor make you the least reproach. No one can say that I did not, as far as I was able, try to lighten things for you.

Mr. BARK. Yes, of course. You went about at the sale with an assumed smile on your lips and a cheerful and friendly voice, only that all the neighbors should see what an angel you were and how badly I had treated you. Ah, I ought to know these tactics—it was enough to go mad over. It is the same now when you sit up for me at nights, and in place of reproaching me meet me with an affectionate smile, that I may feel what a criminal I really am.

Mrs. BARK (*bitterly*). Yes, you are right. You have much to reproach me for.

Mr. BARK. That makes no difference—I make no reproaches—you have now decided to dishonor me and to drive me to desperation! I suppose you have thought of the consequences—there is nothing left for me now but to—(*with emphasis*)—to throw up the game.

Mrs. BARK (*attentively*). What do you mean by that?

Mr. BARK. Oh, I shall know how to die—that I may not be a burden any more upon you and the children.

Mrs. BARK. Pontus!

Mr. BARK. Has your voice still so much tenderness left for me, Julia? Ah! do you still remember that day when your father—who, between you and me, was very unkind to me all the time—demanded that there should be a marriage-settlement between us, how sweet you were when you put your hand in mine and said: "I desire nothing better than to place my faith in his hands". And when your father—a brutal, inconsiderate despot—your father—

Mrs. BARK. But—

Mr. BARK. Well, that is to say, he was of course a very excellent man, my dear father-in-law, and I have always respected his memory—when he in a highly offensive manner hinted that I might manage to get rid of it all and make you a beggar—oh, Julia! how charming you looked when you said: "Well, I shall welcome even beggary at his hands". (*Mrs. Bark appears moved.*) Yes, Julia, then you were a woman—a true woman, such as men worship—now you are much, much changed.

Mrs. BARK. If I had not my children to think about, Pontus, I assure you—it is not for my own sake—even last night I was decided upon not doing it, but when in addition this affair of Lizzie and the children came upon me, then I thought that for their sakes—

Mr. BARK. There is no need of any explanations, my dear Julia; I know very well how it is—your children are your idols—you and the children—you have always been so much to each other, that I have not been wanted

—and I am sure that neither you nor the children (*moved*) will shed a tear on my grave—you will only feel a load off your mind, when I am gone.

Mrs. BARK. Pontus!

Mr. BARK (*pathetic*). But do not forget in any case—that it is you who have driven me to it! Farewell!

Mrs. BARK. For God's sake, Pontus, where are you going?

Mr. BARK. You will never see me any more! I will go before Borg comes to look for me. I cannot bear the shame of having to tell him that I have swindled him.

Mrs. BARK. No, Pontus—you must not—you cannot.

Mr. BARK (*weeping*). What better can I do than get out of your way? You never cared for me—and it is but just—I must acknowledge that I deserve it. I have reduced you from wealth and abundance to poverty—even a wife cannot forgive that—I understand that well enough. I am sorry I did not get an opportunity to show you that I still could raise myself to a position. I had hoped to begin a new life, and at my death leave a respected name; but such good fortune I have not, of course, deserved—now there is nothing left for me but to die with a stained name.

Mrs. BARK. Pontus—anything rather than—oh, if I only had anything I would give it you all—all.

Mr. BARK (*pushing her aside*). These are only phrases—empty phrases; nothing would be easier for you than to help me, if you would.

Mrs. BARK. Only tell me how I can do it?

Mr. BARK. Where is that fatal deed?

Mrs. BARK. I do not know.

Mr. BARK. Has Bertha gone to the bank?

Mrs. BARK. No, not yet—she is only gone out with some copying. She will be here again before she goes to the bank.

Mr. BARK. I suppose the deed is in her writing-table.

Mrs. BARK. Pontus—you have no right to take it. A lawfully witnessed document . . . .

Mr. BARK. What? I take it? I could never think of such a thing! My fate lies wholly in your hands. If you still had a spark of love for me you would, of course, do it all over again—destroy the deed, before Berta comes back.

Mrs. BARK (*alarmed*). Can I do that, Pontus?

Mr. BARK. Of course you can! Nothing is more common than, for instance, changes being made in a will. But do not make any such sacrifice for my sake. My life is not worth so much! It is better that you should keep that money, that you and your children may live without cares and troubles.

Mrs. BARK (*runs into Berta's room, and returns with a small portfolio*). It must be here! (*Searches hurriedly through the papers, finds the deed, and tears it into pieces.*)

Mr. BARK. What will Berta say now?

Mrs. BARK (*putting her hand on his shoulder*). I promised once to follow you, even into beggary. I now keep my word, as you see.

Mr. BARK (*embraces her*). You are an angel, Julia, a true woman! You shall not regret what you have done! This very day I will look for some employment. We will work and save together, you and I. Oh, it will be a happy life! One cottage and one heart, Julia! Just look at the same time for the receipt of the bank for the bonds,—it must be in the portfolio also. (*Looks in the portfolio, which Mrs B. is holding.*) Here it is—now you have only got to sign this, so that I can get the papers in the bank. (*Shows her where she is to sign, and leans affectionately over her while she writes.*)

Mr. BARK (*kisses her*). You are an angel, Julia. There is not another such woman as you! (*Puts the paper in his pocket and goes.*)

(BERTA *enters and meets him in the doorway.*)

Mr. BARK. Oh! good morning, my girl! So early out?

BERTA (*quietly*). I may say the same. Are you already up, father?

Mr. BARK. Yes, I am going out on business. (*Goes.*)

BERTA (*coming to the front*). Who could have thought that he would be awake so early! Have you been obliged to tell him all?

Mrs. BARK (*who has quickly hidden the portfolio in the writing-table*). Yes.

BERTA. Well, but he did not appear angry. He spoke quite kindly to me.

Mrs. BARK. He was deeply wounded. He thought that it showed distrust in him,—a wife ought not to set herself against her husband in such a way.

BERTA. Well, I declare! He has been trying to get at your soft side, I see! I suppose you only put all the blame on me?

Mrs. BARK. Berta, I don't think we have acted fairly against him.

BERTA. Oh, you good, sensitive little mother, must I begin again and go over all the same arguments? Can you not place any faith in my ideas of right and wrong?

Mrs. BARK. Yes, I know you only want what is right, my dear girl, but you are too severe upon your father.

BERTA. Oh, now I see how it is! He has been making a terrible scene. Why, you are still trembling all over. I really think it is best I should take the deed and deposit it in the bank.

Mrs. BARK. Why?

BERTA. Father might otherwise—never mind, it is not worth talking about.

Mrs. BARK. What do you mean? what might father do?

BERTA. I don't want to wound your feelings, mother. I know you don't like me to speak harshly about father.

Mrs. BARK. But tell me, what do you mean?

BERTA. I mean that he might destroy the deed altogether—he has not sufficient conscience to understand that it would be stealing.

Mrs. BARK. Stealing? Oh dear, how can you use such words? Your father has many faults, but he would not steal.

BERTA. It is even worse than stealing; but that he would not of course understand.

Mrs. BARK. What do you mean by that? You make me quite nervous with all these hints of yours.

BERTA. I only mean, that if you could let yourself be persuaded into breaking your promise to me, I should never believe anybody in the whole world any more.

Mrs. BARK (*groping for a chair*). You must not put too much faith in me, my child—you know I am not strong—(*sinks into a chair*). Will you give me a little water, I don't feel quite well.

BERTA (*runs up to her, supports her and gives her a glass of water*). It is abominable how he treats you!

(WILLIAM *enters at back.*)

Mrs. BARK (*rises and speaks to Berta*). You must talk to William. I cannot bear any more!

(BERTA *greets William, and leads her mother into the room on the right. A child's voice is heard when the door is opened.*)

WILLIAM (*walking towards Berta, as she returns*). What is this? That was Willie's voice! What's all this mystery about? Is Lizzie here?

BERTA. Yes!

WILLIAM. In there? How in all the world has she come here?

BERTA (*fatigued*). Please sit down, I have a word to say to you.

WILLIAM. Why all these ceremonies? Has anything happened?

BERTA. Lizzie arrived with the steamer last night about ten o'clock.

She had looked forward with joy, like a child, to giving you a surprise. When she came to your lodgings, she saw you go in with a strange woman.

WILLIAM. What, the concierge said that a lady, whom she had turned away—

BERTA. It was your wife, William.

WILLIAM (*starts to his feet*). Confound it! I must see Lizzie at once.

BERTA (*slowly*). She says, she will never see you any more!

WILLIAM. Oh, that's only over-excitement—she does not mean it.

BERTA. There are some people who never can get over such a blow.

WILLIAM. That is very possible, but Lizzie does not belong to them. She is so good—she loves me, she is a true woman, she cannot cast off the father of her children.

BERTA. She says she cannot look the father of her children in the face any more after what has happened.

WILLIAM. It is you who put these ideas in her head!

BERTA. I can understand it is difficult for you men to comprehend what such a blow can be to a woman. We generally put all our trust in those we love.

WILLIAM. What do you know about that?

BERTA. Such is the love I bear to mother and Lizzie—I have not had anyone else to care for. But if one of them, for instance, should deceive me in any way, it would not only be to be deceived by them—it would be the same to me as if I was deceived by the whole world! All sincerity, all truth, all honor would be gone out of the world, if they were to betray my faith in them. And thus, I imagine, has Lizzie believed in you.

WILLIAM. I do not think so!

BERTA. No?

WILLIAM. She is not so high-flown in her ideas, she looks at life in a more practical way.

BERTA. Bah—practical! She was eighteen when she married you—she knew nothing of life. I shall never forget how sweet and innocent she looked as a bride! I remember what I thought to myself, young as I was, at the time; there is no man who is worthy of her. Her husband may be as good as it is possible to conceive; he would never answer to the picture her fancy had painted of him. It is not him she loves—it is an ideal, which she adorns with everything that is pure and noble in her own nature.

WILLIAM. Nonsense! Do you mean to say that you, a young girl of fifteen, thought all that?

BERTA. I did not perhaps think it so clearly as I now speak it—but it was, at any rate, a feeling of that kind which made me so unhappy when you placed the ring on her finger, and she promised to be yours for life—you remember, perhaps, that I began crying and would not show myself the whole evening. (WILLIAM *laughs.*) Do you laugh at it, William? I had scarcely expected that.

WILLIAM. Well, you see, I was just in a sentimental frame of mind like that you speak of when I first fell in love with her. I thought, like you, that she was much too good for any man—and much, much too good for me. And when we were engaged and I kissed her for the first time—oh, I shall never forget the shame which at that moment came over me at the recollection of my earlier life—I do not know what I at that time would not have given to have stood pure before her—I was seized with such a disgust and contempt for myself—Ugh! And yet I do not think that I had lead a worse life than most people. Ah, you women little know what a truly innocent and pure woman could make of a man in such a moment.

BERTA. Truly innocent, do you say?

WILLIAM. Yes, you shall hear further! Remorse drove me to confess to her, not in such a way as to sully her mind by any particulars—I only hinted at it—I even feared to see her run away from me frightened at the

very first word. I have perhaps never been actuated by a better feeling than when I began that confession.

BERTA. Well?

WILLIAM. She became interested—wanted to hear more—pressed me to express myself more plainly; she laughed, threatened me with her finger, and said with an unmistakeable expression of admiration: "Yes, you are a nice one". And then she threw her arms around my neck and whispered in my ear that she did not love me any the less, because others had been fond of me before she knew me—and then she gave me to understand that women, as a rule, like those men best who have had some adventures—it only made them more piquant, more attractive than inexperienced milksops.

BERTA (*jumps up*). No, it is not true.

WILLIAM. My surprise was as great as yours. I thrust her from me and looked at her, and I assure you, at the moment, I thought that the expression in her eyes changed—there was something conscious in it. Yes, I thought there was something equivocal in that childish face. I felt as if I had had a bucket of cold water thrown over me. From that moment my love to her lost its finest fragrance—all my good intentions faded away. It was, of course, pleasant enough in one way, for now I could behave more freely towards her in every respect. Well, was I wrong in saying that she is practical?

BERTA. William!

WILLIAM. Well!

BERTA (*seizes him violently by the arm*). I could strike you!

WILLIAM. Why, Berta, have you lost your senses?

BERTA. Yes, I am out of my mind! Such an insult as you now fling at her, at me, at our whole sex—oh, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! (*Cries while she hides her face in her hands.*)

WILLIAM. My dear Berta! I do not understand you. You are, as I say, so dreadfully high-flown.

BERTA (*runs to the door on the right, and tears it open*). Lizzie! Come out, Lizzie! Your husband is here waiting for you to come and embrace him. Don't believe that he has wronged you. On the contrary, he has only wished to make himself more interesting in your eyes. He expects that you will love him more than ever after this!

LIZZIE (*comes slowly out of the room, showing signs of having cried*). What have you got to say to me?

WILLIAM. Oh, Lizzie! I regret my thoughtlessness. It is this Stockholm life, with its continual dinner-parties and café-life in the evenings, and next to nothing to do, and then living away from you. It is little use talking of that folly. To gratify a whim we go and sacrifice the best we have—wife, children, our whole happiness. But, Lizzie, you must forgive me—for the children's sake, Lizzie!

LIZZIE (*weeping*). No; the children—it is just the children that must be taken away from you. I shall soon die. I shall never be able to look anybody in the face after this, since I have thus been disgraced; but the children—they shall not be brought up by their father to become faithless; they shall be brought up by Berta; for myself I will only pray to God to let me die. (*Rushes out weeping.*)

BERTA (*goes up to William and looks straight in his face*). There! Do you see now? You cowardly slanderer!

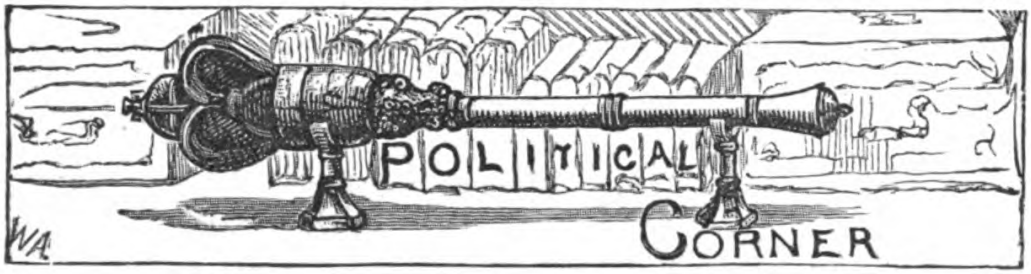
WILLIAM (*seizing her by the shoulder*). What do you dare to say?

BERTA (*as before*). Coward, I say! Yes, lay hands on me if you dare! You can do no worse to me than what you have already done.

(WILLIAM *lets his hands fall, turns away, and goes towards the door at the back.*)

(BERTA *puts her hands to her face and cries.*)

(*Curtain.*)



FRANCE is still actually, though not officially, at war with China, and at the present rate of progress hostilities may well exhaust the term of M. Grévy's presidency. A still more serious exhaustion during the same period may result from the expenditure in Tunis, Madagascar, Tonquin, and China, viz., the evaporation amongst the peasantry of the modern liking for Republican institutions. The fighting in Tonquin seems to have resulted in serious loss to the Chinese, whilst at Tamsui the French have suffered a repulse.

THE great meetings in protest against the Lords which have been held all over the country have not yet modified Lord Salisbury's policy. He commenced the month by a declaration of his determination to still resist the passage of the Franchise Bill unless accompanied by a Redistribution Bill satisfactory to the Tories. It is said that if the Peers again throw out the Bill this month Mr. Gladstone will either by resolution of the House or by address to the Queen declare against the continuance of the veto to an hereditary chamber, and that he will then go to the country on this issue. Lord Hartington's speech is supposed to present a possibility of compromise desired by the Queen and discussed by her with the Duke of Richmond, while Mr. Chamberlain is regarded as very firm and decided. A few days will put an end to all uncertainty as to the Government programme. The Northcote-Churchill advent at Birmingham has been attended with regrettable rioting, but Sir S. Northcote could hardly have forgotten that he has at least acquiesced in like riotous demonstrations in his own city of Exeter.

SOME bitter words have been spoken in London working men's political clubs in consequence of friction arising from the extraordinary announcements made as to a proposed demonstration with torchlight, fireworks, and some unspecified accessories. It has been recently shown abroad that it is unfortunately far too easy for plausible adventurers to obtain official positions in working men's movements. Great care should be taken to avoid such possibilities in this country.

IT is worth notice that during the Anarchist trials in Switzerland one Weiss was compelled to admit that he was a Prussian police spy, paid and instructed from Berlin to promote outrages. Fourteen years ago Bismarck certainly had his paid agents in London. It would be interesting to know the names of those who perform in the metropolis functions similar to those of Mr. Weiss.

THE Clericals are victorious in Belgium: they have secured the support of the King: but the consequence has been to evoke a stronger expression of Republican feeling than has been known in Brussels since 1848. The King and Queen have been repeatedly hissed, and great excitement prevails throughout the Kingdom.

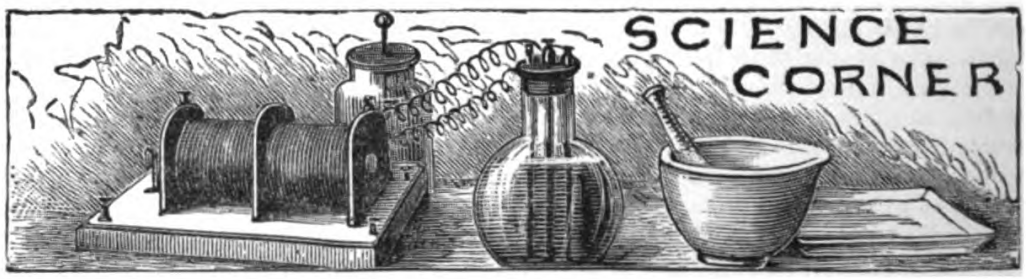
THE Egyptian difficulty grows in extent and possible consequences. Our nine years' foolish meddling leads us in sight of graver troubles. It is even

suggested that Bismarck would be glad to see England still further entangled on the Nile if only to increase the growing irritation between this country and France. Without regard to politics all must regret the death of Colonel Stewart, a brave and intelligent officer; but why is it more a murder for Arabs to kill Colonel Stewart than for General Gordon and Colonel Stewart to kill Arabs? As we go to press, doubt is cast on the story, and Colonel Stewart may be safe.

THE explanation offered by Mr. Harrington, M.P., and by *United Ireland*, of the Maamtrasna murders is, if true, a very horrible one. Mr. Harrington says that the murdered man Joyce was not killed as part of the political or agrarian outrage movement, but was murdered with his family by men hired for the purpose by a neighboring farmer. Can men in Ireland be so easily hired to commit murder? And is this a result of Roman Catholic predominance?

THE presidential struggle in America is proceeding vigorously, the chief interest, until a few days since, centering in Ohio, and now being transferred to New York and Indiana. While it is thought that the balance inclines to the Republicans it is difficult at this distance to judge with accuracy Mr. Blaine's chances of success.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.



A LARGE Indian mound near the town of Gastersville has recently been opened and examined by a committe of scientists sent out from the Smithsonian Institute. At some depth from the surface a kind of vault was found in which was discovered the skeleton of a giant measuring 7ft. 2in. His hair was coarse and jet black, and hung to the waist, the brow being ornamented with a copper crown. The skeleton was remarkably well preserved. Near it were also found the bodies of several children of various sizes, the remains being covered with beads made of bone of some kind. Upon removing these the bodies were seen to be enclosed in a network of straw or reeds, and beneath this was a covering of the skin of some animal. On the stones which covered the vault were carved inscriptions, and these when deciphered will doubtless lift the veil that now shrouds the history of a race of giants that at one time undoubtedly inhabited the American continent. The relics have been carefully packed and forwarded to the Smithsonian Institute, and they are said to be the most interesting collection ever found in the United States. The explorers are now at work on another mound in Bartow county, Pennsylvania.

MR. R. TUCKER communicates to *Nature*, (Oct. 2nd), the following graphical construction for finding the cube of any number. It will interest my mathematical readers. "Take a triangle, A B C, in which suppose A to be the vertical angle, and B greater than C. Draw the perpendiculars A

D, B E, C F, thus obtaining the pedal triangle, D E F; take H, the middle point of the perpendicular E 9 on D F. Then tan C D H=tan 3 C D E= tan 3 A. If then we take a triangle with vertical angle A such that tan A $=n$, we see that tan C D H=n 3."

THE German and French Commissions for the investigation of the cholera poison differ completely in their views. Dr. Koch, as is well known, considers that a bacillus found in the intestines is the cholera germ. The French doctors, on the other hand, assert that the poison is in the blood, and is transmissible by infusion. The English scientists are joining in the fray, and Professor Ray Lankester ranges himself against Dr. Koch with his customary acerbity.

THE Russian University at Kieff has elected Professors Kolbe, Helmholtz, Kirchhoff, Pettenhofer, and Hoppe-Seyler as honorary members. Is this a retort for the exclusion from Russia of the works of great scientists?

A GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY has been founded in Edinburgh, and opens this month.

SOME curious facts about the "Marriage Laws of the North American Tribes" were given by Major J. W. Powell in a paper read at the meeting of the British Association, Section for Anthropology. *Nature* (October 9th) says that "in the course of his observations, the speaker remarked upon the custom of burying articles with the dead. There were two classes of property amongst the Indians, communal, or that belonging to the tribe, and personal, or that belonging to the individual. In order to prevent controversy the latter was buried with its owner. With regard to the marriage laws, Major Powell said there were many strange customs. For instance, in some tribes, marriages were arranged by officers of the tribe, and the choice of wife or husband was limited to certain groups of persons. Marriage was therefore not by personal choice, but by legal appointment. But marriage could be performed by elopement, or running away, when, if the couple could remain in safety from detection and punishment until after the day of jubilee, or the day when all offences are considered forgiven, then that marriage would be considered legal. Wives could also be obtained by trial of battle, or a contest of some kind, when the woman became the helpmate of the victor. There was also marriage by capture. These methods of obtaining a wife were so common that the custom of marriage by legal appointment was much neglected. But though this was the legal and proper method, the others had become legalised by long custom, and now the capture, contest, or elopement were merely simulated."

THE views taken by the Iroquois on the proper position of women must be full of consolation to those who maintain the subjection of women among ourselves. Mrs. Erminie A. Smith, who was received into the tribe of the Tuscaroras and adopted by one of the chiefs as a sister, read a paper in the same Section, in which, "noticing the construction of the Iroquoisian language, Mrs. Smith said that there were two so-called genders, noble and ignoble; the former comprised God, men and angels; the latter demons, the lower animals, inanimate objects, and 'women, children, and other chattels'". Truly, the noble savage is a man and a brother.

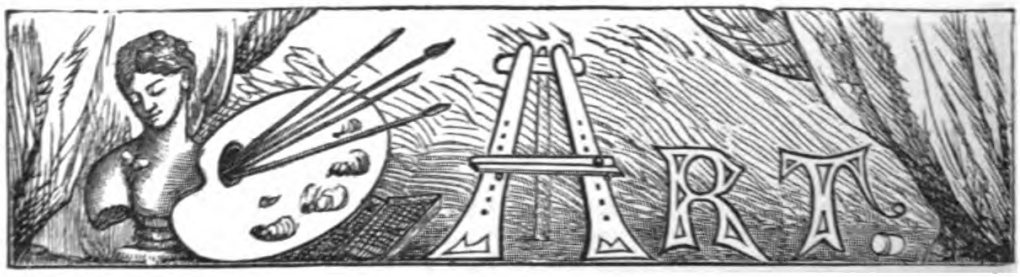
"Q", in the *Citizen*, says: "Mr. R. J. Scott, of 8 Whitefriars Street, has sent me for inspection two or three ears of wheat, interesting from the fact that they were produced in the City of London, seventy paces from the centre of Fleet street. Four seeds, self-sown, were found at the end of

January in a situation where they were not likely to succeed, so were afterwards transplanted. The ears did not show until July 20th, instead of within the first half of June. The plants reached 30in. in height, and the four plants produced thirty ears. But they did not all reach maturity—late sowing, an elevation of 36ft., obstructed sunlight, and plenty of printers' smoke, makes corn- and flower-growing difficult in our City."

ALL my readers, whether scientific or non-scientific, will be grieved to hear that Professor Huxley has broken down from overwork, and has been sent to the south of France by his physicians. He lectured as usual to his students at the beginning of last week, but broke down suddenly before his third lecture. All will hope that a life so precious to science may be restored to its full vigor.

IN the obituary of the month occur the following names: Hans Makart, aged only 44, the chief living Austrian painter; W. R. Ransome, the well-known agriculturist; Henry Alabaster, the author of the "Wheel of the Law" and other works on Eastern religions; M. Bourdon, inventor of the metallic barometer and manometer; Leopold Fitzinger, a Viennese zoologist; W. P. Griffiths, architect and archæologist; Rachel Sanger, the actress.

ANNIE BESANT.



DURING the pleasant days of last September, spent at a very quiet sea-side village, I had an opportunity of reading a book that has lately attracted considerable attention. It is a translation of Carl Vosmaer's art novel, "The Amazon". It is long since I have so thoroughly enjoyed a novel. There is scarcely a page but what gives evidence of the author's keen appreciation of modern life and thought. Perhaps the main interest of the book lies in the fact that it is of to-day and for to-day. Carl Vosmaer is well known in Holland, where, as poet, novelist, essayist, and historian, he has exercised a powerful and wholesome influence on the art and literature of his country. It is well that his writings are now being translated into German, French, and English, and gaining wide-spread popularity. Through all his work he keeps in view one great object, the introduction of beauty into every act, every thought of life. To him the worship of beauty is a creed which embraces all that is true and good, for where evil exists, be it in the form of physical deformity and suffering or of crime and immorality, there can no beauty be found. He spares no pains to find out and declare in decided terms where social or religious institutions are to blame in hindering the realisation of his ideal. He himself believes—as does Aisma, the hero of his æsthetic novel—in the pure religion of humanity. As artist, he would preserve and gather into one harmonious whole all that is beautiful, and therefore, to him, true, in every form of religion that has once been dear to the hearts of men. To none does he give supernatural pre-eminence.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
Ye know on earth—and all ye need to know"—

such is Vosmaer's teaching, and it is teaching that has its special value in the present realistic age. In the "Amazon" he enters a protest against the realistic movement that originated in French influence and French literature, and condemns the art of the realists because, "seeing that which is natural, while so frequently at one with what is beautiful, can now and then be mean and deformed, they regard the coarse and abnormal as the natural, and choose it for the subject matter of their works". Disciples of the natural school "profess, and no doubt may hope, to do good by holding the mirror up to nature", but surely it is not well to excite disgust. Their tragedies, too, often rouse only horror and repulsion instead of pity and sympathy. Thoroughly versed in Greek art and literature, Vosmaer wants to see introduced into modern art the dignity, grandeur, and careful finish of the older time, while he urges that all that ever has been or will be worth having in any outside work must have its root in, and be the outcome of, feeling and imagination.

The story of "The Amazon" is slight; there is nothing startling in either incident or plot. Each character, however, is carefully drawn, has strong individuality, and well deserves close attention. Vosmaer is particularly happy in giving by a few words an insight into the inner life and thought of the perfectly natural men and women whose actual society we feel to enjoy. Throughout the book we are in Italy, the greater part of the time in Rome. Marciana, the heroine, is a finely imagined and nobly drawn portrait of a lovely and lovable woman, who has endured the agony of a union with a man opposed to all her finest hopes and feelings. We are introduced to her as a widow travelling in Italy, resolved to lead henceforth a life of independence. Chance throws in her way the painter Aisma, who for his part looks on woman as *fax satana*, and, growing conscious of the fascinating power of Marciana, inscribes on the wall of his studio the legend from a Pompeian relic: "Odero se potero; se non, invitus amabo. (Hate, that will I, if I can; if not, love her, despite myself.) Eventually Aisma discovers that Marciana is the woman with whom he longs to share his life. She, having tastes and sympathies at one with his, loves in return, but is unwilling to relinquish her *rôle* of Amazon. Her conflict with herself, and final recognition that independence and desire to preserve individuality may degenerate into pride and selfishness, are strongly presented to us. Take for example the description of her position shortly after she has met Aisma: "The young widow was not unadvised or unguarded. She entertained a full conviction that a certain period in her emotional life belonged irrevocably to the past. She had wept, jested, fought it down, and by this means alone learned to reconcile herself to things as they were. On no account would she suffer her hard-won self-possession to be disturbed. She sought strength in something like Stoicism. If it were not given her to find gratification for all the cravings of human nature, she had taught herself to crush them. Yes, she was, and she resolved to remain, an Amazon, her own master in her woman's rights, rejecting the love of man, who seeks in return a love which means self-renunciation. She had, as the Amazon legend relates, removed from her bosom, in a spiritual sense, that portion which prevents the woman from being strong enough to stand alone."

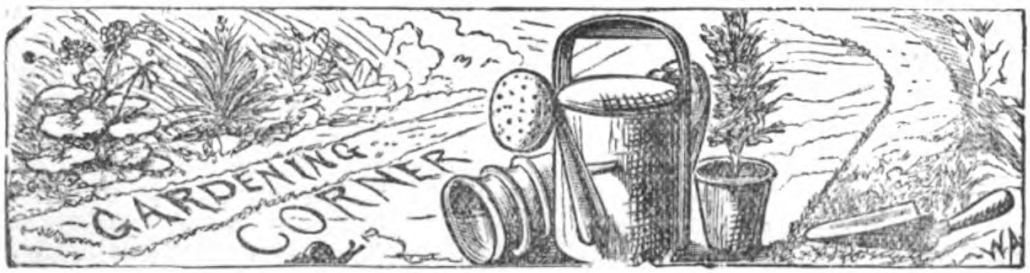
Of the minor characters one is especially interesting as a woman whose ruined life and warped intellect are due to the religious dogmas of Christian relatives. Marciana tells her pathetic story: "When a mere infant she had lost her parents, and was left alone with four spinster aunts, like a swan amid barn-door fowls. And it was with fear and horror that the fowls saw the swan take to the water. They were strict believers in the old doctrines, held that the world is wholly given over to evil, that early plea-

sure, of whatever nature, is a temptation of the wicked one. . . . . You understand that these ladies were regarded by many as shining examples of piety, and by everyone as very excellent people. . . . . Ah! and they prowled about the back streets to preach at the children, and they crept into prisons to give lectures to sisters in the Lord; but the lot of their own sister's child gave them very little concern; and the child had no father to teach her, no mother to form her. Wider and wider grew the gulf between the pious aunts and the young girl, with her craving for natural pleasures and mental food. That innocent delight in life, that mental sustenance, that music in which she delighted—all these were made a daily reproach to her as sin and vanity, as a disgrace she was bringing down upon a pious household." At last the poor frail woman finds an object for which to live. Freed from the custody of her gaolers, but with not sufficient strength of character to 'beat her music out', and make a wider, freer life for herself, she spends a wandering, desultory existence among the Swiss highlands. There she found in a pension a child that had been neglected and spurned because it had come into the world outside the rules of society. The child delivered her from her inert aimlessness. The devotion to a child, the care for an infant soul, slew all egotism, all excessive absorption in self. Jesus blessed little children, and it was a wise and a profoundly significant act. The child is the true redeemer. It needs for its rearing a little good sense, and it is a household god that brings a blessing with it.

Interesting as the characters are, the great charm of the book lies in the conversations. These cultivated men and women discuss freely all the topics that are occupying the minds of the thoughtful ones among their fellow-workers. A fundamental principle of the book is that work is a necessity for every rational being. Where almost every page contains some passage worth quoting and remembering, it is difficult to select one speciman rather than another. I advise all who can to read the book carefully, and, conscious as I am that I have done scant justice to the merit of the "Amazon", my task will not have been in vain, if my words induce some to read what otherwise they might have let pass by unnoticed. I want to finish with two quotations bearing special reference to the Art-interest of the work. The first is from a discussion on realism in Art. The first speaker is Van Walbrook, a man of letters and a shrewd critic. "Coarse realism in Art, and pessimism in life, are two forms of the same disease. You understand that I do not allude to the healthy study of the real, but to what under the name of realism passes itself off for truth. Both of these look only at the foul, the ignoble, the unfortunate, and deduce thence their sum total; a thing strikes them as interesting and they call it truth. As if there were no other truths but that. As if life and art required no many-sided study, no criticism, no dissemination and no selection; as if it were but a flat plane that had but one side, and not a spire with a thousand aspects! The earth is not only the North Pole, the eternal night, with squalor here, with dens of murderers there; not only *this* death-dealing crater, *that* wasted life; the earth is a whole that embraces alternations of light and shade, eternal growth and renewal." Askol the sculptor argued, "that realism and pessimism also had their rights, were signs of the times, and must be taken into consideration as such. Life and actuality, agitation and strife, were in his eyes mighty forces, which he defended in every shape." . . . . "Aisma was too much at variance with himself to speak his mind freely on such subjects. . . . . His views were only settled in matters of art, and his simple creed was beauty. Without that, art appeared void to him, without exquisite nobleness she was nothing, without purity a wanton." The following is an attempt to analyse the nature of the charm of architecture:—"If the eye is sufficiently trained and cultivated to be open to things not merely pleasing; if we acknowledge that the beauty of

architecture does not by any means consist in the accessories—in profusion of ornament, in the childish toy-work of fantastic moulding and carving, but in the proportion of great and small, of principal and subordinate forms, of straight and curved, of horizontal and vertical lines; if, in short, we know that it is mathematics become poetry, then alone can we possess a true feeling for architecture; then alone we learn to delight in those lines, soaring, circling, curving in the bold sweep of a cornice, in those tapering columns, pure as crystal, whose increasing is no more perceptible than that of the throat of a youthful maiden, rising airily, bending like the stem of a palm, like the plumes of a seraph's wing. Then we enjoy all this as a music of lines, as a symphony in stone; for the melody and harmony of the lines affect us exactly as the notes in music. The soul thrills with an overpowering sense of sublime beauty, and we gaze on it in silence."

ELIZABETH CRACKNELL.



NOVEMBER.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's blast.

So the poet tells us, and this month the leaves drop so plenteously that the rake and the broom are in constant requisition to keep the grounds in order and the borders free from litter. Our flowers having all suffered, and the mass of them having been swept away "at the north wind's blast", the flower garden is now bleak and bare, and however trim the beds may have been dug and dressed, and however attentively the leaves and *débris* may have been swept up and cleared off, it will remain bleak and bare from this time forth, under the present bedding-out system, till May or June again comes round, unless provision is made during this month for its spring decorations. It would be a very valid objection against the present system of bedding-out as practised in flower gardening if it reduced us to the condition of having the garden rendered gay for only three months of the year, and nine months without the attraction of bright colors and lovely forms. But assuredly such a state of things need not obtain. And so we deem a few hints as to the best method of providing an early spring bloom, to last, say, from early March onwards till June, may not be unacceptable. There are two classes of plants by which this object can be readily effected, bulbs and annuals. We would, however, advise amateurs to place their main dependence on the former; for when we consider the extensive area over which, owing to modern horticulture and skill, we are enabled to travel, the amateur really need have no difficulty in having his garden gay from the earliest spring months at a comparatively trifling expense. We do not, of course, mean that the garden will present at any one time such a blaze of color blending in harmony or arranged to strike by effective contrast as when verbenas, violas, lobelias, geraniums, calceolarias, etc., etc., are all in full force together; but a most acceptable and very nice display may be made by

having a succession in which the various species of bulbs can be made to play an important part. There is a most important point in favor of this class of plant, *i.e.*, their bloom is almost certain. If well-grown and well-matured tulips, crocuses, hyacinths, lilliums, etc., have their flowers already formed in the bulb, they only require the most ordinary care to develop them in full perfection, whilst in other things the seed has to be sown, or the cuttings made, and "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" may take place before the bed is thoroughly in bloom. A source of failure in bulbs' flowering is keeping them too long out of the ground. This conduces to an evaporation of the inherent sap, and a consequent loss of vitality. The amateur should avoid purchasing and planting shrivelled roots, and in every case should get them into the ground as early as possible after his purchase is made. We have known many a failure from neglect of this; bulbs kept too long out of the ground are apt to become "blind", that is, they make weakly foliage but show no flower. Bulbs, again, have this other advantage. When used in the flower-garden, as soon as the bloom is over they may be taken up, removed to a spare piece of ground, and put in temporarily till they mature themselves, when they can be lifted, cleaned, and stored away till wanted, while the vacant spaces may be immediately filled in with the bedding-plants. In former papers we have given hints as to the culture of bulbs in pots, and will therefore confine our hints here to the flower-garden, and endeavor to show how the space occupied by bedding plants in summer may be planted in November with bulbs.

First, then, we would advise, where beds are bordered with either the white alyssum or cerastium tomentostum, that this be done in the autumn, the plants taken up, divided, and regulated. By this means a neat border or edging will be given to the beds, for these plants, being perfectly hardy, do not suffer from the severity of winter. In some of the beds the crocus may be used for the earliest bloom, a good broad border of them being, we think, the most effective way in which they can be employed, for if the bed is made to depend on the crocuses entirely, their long foliage, when they have done blooming, is apt to look untidy. Many fine varieties of crocus may be had for the purpose, while brilliant yellow, blue, white, and effective striped varieties will really be the most desirable for contrast. No one could think of dispensing with the little snowdrop—"sweet harbinger of spring"—and when to these we add the beautiful brilliant blue scilla siberica, we have named the most beautiful of the early-flowering spring bulbs. To these succeed the hyacinth, tulip, ranunculus, anemone, narcissus, etc., etc. The hyacinth, ranunculus, and anemone, being of dwarf habit, should occupy places corresponding. No one need be told of the great beauty and fragrance of that loveliest of spring flowers, the hyacinth. A bed of these, at their best, in the early spring, radiant in color, delicious in fragrance, has a charm to captivate and delight the sense of every beholder. We advise that it be used extensively. For bedding-out the amateur does not need to trouble about the named varieties of these, except for some special and select bed, since excellent bulbs of mixed sorts in distinct colors can be procured of all seedsmen, which give a grand effect, and they can be planted according to taste. For telling beds, rich in color and gorgeous mass of bloom in spring gardening, our greatest reliance must, however, be placed on the early tulips. The beautiful dwarf Van Thols, the gorgeous Duchesse de Parma, the rich Vermillion Brilliant, the lovely Cottage Maid, and others too numerous to mention, when planted with taste, skill, and judgment, make an appearance which, when seen, cannot fail to be appreciated. And let it not be thought that to realise this result great expense is involved. An assortment of both expensive and cheap varieties is always to be found, and can be supplied according to the wishes of amateurs and others. The centre of the *parterre* should be devoted to the taller-growing varieties of tulips, shaded off according to their color

and arranged as to their height, the Van Thols being the lowest growing. The arrangement must so much depend on the form of the beds, the extent of the ground, and the taste of the owner, that no detailed directions can well be given. Where there is a shrubbery in the background we would suggest a row of dielytra spectabilis as forming a beautiful finish, while, in order to give a more lengthened period of bloom to the beds, plants of the common forget-me-not and silene may be planted in them, and when the bulb bloom is over, as of hyacinths and Van Thol tulips, the stems may be cut down nearly to the ground, and all cleared away together in the middle of June, and the inside bedding plants put in their place. With the class of bulbs etc. we have enumerated, the amateur may make combinations in endless variety, and the hints we have given throughout will, we hope, induce him to be no longer contented with empty beds in early spring.

W. ELDER.

IF, as is to be feared, Bailey's "Festus" is falling out of common knowledge among readers, there can be no question about the need for such a selection of the fine passages in the poem as has just been made by one of its admirers.[1] Bailey is perhaps better entitled to have this service done him than some poets of far wider reputation. He has not won the general ear by melody, but he had a singular genuineness of thought and speech, and an unquestionable gift of striking expression; and he has put an amount of thought into his work which makes it repay study better than a good deal of poetry which has a much smoother finish. These "Beauties" include many fine thoughts, and not a few really admirable lines; and in their detached form they are capable of giving enjoyment, and something more, to readers to whom the complete poem, by reason of its disconnected character and great length, may have seemed too formidable to attack.

MR. FOOTE has done an important service to the memory of James Thomson (B.V.) by collecting in book form[2] a number of the articles Thomson contributed to the *National Reformer* and the *Secularist* on subjects connected with the popular religion. It is well that those who have learned to admire Thomson as an original and powerful poet should be enabled to study him in his aspect as a practical thinker and publicist; and no competent reader can fail to be strongly impressed by the intellectual quality of these "Satires and Profanities". Written in keen, brilliant, nervous English, and alive with the writer's individuality, they constitute a stringent and memorable protest against the benighted religious thought of the time. Mr. Foote, who introduces them with a short critical and

[1] The Beauties of Festus, with Descriptive Index. By a Student. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

[2] Satires and Profanities. By James Thomson (B.V.); with a Preface by G. W. Foote. London: Progressive Publishing Company.

biographical preface, rightly anticipates that Freethinkers will prize the book. They will not only value it on its merits: they will feel it their duty to keep before the world this collection of the strenuous utterances of a man of genius to whom religious unreason was a perpetual offence.

Anecdotes.

WHILE talking to a number of gentlemen, Mr. Beecher remarked: "I never speak of a country or place authoritatively unless I have previously been there". "How about that sermon of yours on Hell?" asked the wag of the party. Mr. Beecher took water, while the rest of the boys called for a more popular beverage.

Under the head of religious sects, "Whittaker's Almanack" says: "The new denominations are sixteen in number, but one—Rational Christians—has disappeared."

"YES", she said to her escort, as they glided around the ring, "I do so love roller-skating! While you are sailing around, your soul seems floating away toward heaven, and"—Just at that moment both of her soles floated away toward heaven, and the rest of her smote the earthy floor with a mighty smite!

"NOW, children, about what shall I talk to-night?" asked a prosy Sunday School superintendent. "About three minutes", said a little girl.

IN Max O'Rell's new book on "Les Filles de John Bull", he describes the May meetings at Exeter Hall as "a Spring cleaning of Souls".

SUNDAY schools for the Chinese have been established in various parts of the States. Inside, the Chinamen master the theory of Christianity by means of the New Testament; outside, they are made acquainted with its practice through the agency of loose building material. For christianising the heathen, the Bible and the brick-bat go hand in hand.

A CLERGYMAN says: "there is something lacking in the intellectual or moral organisation of the man who lies down at night without saying a prayer". Ah, at last the parson and the philosopher meet upon common ground and clasp hands with a mutual respect. For we also plead guilty

to a holy detestation and contempt for the man who can go to sleep at night without thanking God for not killing him since breakfast.

FUEL is scarce in Yveka, and raids are made upon the cemetery. It must be very diverting to that rare old chiffonnier Mr. Satan, to see these fuel-hunters rummaging a place from which he has already packed off everything that will burn.

A REMARKABLE instance of self-possession. The editor of the *Valleys Chronicle* owns a mule.

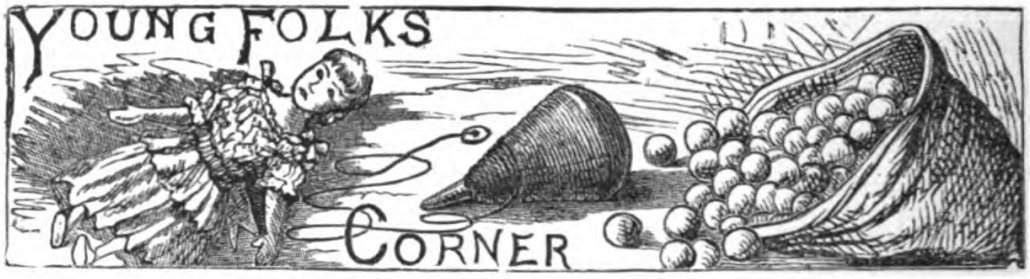
A Coal Forest.

OH, those weird woods of old,
Growing in lightless waters, stilly and cold—
Dense black waters that never would dry away—
Hungering pitilessly for the woods' decay!
Waters of death that never would lose their hold;
Chilling and gnawing and rotting the shuddering trees to mould!

Sometimes a bird would come,
Silent and shivering, perch on a dying bough,
And dream of the days ere the glades were gloomy as now;
When their floors were turfen, and happy with running things,
And the whole wide woods were musical with the hum
Of flowerlike flies, and singers with rainbow wings:
Ere ever the wolfish, waveless waters came;
And oh that it all were again for ever the same!
For now the woods were dreary and utterly dumb;
And in and out by the rotting roots the eerie dragons swum!

Oh, those dumb days of old—
Lapsing in cycles untold:
Surely their moons were always red,
And their stars of a wondrous glow,
And their suns forever low!
Faint and low,
Garmented,
Ghostly and low,
As dead!

M. J. R.



How the World was Made.

From the Latin of P. OVIDIUS NASO.

(*Continued from page* 251.)

THE GOLDEN AGE came first. During that time people, without any redressor of wrongs, without laws, and of their own accord, practised faith and rectitude. Punishment and the fear of it did not exist, threatening words could not be read fixed up on brazen tablets, and suppliant multitudes did not fear the countenance of the judge. The pine tree had not yet been reft from its native mountains and brought down to the flowing waters that it might visit strange lands. Mortals were unacquainted with any shores beyond their own. As yet towns were not surrounded by deep moats; no trumpets of straight, nor horns of bent, brass; no helmets, no swords, yet existed. Without need of soldiery, the people, free from care, lived in delightful leisure. And the earth itself was free; untouched by harrow, unwounded by ploughshare, it yielded everything of its own accord. Men were then content with the food thus spontaneously produced. They gathered the fruit of the wild cherry tree and the mountain strawberries, the cornel and the blackberries found growing on prickly brambles, and the acorns which had fallen from Jove's wide-spreading tree. There was eternal spring; the soft zephyrs with warm and gentle breezes cherished the flowers grown without seed. The unploughed earth, too, soon bore its crops of grain, and the land left unturned grew golden with heavy ears of corn. Then rivers flowed with milk and nectar, and bright yellow honey trickled down from the green holm oak.

After Saturn, the father of Jupiter, had been driven into the shades of Tartarus, the world fell under the dominion of Jupiter, now the most powerful amongst all the Gods. Then came the SILVER AGE, inferior to the Golden, but still better than the Age of Brass which succeeded it. Jupiter shortened the length of the former spring. He

divided the year into four periods; he made winters, summers, unequal autumns, and brief springs. Then, for the first time, did the parched air glow scorched with burning heat, and the ice hang downwards bound up by winter. Then, too, for the first time, men entered houses. These houses were indeed only caverns or thick shrubs and twigs bound together with bark. And also, for the first time, the seeds of Ceres were buried in long trenches, and the oxen groaned under the yoke.

Then the third or BRASS AGE succeeded, and men were fiercer in disposition and more inclined to horrible warfare, but even yet they were free from wickedness. This, alas! came with the last Age, the Age of hard IRON. In this degenerate age every kind of wickedness suddenly burst forth; modesty, truth, good faith took flight, and in their place came fraud, deceit, guile, and violence, and that most blameworthy desire of acquisition. The sailor spread his sails to the winds, although indeed he as yet knew but little about them, and those trees which had for so long stood upon the lofty mountains, now, as ships, bounded over unknown waves. The ground, too, hitherto belonging to all just as much as the light of the sun and the sweet fresh air, the cautious measurer marked out with his long boundary line. Not only was the rich soil required to yield corn and nourishment, but men went down into the very entrails of the earth and dug up wealth, that incitement to evil, which the earth had hidden away and placed far down in the caverns of the Styx, the river which flows through the depths of the earth.

Destructive iron was brought forth, and gold, still more destructive than iron. These engendered War, who waged his battles by means of both, and brandished resounding arms in his blood-stained hand. Men lived by rapine; the guest was not safe from his host, nor the father-in-law from the son-in-law; affection was rare even between brothers. The husband sought the death of his wife, she that of her husband. Terrible step-mothers mixed the ghastly aconite, and the son early enquired into the age of his father. Virtue lay vanquished, and the Virgin Astræa, the Goddess of Justice, was the last of the heavenly ones to abandon the earth then reeking with slaughter.

That the lofty æther might not be superior to the earth, it is said, the giants aspired to the sovereignty of the celestial regions, and, in order that they might climb up to heaven, piled up the mountains one upon another until they reached the lofty stars. Then the omnipotent Father, hurling his lightnings, smote Mount Olympus,

dashing it into pieces, and struck away Mount Ossa from the underlying Mount Pelion. When the dread bodies of the giants lay buried beneath the mass they themselves had raised, they say that the earth was wet, soaked with the blood of her sons, that then she reanimated the warm blood, but, that no reminder of the awesome giants should remain, she fashioned it after the image of man. But, alas! this new race also despised the Gods, and was cruel and violent. Anyone could tell it had sprung from blood.

When the Father, the son of Saturn, sitting on his lofty throne, beheld all this, his mind was filled with immeasurable wrath, and he called a council of the gods which assembled without delay.

If at eventide you gaze up into the clear expanse of the heavens, you will see far away in its heights a long stretch of sky remarkable for its whiteness, and known as the Milky Way. This is the road travelled by the Gods to the royal palace of Jove, the Great Thunderer. To the right and to the left of the Milky Way the halls of the superior deities are thronged, and the gates are thrown open. The inferior Gods live in divers parts, but the powerful and renowned have placed their dwellings in front of the Way. Here, where all the palatial residences of heaven are congregated, is, if I may so put it, the "West End" of heaven. When the Gods were assembled in the marble hall, Jove himself, seated above the rest and leaning upon his ivory sceptre, shook his awful locks thrice and caused the earth and the sea and the stars to shiver with fear. Opening his indignant lips he declared: "Now will I destroy the race of mortals, from east to west, from north to south, everywhere where the Sea-Gods roar. I swear it by the infernal rivers gliding in the Stygian Grove beneath the earth. All remedies have been tried; but an incurable disease needs to be cut out with the knife lest the sound parts be injured. The demigods, the rustic deities, the nymphs, the fauns, the satyrs, the sylvans, and the mountain dwellers whom we have not yet raised to the honor of heaven, we will still permit to inhabit the earth which we have granted unto them." All the Gods shouted together and loudly demanded vengeance. Jupiter with voice and hand stilled the clamor, and all became silent once more. As soon as every murmur had ceased he proceeded to tell how rumors of the infamy of the age had reached his ears, and, desiring to find them false, he himself had descended from Olympus and, a God in human shape, surveyed the earth. He told the assembled Gods how great was the guilt he found everywhere, and concluded by saying: "Let all men swiftly suffer

the punishment which they have deserved; thus stands my determination".

Some, with loud words, approved Jupiter's resolve, and stimulated him with exclamations; others assented silently. Nevertheless, the destruction of the human race was a grief to all, and they asked what was to be the form of the earth in future when there were no mortals? who was to place frankincense upon their altars? whether it was the Father's design that the land should become a prey to wild beasts? The king of Gods forbade such enquiries, and bade the Gods not to fear; the matter would be in his care, and he promised that a people unlike the preceding race should spring from a wondrous source.

And now he was about to scatter his thunders over all lands, but he feared lest, perchance, the sacred æther might catch light from so many fires, and the whole heaven be one vast sheet of flame. He remembered also that it was written in the Book of Fate that a time should come when the sea and the earth should take fire, when the kingdom of heaven should be burned, and the painfully-wrought fabric of the universe should be in danger of destruction. Therefore the weapons fashioned by the hand of Cyclops were cast aside—for it was Cyclops, the son of Neptune and Amphitrite, who aided Vulcan in forging all Jove's thunder-bolts—and the Thunderer bethought him of a different punishment. He determined to destroy the race of mortals by water, and to send down rain from every quarter of the heavens. Straightway he confined the swift north wind in the caverns of Æolus, and with him those blasts which disperse the heavy moisture-laden clouds; the south wind he sent forth. The south wind travelled far and wide, his out-spread wings dripping with rain, his terrible countenance shrouded in fog black as pitch, his beard weighty with showers; water flowed down from his hoary locks, clouds gathered on his brow, and dew fell gently from his limbs and the folds of his robe. With his great broad hand he squeezed the pendant clouds; they burst, and the imprisoned storms rushed forth in torrents from the sky. Iris, Goddess of the Rainbow and Messenger of Juno, clothed in many-colored garments, collected the waters and carried them up again to feed the clouds. Alas! the standing corn was all struck down, and the farmers mourned as they saw their hopes destroyed and the toil of a long year rendered vain and worthless.

But the ire of Jupiter was not satisfied with the work of his own heaven; he invoked the aid of Neptune, his cerulean brother, with the additional force of his waves. Neptune called together the streams,

and, as soon as they entered the abode of their ruler, he addressed them, saying: "I may not now make a long speech. Pour forth your waters with all your force; such is your task. Open your abodes; remove every obstacle, and give free passage to the flow of your rivers!" Obedient to his commands, they returned, and, unsealing the mouths of their fountains, the rivers rolled down to the ocean with impetuous rush. He himself struck the earth with his trident; it shivered, and, with a tremor, laid bare the sources of its waters. The rivers, overflowing their banks, swept over the open plains, and carried away corn, orchards, cattle, men, and houses and temples, together with their sacred contents. If any house remained standing, able to resist the force of so many waters, then the waves, rising higher and higher, swelled up over the roof until the towers were hidden, borne down beneath the whirling stream. Soon sea and land were indistinguishable; all was ocean, and even to that ocean shores were wanting.

One man sought the safety of a hill; another cast himself into a tiny boat, and plied his oars above the spot he had but lately ploughed; another sailed over his corn or the roof of his flooded home; another discerned a fish amongst the topmost branches of an elm tree. An anchor was, by chance, caught in a green meadow, and curved keels rubbed against the now underlying vineyards. Where but lately the slender goats had cropped the grass, soon were seen the misshapen sea-calves. The sea-nymphs were astonished to see the groves, cities, and houses under water. They saw dolphins lost in the woods and struggling amongst the lofty branches of the trees. They saw the wolf swimming amongst the sheep, heedless of them; they saw, too, the tawny lions and fierce tigers carried along by the waves. The terrible power of his tusk availed the wild boar nothing; the swift legs of the stag were without power to save him; boar and stag were alike borne away by the tumultuous waters. The wandering bird, after seeking long and vainly for a point of land whereon it might rest, at last, with o'er-wearied wings, dropped down into the sea. An immeasurable extent of water covered the hills, and strange waves beat against the mountain heights. Multitudes were at once drowned by the waters, and, if the waves spared any, they were soon overcome by long and painful fasting.

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

(*To be concluded.*)

Puzzles.

SIMPLE ACROSTIC.

The initials give the name of one who died in the cause of liberty on Chalgrove Field.

1. Anticipated Napoleon's feat of crossing the Alps.
2. With his knights warred against the Saxons.
3. A Republican secretary and a great poet.
4. The family name of the nobleman and his son who fought against Henry IV.
5. Unfortunate husband of a beautiful queen.
6. Presented a "Grand Remonstrance" to an unjust king.
7. A baron of the Nile. [6 Marks.]

OMNIBUS WORD.

In a word of six letters, meaning to explore, find part of a circle, waggish, a body of water, possesses, a part of the head, to obey, a vehicle, to attain, withered, an instrument with blades, to cut off, a mark from a wound, a part, existing, an animal, ground stoned with gravel, a pursuer, masculine and feminine pronoun, three interjections, a sack, a tree, to burn wood, either of two, a continued pain, a family, to crush, hasty, money, in like manner. [8 Marks.]

CHARADES.

1. My first is the whole, so is my second, and also my third. [4 Marks.]
2. My first is heard at a theatre. My second gives name to a party. My whole contains the annals of nations. [4 Marks.]
3. My first is a plaything. My second few will play with. My whole plays with nobody. [4 Marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. The height of a tower on a river's bank is 55 feet; the length of a line from the top to the opposite bank is 78 feet; what is the breadth of the river. [8 Marks.]

2. There is a number consisting of three digits, the last of which is double the first. When the number is divided by the sum of the digits, the quotient is 22, and when by the product of the last two it is 11. Find the number. [8 Marks.]

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

SYNCOPATIONS.—BENEVOLENCE.

1. Al*b*um.
2. Wh*e*at.
3. Ca*n*to.
4. Ch*e*at.
5. Se*v*er.
6. Br*o*ad.
7. Co*l*ts.
8. Cr*e*am.
9. Co*n*de.
10. Lu*c*re.
11. Dr*e*am.

Anagrams.

1. Mention. 2. Allow. 3. Sallow. 4. Training. 5. Moonlight. 6. Grandeur.

Puzzles.

1. Convert the given number into a mixed fraction by the addition of any two figures representing a fraction of the whole, using the figure 1 as the line of division.

2. Facetiously.

Cracked Nuts.

1. Let x represent number of guineas.

Then $4x - 17$ represents number of half-sovereigns.

In 50 guineas are 1,050 shillings.

$$\therefore\ 21x + 10(4x - 17) = 1{,}050$$
$$21x + 40x - 170 = 1{,}050$$
$$61x = 1{,}220$$
$$\therefore\ x = 20 = \text{number of guineas.}$$
$$4x - 17 = 63 = \text{half sovereigns.}$$

20 guineas + 63 half sovereigns = 83 gold pieces.

2. Turn the length of strides into inches and they become respectively 32, 36, and 40 inches.

L. C. M. of 32, 36, 40 = 1,440.

In one mile are $1{,}760 \times 36$ inches = 63,360.

$$\frac{63{,}360}{1{,}440} = 44$$

$\therefore$ The men step together 44 times in a mile.

Total Marks Possible, 36.—Scheherazade, Hypatia, 32; Hawkeye, 28; Sprinter, 27; Olivia, 26; Fircone, Our Corner Man, 21; Cromwell, Mignonette, Eureka, 14; Jumbo, 13; Aladdin, 9.

To Correspondents.—Jumbo, Mignonette, Cromwell, Aladdin. Look at working for Nut 2. Your answers were chiefly the result of guess work. In solving an Anagram it is necessary to use *all* the letters given, and unless notice is given to the contrary only one word is to be formed.

Young Folks' Puzzle-Corner Rules.

Any girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on page 319. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

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.....

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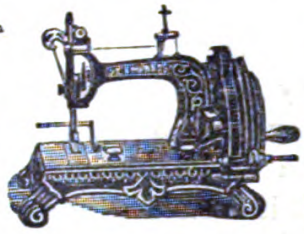

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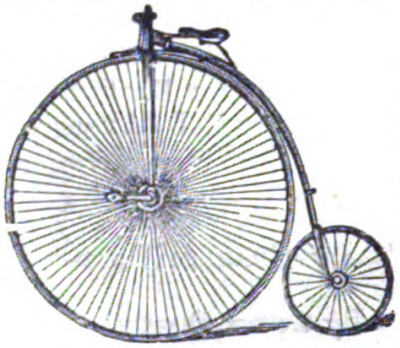

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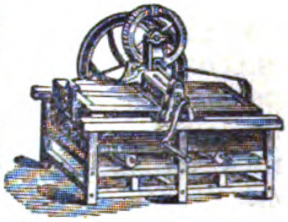

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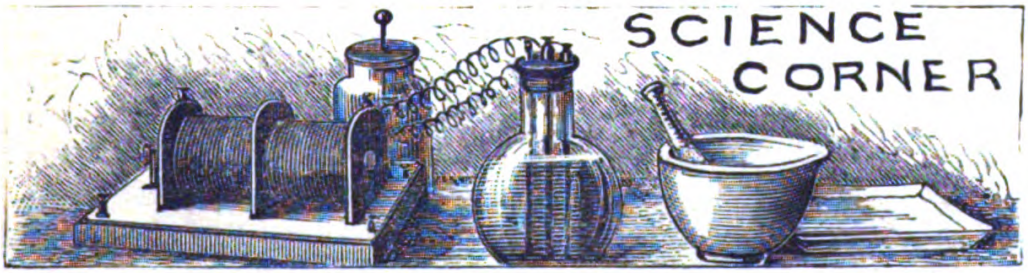

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Our Corner.

December 1, 1884.

Autobiographical Sketches.

By Annie Besant.

XII.

My first lecture was delivered at the Co-operative Society's Hall, 55, Castle St., on August 25th, 1874. Twice before this, I had ventured to raise my voice in discussion, once at a garden-party at which I was invited to join in a brief informal debate, and discovered that words came readily and smoothly, and the second time at the Liberal Social Union, in a discussion on a paper read by a member—I forget by whom—dealing with the opening of Museums and Art Galleries on Sunday.

My membership of that same "Liberal" Social Union was not, by the way, of very long duration. A discussion arose, one night, on the admissibility of Atheists to the society. Dr. Zerffi declared that he would not remain a member if avowed Atheists were admitted. I declared that I was an Atheist, and that the basis of the Union was liberty. The result was that I found myself coldshouldered, and those who had been warmly cordial to me as a Theist looked askance at me after I had avowed that my scepticism had advanced beyond their "limits of religious thought". The Liberal Social Union knew me no more, but in the wider field of work open before me the narrow-mindedness of this petty clique troubled me not at all.

To return from this digression to my first essay in lecturing work.

An invitation to read a paper before the Co-operative Society came to me from Mr. Greenwood, who was, I believe, the Secretary, and as the subject was left to my own choice, I determined that my first public attempt at speech should be on behalf of my own sex, and selected for it, "The Political Status of Women". With much fear and trembling was that paper written, and it was a very nervous person who presented herself at the Co-operative Hall. When a visit to the dentist is made, and one stands on the steps outside, desiring to run away ere the neat little boy in buttons opens the door and beams on one with a smile of compassionate contempt and implike triumph, then the world seems dark and life is as a huge blunder. But all such feelings are poor and weak when compared with the sinking of the heart, and the trembling of the knees, which seize upon the unhappy lecturer as he advances towards his first audience, and as before his eyes rises a ghastly vision of a tongue-tied would-be speaker facing rows of listening faces, listening to—silence.

All this miserable feeling, however, disappeared the moment I rose to my feet and looked at the faces before me. No tremor of nervousness touched me from the first word to the last. And a similar experience has been mine ever since. I am still always nervous before a lecture, and feel miserable and ill-assured, but, once on my feet, I am at my ease, and not once on the platform after the lecture has commenced have I experienced the painful feeling of hesitancy and "fear of the sound of my own voice" of which I have often heard people speak.

The death of Mr. Charles Gilpin in September left vacant one of the seats for Northampton, and Mr. Bradlaugh at once announced his intention of again presenting himself to the constituency as a candidate. He had at first stood for the borough in 1868, and had received 1086 votes; on February 5th, 1874, he received 1653 votes, and of these 1060 were plumpers; the other candidates were Messrs Merewether, Phipps, Gilpin, and Lord Henley; Mr. Merewether had 12 plumpers; Mr. Phipps, 113; Mr. Gilpin, 64; Lord Henley, 21. Thus signs were already seen of the compact and personally loyal following which was to win the seat for its chief in 1880 after twelve years of steady struggle. In 1868, Mr. John Stuart Mill had strongly supported Mr. Bradlaugh's candidature, and had sent a donation to his election fund. Mr. Mill wrote in his Autobiography (pp. 311, 312):

"He had the support of the working classes; having heard him speak I knew him to be a man of ability, and he had proved that he was the

reverse of a demagogue by placing himself in strong opposition to the prevailing opinion of the Democratic party on two such important subjects as Malthusianism and Personal Representation. Men of this sort, who, while sharing the democratic feelings of the working classes, judge political questions for themselves, and have courage to assert their individual convictions against popular opposition, were needed, as it seemed to me, in Parliament; and I did not think that Mr. Bradlaugh's anti-religious opinions (even though he had been intemperate in the expression of them) ought to exclude him."

When the election was over, and after Mr. Mill had himself been beaten at Westminster, he wrote, referring to his donation: "It was the right thing to do, and if the election were yet to take place, I would do it again". The election in February, 1874, took place while Mr. Bradlaugh was away in America, and this second one in the same year took place on the eve of his departure on another American lecturing tour.

I went down to Northampton to report electioneering incidents for the *National Reformer*, and spent some days there in the whirl of the struggle. The Whig party was more bitter against Mr. Bradlaugh than was the Tory, and every weapon that could be forged out of slander and falsehood was used against him by "Liberals" who employed their Christianity as an electioneering dodge to injure a man whose sturdy Radicalism they feared. Over and over again Mr. Bradlaugh was told that he was an "impossible candidate", and gibe and sneer and scoff were flung at the man who had neither ancestors nor wealth to recommend him, who fought his battle with his brain and his tongue, and whose election expenses were paid by hundreds of contributions from poor men and women in every part of the land. Strenuous efforts were made to procure a "Liberal" candidate, who should be able at least to prevent Mr. Bradlaugh's return by obtaining the votes of the Liberal as against the Radical party. Messrs. Bell and James and Dr. Pearce came on the scene only to disappear. Mr. Jacob Bright and Mr. Arthur Arnold were suggested. Mr. Ayrton's name was whispered. Major Lumley was recommended by Mr. Bernal Osborne. Dr. Kenealy proclaimed himself ready to rescue the Liberal party in their dire strait. Mr. Tillett of Norwich, Mr. Cox of Belper, were invited, but neither of these would consent to oppose a sound Radical, who had fought two elections at Northampton and who had been before the constituency for six years. At last Mr. William Fowler, a banker, was invited, and accepted the task of handing over the representation of a Radical borough to a Tory.

October 6th was fixed as the election day, and at 7.30 on that day Mr. Merewether, the Tory, was declared elected with 2,171 votes. Mr. Bradlaugh polled 1,766, having added another 113 voters to those who had polled for him in the previous February.

The violent abuse levelled against Mr. Bradlaugh by the Whigs, and the foul and wicked slanders circulated against him, had angered almost to madness those who knew and loved him, and when it was found that the unscrupulous Whig devices had succeeded in turning the election against him, the fury broke out into open violence. As Mr. Bradlaugh was sitting well-nigh exhausted in the hotel, the landlord rushed in, crying to him to go out and try to stop the people, or there would be murder done at the "Palmerston", Mr. Fowler's head-quarters; the crowd was charging the door, and the windows were being broken with showers of stones. Weary as he was, Mr. Bradlaugh sprang to his feet and swiftly made his way to the rescue of those who had defeated him. Flinging himself before the door, he drove the crowd back, scolded them into quietness and dispersed them. But at nine o'clock he had to leave the town to catch the mail for Queenstown, where he was to join the steamer for America, and after he had left, the riot he had quelled broke out afresh. The soldiers were called out, the Riot Act was read, stones flew freely, heads and windows were broken, but no very serious harm was done. The "Palmerston" and the printing office of the *Mercury*, the Whig organ, were the principal sufferers, windows and doors vanishing somewhat completely.

In this same month of October I find I noted in the *National Reformer* that it was rumored "that on hearing that the Prince of Wales had succeeded the Earl of Ripon as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, Mr. Bradlaugh immediately sent in his resignation". "The report", I added demurely, "seems likely to be a true one". I had not much doubt of the fact, having seen the cancelled certificate.

My second lecture was delivered on September 27th, during the election struggle, at Mr. Moncure D. Conway's Chapel in St. Paul's Road, Camden Town, and was on "The true basis of morality". The lecture was re-delivered a few weeks later at a Unitarian chapel, where the minister was the Rev. Peter Dean, and gave, I was afterwards told, great offence to some of the congregation, especially to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who declared that she would have left the chapel had not the speaker been a woman. The ground of complaint

was that the suggested "basis" was Utilitarian and human instead of Intuitional and Theistic. Published as a pamphlet, the lecture has reached its seventh thousand.

In October I had a severe attack of congestion of the lungs, and soon after my recovery I left Norwood to settle in London. I found that my work required that I should be nearer head-quarters, and I arranged to rent part of a house—19, Westbourne Park Terrace, Bayswater—two lady friends taking the remainder. The arrangement proved a very comfortable one, and it continued until my improved means enabled me, in 1876, to take a house of my own.

In January, 1875, I made up my mind to lecture regularly, and in the *National Reformer* for January 17th I find the announcement that "Mrs. Annie Besant (Ajax) will lecture at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, on 'Civil and religious liberty'". Mr. Conway took the chair at this first identification of "Ajax" with myself, and sent a very kindly notice of the lecture to the *Cincinnati Commercial.* Mr. Charles Watts wrote a report in the *National Reformer* of January 24th. Dr. Maurice Davies also wrote a very favorable article in a London journal, but unfortunately he knew Mr. Walter Besant, who persuaded him to suppress my name, so that although the notice appeared it did me no service. My struggle to gain my livelihood was for some time rendered considerably more difficult by this kind of ungenerous and underhand antagonism. A woman's road to the earning of her own living, especially when she is weighted with the care of a young child, is always fairly thorny at the outset, and does not need to be rendered yet more difficult by secret attempts to injure, on the part of those who trust that suffering and poverty may avail to bend pride to submission.

My next lecture was given in the Theatre Royal, Northampton, and in the *National Reformer* of February 14th appears for the first time my list of lecturing engagements, so that in February next I shall complete my first decade of lecturing for the Freethought and Republican Cause. Never, since first I stood on the Freethought platform, have I felt one hour's regret for the resolution taken in solitude in January, 1875, to devote to the sacred cause every power of brain and tongue that I possessed. Not lightly was that resolution taken, for I know no task of weightier responsibility than that of standing forth as teacher, and swaying thousands of hearers year after year. But I pledged my word then to the Cause I loved that no effort on my part should be wanting to render myself worthy of the privi-

lege of service which I took; that I would read, and study, and would train every faculty that I had; that I would polish my language, discipline my thought, widen my knowledge; and this, at least, I may say, that if I have written and spoken much I have studied and thought more, and that at least I have not given to my mistress, Liberty, that "which hath cost me nothing".

A queer incident occurred on February 17th. I had been invited by the Dialectical Society to read a paper, and selected for subject "The existence of God". The Dialectical Society had for some years held their meetings in a room in Adam Street rented from the Social Science Association. When the members gathered as usual on this 17th February, the door was found closed, and they were informed that Ajax's paper had been too much for the Social Science nerves, and that entrance to the ordinary meeting-place was henceforth denied. We found refuge in the Charing Cross Hotel, where we speculated merrily on the eccentricities of religious charity.

On February 12th, I started on my first lecturing tour in the provinces. After lecturing at Birkenhead on the evening of that day, I started by the night mail for Glasgow. Some races—dog-races, I think—had been going on, and very unpleasant were many of the passengers waiting on the platform. Some Birkenhead friends had secured me a compartment, and watched over me till the train began to move. Then, after we had fairly started, the door was flung open by a porter and a man was thrust in who half tumbled on to the seat. As he slowly recovered, he stood up, and as his money rolled out of his hand on to the floor and he gazed vaguely at it, I saw, to my horror, that he was drunk. The position was pleasant, for the train was an express and was not timed to stop for a considerable time. My odious fellow-passenger spent some time on the floor hunting for his scattered coins. Then he slowly gathered himself up, and presently became conscious of my presence. He studied me for some time and then proposed to shut the window. I assented quietly, not wanting to discuss a trifle, and feeling in deadly terror. Alone at night in an express, with a man not drunk enough to be helpless but too drunk to be controlled. Never, before or since, have I felt so thoroughly frightened, but I sat there quiet and unmoved, only grasping a penknife in my pocket, with a desperate resolve to use my feeble weapon as soon as the need arose. The man had risen again to his feet and had come over to me, when a jarring noise was heard and the train began to slacken.

"What is that?" stammered my drunken companion.

"They are putting on the breaks to stop the train", I said very slowly and distinctly, though a very passion of relief made it hard to say quietly the measured words.

The man sat down stupidly, staring at me, and in a minute or two more the train pulled up at a station. It had been stopped by signal. In a moment I was at the window, calling the guard. I rapidly explained to him that I was travelling alone, that a half-drunken man was with me, and I begged him to put me into another carriage. With the usual kindliness of a railway official, the guard at once moved my baggage and myself into an empty compartment, into which he locked me, and he kept a friendly watch over me at every station at which we stopped until he landed me safely at Glasgow.

At Glasgow a room had been taken for me at a Temperance Hotel, and it seemed to me a new and lonely sort of thing to be "on my own account" in a strange city in a strange hotel. By the way, why are Temperance Hotels so often lacking in cleanliness? Surely abstinence from wine and superfluity of "matter in the wrong place" need not necessarily be correlated in hotel-life, and yet my experience leads me to look for the twain together. Here and there I have been to Temperance Hotels in which water is used for other purposes than that of drinking, but these are, I regret to say, the exceptions to a melancholy rule.

From Glasgow I went north to Aberdeen, and from Aberdeen home again to London. A long weary journey that was, in a third-class carriage in the cold month of February, but the labor had in it a joy that outpaid all physical discomfort, and the feeling that I had found my work in the world gave a new happiness to my life.

I reported my doings to the chief of our party in America, and found them only half approved. "You should have waited till I returned, and at least I could have saved you some discomforts", he wrote; but the discomforts troubled me little, and I think I rather preferred the independent launch out into lecturing work, trusting only to my own courage and ability to win my way. So far as health was concerned, the lecturing acted as a tonic. My chest had always been a little delicate, and when I consulted a doctor on the possibility of my lecturing he answered: "It will either kill you or cure you". It has entirely cured the lung weakness, and I have grown strong and vigorous instead of being frail and delicate as of old.

On February 28th I delivered my first lecture at the Hall of

Science, London, and was received with that warmth of greeting which Freethinkers are ever willing to extend to one who sacrifices aught to join their ranks. From that day to this that hearty welcome at our central London hall has never failed me, and the love and courage wherewith Freethinkers have ever stood by me have overpaid a thousandfold any poor services I have been fortunate enough to render to the common cause.

It would be wearisome to go step by step over the ten years' journeys and lectures; I will only select, here and there, incidents illustrative of the whole.

Some folk say that the lives of Freethought lecturers are easy, and that their lecturing tours are lucrative in the extreme. On one occasion I spent eight days in the north lecturing daily, with three lectures on the two Sundays, and made a deficit of 11s. on the journey! I do not pretend that such a thing would happen now, but I fancy that every Freethought lecturer could tell of a similar experience in the early days of "winning his way".

There is no better field for Freethought and Radical work than Northumberland and Durham; the miners there are as a rule shrewd and hard-headed men, and very cordial is the greeting given by them to those whom they have reason to trust. At Seghill and at Bedlington I have slept in their cottages and have been welcomed to their tables, and I remember one evening at Seghill, after a lecture, that my host invited about a dozen miners to supper to meet me; the talk ran on politics, and I soon found that my companions knew more of English politics and had a far shrewder notion of political methods than I had found among the ordinary "diners-out" in "society". They were of the "uneducated" class despised by "gentlemen" and had not the vote, but politically they were far better educated than their social superiors, and were far better fitted to discharge the duties of citizenship.

On May 16th I attended, for the first time, the Annual Conference called by the National Secular Society. It was held at Manchester, in the Society's rooms in Grosvenor Street, and it is interesting and encouraging to note how the Society has grown and strengthened since that small meeting held nearly ten years ago. Mr. Bradlaugh was elected President; Messrs. A. Trevelyan, T. Slater, C. Watts, C. C. Cattell, R. A. Cooper, P. A. Le Lubez, N. Ridgway, G. W. Foote, G. H. Reddalls, and Mrs. Besant Vice-Presidents. Messrs. Watts and Standring were elected as Secretary and Assistant-Secretary—

both offices were then honorary, for the Society was too poor to pay the holders—and Mr. Le Lubez Treasurer. The result of the Conference was soon seen in the energy infused into the Freethought propaganda, and from that time to this the Society has increased in numbers and in influence, until that which was scarcely more than a skeleton has become a living power in the land on the side of all social and political reforms. The Council for 1875 consisted of but thirty-nine members, including President, Vice-Presidents, and Secretary, and of these only nine were available as a Central Executive. Let Freethinkers compare this meagre list with the present, and then let them "thank" man "and take courage".

Lecturing at Leicester in June, I came for the first time across a falsehood of which I have since heard plenty. An irate Christian declared that I was responsible for a book entitled the "Elements of Social Science", which was, he averred, the "Bible of Secularists". I had never heard of the book, but as he insisted that it was in favor of the abolition of marriage, and that Mr. Bradlaugh agreed with it, I promptly contradicted him, knowing that Mr. Bradlaugh's views on marriage were conservative rather than revolutionary. On enquiry afterwards I found that the book in question had been written some years before by a Doctor of Medicine, and had been sent for review by its publisher for the *National Reformer* among other papers. I found further that it consisted of three parts; the first dealt with the sexual relation, and advocated, from the standpoint of an experienced medical man, what is roughly known as "free love"; the second was entirely medical, dealing with diseases; the third consisted of a very clear and able exposition of the law of population as laid down by Malthus, and insisted—as John Stuart Mill had done—that it was the duty of married persons to voluntarily limit their families within their means of subsistence. Mr. Bradlaugh, in the *National Reformer*, in reviewing the book, stated that it was written "with honest and pure intent and purpose", and recommended to working men the exposition of the law of population. Because he did this Christians and Tories who desire to injure him still insist that he shares the author's views on sexual relations, and despite his reiterated contradictions, they quote detached pieces of the work, speaking against marriage, as containing his views. Anything more meanly vile and dishonest than this it would be difficult to imagine, yet such are the weapons used against Atheists in a Christian country. Unable to find in Mr. Bradlaugh's own writings anything to serve their purpose, they take isolated

passages from a book he neither wrote nor published, but once reviewed with a recommendation of a part of it which says nothing against marriage.

That the book is a remarkable one and deserves to be read has been acknowledged on all hands. Personally, I cordially dislike a large part of it, and dissent utterly from its views on the marital relation, but none the less I feel sure that the writer is an honest, good, and right meaning man. In the *Reasoner*, edited by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, I find warmer praise of it than in the *National Reformer*; in the review the following passage appears:—

"In some respects all books of this class are evils: but it would be weakness and criminal prudery—a prudery as criminal as vice itself—not to say that such a book as the one in question is not only a far lesser evil than the one that it combats, but in one sense a book which it is a mercy to issue and courage to publish."

The *Examiner*, reviewing the same book, declared it to be

"A very valuable, though rather heterogeneous book. . . . . This is, we believe, the only book that has fully, honestly, and in a scientific spirit recognised all the elements in the problem—How are mankind to triumph over poverty, with its train of attendant evils?—and fearlessly endeavored to find a practical solution."

The *British Journal of Homœopathy* wrote:—

"Though quite out of the province of our journal, we cannot refrain from stating that this work is unquestionably the most remarkable one, in many respects, we have ever met with. Though we differ *toto cœlo* from the author in his views of religion and morality, and hold some of his remedies to tend rather to a dissolution than a reconstruction of society, yet we are bound to admit the benevolence and philanthropy of his motives. The scope of the work is nothing less than the whole field of political economy."

Ernest Jones and others wrote yet more strongly, but out of all these Charles Bradlaugh alone has been selected for reproach, and has had the peculiar views of the anonymous author fathered on himself. Why? The reason is not far to seek. None of the other writers are active Radical politicians, dangerous to the luxurious idleness of the non-producing but all-consuming "upper classes" of society. These know how easy it is to raise social prejudice against a man by setting afloat the idea that he desires to "abolish marriage and the home". It is the most convenient poniard and the one most certain to wound. Therefore those whose profligacy is notorious, who welcome into their society Blandfords, Aylesburys, and St. Leonards, rave against a man as a "destroyer of marriage" whose life is pure,

and whose theories on this, as it happens, are "orthodox", merely because his honest Atheism shames their hypocritical professions, and his sturdy Republicanism menaces their corrupt and rotting society.

(*To be continued.*)

Army Mismanagement.

Our English army on its peace establishment costs roughly a little over £17,000,000 annually, and our Indian army a trifle more, or together a total of about £34,500,000 per year, a horrible sum to go in providing for and facilitating war. During the present reign the annual cost of the peace establishment of our Home forces has more than doubled. There has been much general talk of indefensible increase, but very little precise condemnation. It is not often possible to fix on any special items of wasted money in this very serious increase, but every financial reformer feels sure that there is much waste, though he does not know where to stop it. Special knowledge is needed for successful criticism, which special knowledge few save Government officials can acquire, and the possessor of the knowledge must be a man of independence, position, and ability, or he will be soon browbeaten by grand and authoritative personages, and crushed out by the officialism which covers up and hides away all unpleasant matters from the possibility of public discussion. Occasionally a very daring man lifts a small corner of the veil and lets a ray of light in upon some faults or misfortunes, or worse. And this has just been done in relation to our army in Egypt during 1882, by Dr. Charles Cameron, M.P., one of the members for Glasgow. The Egyptian Campaign of 1882 was in England considered so perfect that the Commander-in-Chief was made a peer, and in lieu of a pension received a huge money grant. No unpleasant enquiries were ventured as to the large sums of money disbursed by him in those unmentionable fashions which in modern times so certainly contribute to great triumphs of the English arms; all was applause. On the pressure of Dr. Cameron, however, a Select Committee was on March 7 of the present year appointed by the House to enquire into the working of the Commissariat and Transport service of the British army in the Egyptian Campaign. This Committee, of which

Dr. Cameron was a member, held twenty-one sittings, at each of which sittings he was a most active, perhaps the most active, attendant. At the abrupt close of the Session the Committee had not finished its work, and in default of report they give us 730 pages of evidence, just distributed to members of the House of Commons. Dr. Cameron has made a readable and very moderate statement of his view of the case in pamphlet form for the convenience of the general reader.[1] Here I can only present some of the salient points of gross mismanagement, criminal neglect, shocking want of care in the expenditure of public money, culpable disregard of the health and comfort of the soldiers, carelessness almost equivalent to fraud in purchases of food and stores, and other like points. That any one caring to test my statements may do this easily I shall in each case give in brackets the reference-figures of the Blue Book to the question and answer used and relied on by me. I notice that Lieut.-General Sir John Adye, G.C.B., complains of attacks "made in the press by unauthorised persons who have little knowledge and no responsibility", and that he says that he thinks "that is very cruel, especially after a short and successful campaign". If I could, I should much prefer making this attack in the House of Commons.

In any army food provision is most important, and flour for bread is a very vital item of food supply. About 22nd August, 1882, a large quantity of flour arrived at Ismailia for the army, and (264) Sir E. Morris, K.C.B., Commissary-General, tells us that 228,192 lbs. of this he found "perfectly unfit for food", "it had never been good", "we found it in the sacks not only bad but like plaster-of-Paris" (282); "a great portion of the bread we made with it was thrown away". In addition we have the startling statement that (1013) "nearly all the flour failed which was sent out from England". The effect of bad food on the *morale* of the troops is shown by General Sir E. Morris's answer (1445): "the men, when they found that the flour was so bad, got disheartened and dispirited". Deputy-Commissary-General Saunder says (2628) that when bread was made from this flour "it was difficult to tell it from bricks". Lord Wolseley said (3069) that the "bread was not fit for human food". It is, however, comforting to think that it was only the common privates who suffered from bad bread. Lord Wolseley (3068) "had no difficulty in getting French bread for his table". Out of 13,000

[1] A Romance of War. By C. Cameron, M.D., M.P. Balliere, Tindall, and Cox.

sacks of flour, costing 35s. per sack (3390) "10,000 sacks were utterly useless", a dead loss on this item alone of £17,500.

Another important item of food supply for the soldiers is fresh meat, and to provide this live cattle were sent to Ismailia, but the landing arrangements were such that the cattle had to swim ashore, and there being no drovers appointed to look after them, a considerable number strayed during the night (320) and were utterly lost; none of them have ever been recovered (946).

One special food provision intended to be utilised in the Egyptian campaign was the celebrated *erbswurst* or German pea-soup ration. Of this 9,300 lbs. was sent out in tins (454); "when they arrived at the front the cases were not only broken but the whole of the tins in the inside were also opened and a great deal of the contents were lost"; "they were not fit to issue" (941); "when the *erbswurst* reached the front there was not one single case in proper order". As Dr. Cameron puts it, 4,855 lbs., or more than one half, owing to faulty packing, was so damaged in transit that it had to be condemned.

For cooking food and other purposes fire is necessary, and firewood was thoughtfully provided, but (330) it was bought from Messrs. Allatini of Salonica, "in lumps as thick as one's body", and thus was useless to the troops, who had "neither the means nor the time for splitting and cutting the wood". This wood being utterly worthless, the difficulty was easily surmounted by buying some different wood cut in proper sizes.

On the 12th October some cheese and sausages were sent out for the troops, but when the vessel with these on board arrived at Ismailia, though urgently required (163) they could not be got, because they had been loaded beneath some railway gear which was sent on to be unloaded at Suez, in consequence of which the cheese and sausages were never obtained until after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir; for the same reason some rum also urgently required (167) "could not be got at until the railway trucks were out", and some tea was un-come-at-able, and sugar "was completely buried in ordnance stores". The general packing on board ship of stores for Egypt, in England, seems to have been eccentric. Assistant-Commissary G. V. Hamilton, says that on board the "Amethyst" at Ismailia (3,841) he "found a pharmacy waggon buried in the flour", and that on the Teviot (3,856) the rum urgently required was placed under a heavy siege-train which could not be shifted because "the vessel would go down at the stem dangerously". Much food was lost through being thrown away and abandoned on

the line of march because there was no proper means of conveyance, the carts sent out from England were "too heavy" and "not suitable" (404) for the transport. On one day in August 1,229 lbs. biscuits, 1,128 lbs, preserved meat, 870 lbs. oats, 813 lbs. barley, and 156 lbs. potatoes (402) were thrown on the ground at Nefiche because "the regimental transports with the carts that were given could not carry them" (403). Assistant-Commissary-General Reeves, C. B., says that "all the waggons brought from England were useless" (2,161), and that the harness was "very rotten" and "quite unsuited for a campaign" (2169)—"more than one cart had to be abandoned by regimental transport on account of the constant breakage of harness". Deputy-Commissary-General E. C. Saunder states (2,614) that "large quantities of supplies were seen all along to the camp abandoned" (2,616); "as I rode out for eight miles I saw nothing as far as you could see almost but overturned carts with their loads lying about in all directions", and that on one occasion he found "a very large number of sacks of oats and trusses of hay thrown overboard along the line of railway" (2,646), and he adds: "that it was a thing of constant occurrence" and "not reported by the officer in charge of the train". As this shocking waste of provisions happened with an army which was never three days' march distant from the railway, and which except at Kassassin never had to fight a severe battle, comment is needless.

When good provisions reached the place where the men were they did not always get such provisions too easily. Deputy-Commissary-General Saunder states (2,730) that the officer in charge of the train "refused to off-load the supplies sent to me from the base, when they came to my station, on the plea that he had other stores on the top which he wanted, and which were going further on; and the consequence was that my troops were running the risk of starvation while wheelbarrows and pickaxes were carried on ten miles further, and the supplies, particularly consisting of bread, were taken on and thrown down on the sand, and returned for the troops to eat next day".

Colonel Harrison, Assistant-Adjutant and Quarter-Master-General, did not consider our transport arrangements quite perfect (5,755). "The regimental transport was incomplete in some instances." "Its chief faults were that the troops were inexperienced in its use: that the carts were badly suited to the country"; "that the loads were too heavy"; and that, by the neglect of the commanding officers, "they used the worst road". "The departmental transport was late in

arriving, and was incomplete"; "its organisation is, I think, faulty". "The auxiliary organisation was late in arriving, and it was very incomplete"; and, as to its organisation, Colonel Harrison quaintly adds: "I do not know whether it had any". He says that the mules, for the purposes to which they were applied, "were worse than useless". Sir Jas. Hanbury, K.C.B., the chief medical officer, coincides practically with Colonel Harrison, for he tells us (6,125) that when his field hospital No. 3 was landed at Ismailia, on August 22nd, "there was no transport available" to take it where it would be of use, and, after "fourteen hours kicking from pillar to post, he gave it up", although fighting was then imminent, and an engagement was actually fought on August 24th.

The great reliance of Lord Wolseley for transport in the Egyptian campaign was on the railway, so engines were sent out from England; but (4,670) on arriving at Ismailia, there was no means of landing these engines, because, as Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace states, "the Admiralty vessel 'Recovery', specially fitted for lifting heavy weights, had not arrived", and he adds: "I never heard of her arriving at all; she never came in time to be of any use to us". It being known in England that the landing facilities at Ismailia were wretched, "a special pier was brought out from England" to facilitate the landing of heavy material; this pier (4,678) "was on board a ship somewhere in the crowd of shipping", but it was never unloaded (4,729). "The pumps (for transferring water from the tanks to the engines) supplied from home were unsuitable"; "they were not of a pattern that would do the work; when we came to use them we found that out". The engines were after much delay and difficulty landed at Suez. The steam crane being too weak, Captain Hext (4,779) says: "We had to screw the safety-valve of the crane's boiler before we could stir them. The Arab stoker bolted when he saw the steam-pressure go above 40-lbs., but we got it up to 52 with a trusty English stoker, and out came the engine"; and he adds: "I think the man who sits on a safety-valve, knowing his own danger, deserves the Victoria Cross". The Suez crane gave way with the last big engine. Lieutenant-Colonel William Salmond had been appointed to attend to the erection of the new landing-pier at Ismailia, and he had seen its timbers at Woolwich all beautifully lettered so as to fit. This pier (5,185) was sent out in three vessels, the "Canadian", "Lechmere", and "Stelling", and arrived a fortnight after all the troops had disembarked, and, being then useless, was not erected. A big shear was brought for lifting

great weights, but (5,216) "one leg was left behind because there was not room in the hold", and, as a one-legged shear does not serve for lifting, this, too, was useless.

We are told that it is the habit to send out telegraphists with telegraph appliances with all modern armies, but the British army is superior to such mere scientific habits. Four engagements had been fought in Egypt (5,245) under Lord Wolseley before the telegraph corps arrived, and the only available telegraphists were some odd men Lieutenant-Colonel Salmond picked up, "some of whom could work the single-needle instrument", and an Arab who could not speak English, and of whom Lieutenant-Colonel Salmond (5,253) says he ascertained "by signs" that he "knew how to make earth". "I took hold of a piece of wire and a piece of copper and pointed to the ground". This Arab was entrusted for many days with the duty of repairing the telegraph line, but Lieutenant-Colonel Salmond does "not know at all" whether the Arab got properly paid for his services.

Some camels were obtained, but (4,247) there being no proper camel-drivers 14 escaped. "Many of our men", says Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Captain Lea, "were only recruits and infantry reserve men, and had never seen a camel before; and in loading a camel, when he turned his neck round and roared, they let go".

For the purposes of transport a large quantity of mules (2,614) were purchased at £27 a piece (2,208) although a fair price would have been from £10 to £12 each (2,358); of these 758 were totally unfit for service (2,304); and 389 "arrived too late to be of any use in the campaign". 1,088 of these 2,614 mules were resold at £5 0s. 6d., or roughly at a loss of £22,000 on this batch alone (2,211); "some were sold for £3 and some for £2 5s. each". Assistant-Commissary General Reeves, C. B., speaking of Captain Croker, who passed 1,100 of these mules bought through Messrs. Christian at Cyprus, says: "I take it that he had a commercial interest in it" (2,190). Saddles were bought too in Cyprus for these mules (515) "but they were never used", as they were not suitable. When the mules arrived (3,472) there were "no collars, headstalls, nosebags, or headropes available" for them. 1,120 Turkish saddles and 398 Syrian saddles also were bought and reached Captain Knocker, Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General, who tells (4130-6) "they were quite useless", "they were never used at all". Dr. Cameron thus sums up this mule business: 5,109 mules were bought at a cost of £131,290, exclusive, except in one instance, of freight. Of these only 2,225 were landed before Tel-el-Kebir, of

which 758 were unfit for work, and 300 did not arrive at Ismailia until nine days after the troops had landed. The small proportion of mules that were fit and in time were not fortunate; they were unlucky in what they had to eat and drink (2,668); "a very large proportion of the hay was quite unfit even for the mules to eat" (2,669); "the men objected even to sleep upon it, it was so offensive; it was perfectly rotten". This is the evidence of Deputy-Commissary-General Saunder. Assistant Commissary-General Reeves says (2,469): "There was a difficulty about the water, it was condensed. There was no large supply of fresh water on board in the tanks for the mules, and we could never get it cool; the mules would not drink hot water and they suffered a great deal in that way."

The hay supply deserves special notice. Mr. Meyrick, Principal Veterinary Officer says (5,421) "from one end of the line to the other there were numbers of horses with heaps of hay in front of them which they refused to touch". 2,372 tons 1 cwt. of hay came from R. Cussans of Liverpool, of which Sir E. Morris, who saw "tons of it personally" (794) says: "I never saw a truss that was not damaged" (201); "not only was this hay mildewed, it was bad hay" (208); and we have it clear (1,297) that hay was bought not only without proper inspection but under conditions intended to avoid such inspection. Assistant Commissary-General Reeves says (2,499) that he "never saw worse hay". Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Lea says (4,290): "it was the worst quality I ever saw". Deputy Commissary-General Saunder considered it "so bad that I had to issue it for bedding for the horses", and he tells us that in the trusses of hay (2,723) there were "bricks and stones and bits of refuse iron, and wisps of the refuse hay" (2,736), "intentionally rolled up and stuffed into the centre of the trusses" in order to increase the weight. Assistant Commissary-General Hamilton also found in this hay "weeds and dust" and "a good many large cakes of whitish clay dried by the sun, and roots . . . some a pound and a half in weight" (3,866-70). I am opposed to flogging in the army, but I think that if I had influence with the Provost-Marshal I should like to make exception in favor of the gentlemen who sold this hay and the flour previously described. A remarkable feature about Mr. Cussans' hay is that (5,427): "The Commissariat say that two months ago they reported this man's hay as nearly all bad, but the authorities in England will persist in sending it".

The men hired for transport service were promised clothing, but

the promise was broken. Sir E. Morris says (693): "I could not even get boots for the men; it was only when a company at Ismailia refused to march and simply sat down, that we were enabled to obtain 300 pairs of boots for the company to go". Assistant Commissary-General Reeves says (2,097) that the men suffered for want of boots and "complained that the sand of the desert was so hot it burned their feet". "They got some boots eventually, at least some of them did, that is to say those who were most mutinous."

For general purposes of lighting, oil lamps were sent, but (368) "there was no oil for them". Candles were sent to put in the lamps, which candles could not fit in until cut, and then would at first give no light.

To ensure the correct distribution of all rations and supplies, steel yards, balances, and weighing machines were sent out; but (434) curiously enough "they all got broken", and in distributing (438) "they guessed the quantities".

The medicines for the veterinary department when landed (5434) were stored "in an outhouse unprovided with a door", and the principal veterinary officer, Mr. Meyrick, "was unable to obtain a sentry"; "a number of articles were consequently stolen". After the loss an iron hut, with a lock and key, was sent out. The veterinary medical stores were not fortunate, for when there was a fire at the station at Cairo, Mr. Meyrick says, "quantities of the things were stolen by the Arabs, and when we found the medicine after several days we found a great many things missing, and we found the bottles were nearly all broken, so that we were obliged to send for a fresh lot; and from that cause I had no medicine to treat the animals with until the 20th October".

The arrangements for financial accounting are so perfect in the English army (562) "that if unserviceable flour or broken-down animals" are supplied "the loss is only known to those who caused it"; and (563) the payments will be made "although the supplies be subsequently found useless". Where an unserviceable supply is sent "it is very seldom that you get any substantial satisfaction; it is lost together with the cost of transport. The stores are lost; the supplies are lost; that is the great point to the troops; the country suffers the loss, but what is of much more importance, the troops that were to be supplied suffered by the loss." Lieutenant-General Adye thinks (3647), nevertheless, that the War Office is now admirably arranged, except (3604) that "there is a tendency to spoil soldiers" by supply-

ing a great many luxuries (3071). A trifling illustration of the admirable arrangements for supplying luxuries to the soldiers from England, is furnished in the mosquito netting which reached Egypt "after the war was over" (6265). CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

[*Erratum.*—On p. 336, line 22, the reference should be (2,024) instead of (2,614).]

Shelley and Poetry.

(*Concluded from page* 275.)

IT is undoubtedly of supreme importance that the poet in the act of writing shall be in a certain state of cerebral excitement: only in that condition is he "inspired", and the stress, the intensity of his thinking is of necessity apparent in his poetry. Yet none the less must his emotion be under control of his art, and deliberately directed to the task of stimulating his faculty of expression. This is the law of poetic creation—the paradoxical law of all art—that the once spontaneous feeling or state shall be consciously reproduced to the extent of suggesting the fittest form of utterance; the emotional and the intellectual functions—or let us say the passive and the active conditions—the perceiving and the creative faculties—combining to produce the most effective expression. And if the two functions are not duly efficient, if one operates to the complete or partial exclusion of the other, we have either verse which lacks intensity or verse which lacks form. As a rule we find both defects, in varying proportions, in unsuccessful work, it being the tendency of each to induce the other. At all events, if inadequacy of artistic faculty does not involve descent in quality of thought, it has the equally disastrous effect of making the poet blind to such descent on his part, which may occur in the most ecstatic states of feeling; while on the other hand, incapacity to feel or imagine intensely limits of necessity a writer's power to attain concentrated expression. In Shelley's long poems we generally find the thought as impassioned—not to say excited—as we could wish, but the controlling intellectual function all too weak, though the majority of readers, being more emotional than reflective, respond to the poet's excitement with little regard to his coherence or intelligibility; somewhat as the penitents in a revival meeting are carried away by exhibitions of hysteria around them. It is to be feared the more facile emotionalists will always dislike the critic and his method, but he must persist all the same.

Shelley, then, fails in "The Revolt of Islam" because he never masters his thought; his seeming inspiration being simply cerebral excitement inadequately controlled. His hurrying fervor, which, thus unchecked, would have led him to express himself imperfectly even in prose, leads him headlong into all the traps and temptations of verse, which confuse his thought in detail tenfold, and warp his words to his constant artistic discomfiture. He tells us, in his unhappy pre-

face, that he has "exercised a watchful and earnest criticism" on his work as it grew; but he goes on to say—and the confusion of statement is noteworthy—"I would willingly have sent it forth to the world with that perfection which long labor and revision is said to bestow. But I found that if I should gain something in exactness by this method, I might lose much of the newness and energy of imagery and language as it flowed fresh from my mind." We may infer what the "watchful and earnest criticism" was worth. Alas for the rarity of patient thinking as of patient work among the gifted! As if the "newness" of haste were better than the originality attained by pondering; as if "energy of imagery and language" were best reached by taking whatever imagery and language came first to hand! Not thus are great poems produced by young brains; though young poets and superficial critics will doubtless go on for many a day talking about "spontaneity" and "unartificiality" as if the qualities pointed to by these terms were the children of carelessness. We find such a cultured and tasteful critic as Mr. R. H. Stoddard deciding that his countryman, Bayard Taylor, possessed "too much rather than too little" art, and missed "spontaneity" because he "premeditated" too much. And yet it is many centuries since a critic of poetry struck out the conception of "ars celare artem". A poet may miss spontaneity for want of imagination, but if his work shows traces of labor it is because he has not art enough, not because he has too much; because he had nothing particular to premeditate, or because he premeditated too little; never the reverse. The art which goes on niggling to bad purpose is weak art: it is the artistic intention gone astray through timidity or shortsightedness.

In a letter[1] written after the publication of the "Revolt" to a friend who criticised it, Shelley reaches a truer view of his art. After expressing himself as full of confidence about his poem when he compares it with "contemporary productions of the same apparent pretensions", he goes on to make this confession: "Yet, after all, I cannot but be conscious, in much of what I write, of an absence of *that tranquillity which is the attribute and accompaniment of power*." Here was a true perception. Tranquillity is the condition of the mind which has attained clearness of thought, is sure of its opinions, and has finally conquered the means of expression; none of which achievements can be claimed for Shelley in respect of "The Revolt of Islam". It is a quality present in all masterly work—in Shelley's fine work as in that of other poets—in the shape not of lack of animation, but of perfect self-possession, whether in serene or emotional writing. You see it in "Israfel"; the steady light of the poet's lucid brain shining through his changing fantasy. Shelley, as we shall see, attained such lucidity at times, but he certainly did not in "The Revolt", and the highest praise we can give him in the matter is that he at length became convinced of his shortcoming, passing from his first opinion about revision to the directly contrary declaration: "I could materially improve that poem on revision".[2] Unhappily the "many corrections" he proposed to make in it were never effected, and it remains a por-

[1] See Mrs. Shelley's note on the poem.
[2] See Mr. Garnett's "Shelley Memorials", pp. 153 and 159.

tentous failure, the monument of a poet's fatal facility, a warning to all cultivators of spontaneity so long as it shall remain known in literature. It is hardly worth while to meet the claim of some of Shelley's admirers, that after all he *did* carefully correct, because his manuscripts are found full of alterations. That fact could prove nothing whatever as to his taking pains in composition, even if there were no specific declarations to set against it. It is simply impossible to write verse, especially in an elaborate stanza, without a great deal of balancing between words and experimenting in rhymes; and the most headlong versifier may easily have a much more blotted manuscript than the most fastidious, just because he makes his inevitable experiments on his paper instead of in his head. One speculates as to whether Shakspere's having "blotted scarce a line" is not a proof of great deliberation in writing—relatively to his presumptively unparalleled rate of cerebration—rather than of carelessness. However that may be, the fact is palpable that whatever correction Shelley bestowed on his work in his longest poem was superficial, and inadequate even at that, seeing that, apart from metrical flaws, the poem is but a weary mass of uncastigated expression, there being hardly a page that has not half-a-dozen forms of bad writing. Bad rhyme, bad grammar, *banal* phrase, preposterous figure, fustian rhetoric, confused logic, meaningless collocations of words, extravagant comparisons, ideas thin-spun to puerility—all these are there in the most fatal abundance, unredeemed by countervailing beauties or by subtle or striking thought.

I have dwelt thus long on "The Revolt of Islam", not in the belief that Shelleyites found on it in particular, but in the conviction that when a decisive critical judgment is come to on that poem the relative rank of the others is the more easily settled. If we decide that the poet is free in his choice of a subject, but that he stands or falls by his treatment of it; that good poetic treatment consists in concentrated and charming expression; and that the work of "The Revolt of Islam" is, on the whole, neither effective nor charming—we should be far on the way to settling whether "Prometheus Unbound", "Alastor", "The Cenci", "Hellas", "Epipsychidion", "Adonais", "The witch of Atlas", and the longer of Shelley's remaining poems, are substantially fine poetry or otherwise. But we shall perhaps decide the more quickly if, instead of continuing uninterruptedly the process of exclusion of bad work, we now turn to certain shorter poems in which we find a marked degree of those qualities of finish, beauty, and condensation for which we have thus far looked in vain. In regard to the more popular of Shelley's short poems there is still much necessity for discrimination. We are probably all agreed, say, that "The Cloud" is a masterpiece of controlled fancy and delicate yet reposeful art, presenting a combination of exquisitely beautiful phrase, wealth of imagery, and music, such as had not appeared before in the language. There are one or two doubtful passages—see the eighth line of the third stanza and the last two of the fifth — but the poem is, as a whole, a marvel of technique and of beauty, equal in technique to Poe's "Raven", and more transparent, more free from suspicion of the mechanical. It is a poem which must have cost intense, and probably involved long,

artistic meditation; and its dazzling finish is the more remarkable in view of the poet's general tendency to helter-skelter. Through all its difficult structure the rhyming is practically flawless and unforced, and the line of thought perfectly straightforward. So long as men continue to love rhyme and rhythm and loveliness of phrase and fancy that poem will give them delight. It is not uncommon, however, to hear "The Skylark" coupled with "The Cloud" in respect of its finish, while set above it on the score of its intellectual scope; and "The Skylark" is distinctly and seriously faulty in the former regard. Whether it is really on a higher intellectual plane need not be discussed when it is asserted, as now, that it is ruinously defective in point of technique. Of its twenty-one short stanzas, I venture to say, not more than four are fairly sound. Let the reader go over the poem line by line, and see for himself. The second line, "Bird thou never wert", is an entirely infelicitous extension of the "blithe spirit"; the "from heaven *or near it*" is 'prentice-work in idea as in rhyme; and the fifth line will not scan. In the second stanza we have: "Higher . . . and higher . . . thou *springest*", and "Like a *cloud* of *fire* the deep blue thou *wingest*". What, next, is to be said of the lines: "Thou dost *float* and *run*—Like an *unbodied* [embodied?] *joy* whose *race* is *just* begun"? How reconcile such terms? In the next three stanzas we have the rhymes "even" and "heaven", and "clear" and "there", and "cloud" and "overflowed". Then we stumble on the hopeless passage:

"From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody."

In stanza ninth comes the very forced figure of the maiden's music which "overflows her bower"; and in the next is the curious "bull" of the glowworm

"Scattering *unbeholden*
Its aerial *hue*
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view."

Stanza twelfth, despite a bad rhyme, is really fine:

"Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

But if we praise that, we can hardly tolerate the fourteenth:

"Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would *be all*
But an empty vaunt
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want."

Set aside the twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twentieth stanzas, and none is left that will stand careful reading. The phrase "What *objects* are the *fountains* of thy happy strain"; the line "waking or asleep"; the whole of stanza nineteen; and the three last lines of the twenty-first, are the remaining blemishes. Now, most of these details

are capable of being weighed and discussed with as much precision as almost any question in grammar or logic; and if they are candidly faced there can hardly be any difference of opinion about them. They constitute a series of jarring faults of execution, and effectively take the poem out of the class of masterpieces, despite the quality of the thought, which is attractive if not new or profound.

Take now one or two of the poet's little gems, and see what it is in them that is admirable. I will not quote any of the more familiar, such as "Love's Philosophy", "The Hymn of Pan", the lines beginning "One word is too often profaned", the "Lines to an Indian Air", "Music, when soft voices die", or any of the Laments. I will rather cite one brief "Dirge", and a stanza "To the Moon", of which the first is rarely noticed and the second even more rarely, Mr. W. M. Rossetti having excluded it[1] from his unannotated edition in the series of "Moxon's Popular Poets". Here is the "Dirge":—

"Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail for the world's wrong!"

The discerning reader has doubtless halted over that "when" in the third line, and the "stain" in the sixth. These are certainly stumbling-blocks; and, despite the invectives of Mr. Buxton Forman against the emendators of his beloved poet, I venture to suggest that "stain", though retained in all editions, is certainly a misprint for "strain"; while "when" might very plausibly be altered to "who in", and "knells" to "knellst". These changes made, the poem is practically perfect. Take, now, the lines "To the Moon":—

"Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?"

There are two more lines, suppressed in some editions, which constitute this a fragment; but they only mar the perfection of the stanza given, which I take to be one of Shelley's finest things. In these two poemlets, as in a number of the better-known short poems, we have choice illustrations of his best poetic qualities, which may be summed up as delicacy and opulence of fancy, and tender, musical, piercing expression of what Mr. Ruskin calls the "pathetic fallacy"—the reading of human feeling into the things of nature. Here (printers' errors apart) we have these attributes without any marring carelessness or racking of language: we are reading subtle, "inevitable", pregnant, memorable poetry.

[1] Mr. Rossetti has a rather puzzling editorial method. I find that the admirable sonnet "Keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there", is dropped from his "Keats". It was bad enough that it should not appear in Mr. Arnold's selection in the "English Poets": Mr. Rossetti's omission is unpardonable.

Apply, then, the standards here adopted to, say, "Prometheus Unbound", and see how far they authorise praise of that work as a whole, or any definite portion of it. Raising no question whatever as to the substantiality of the theme, let us consider how far it has been impressively or subtly handled—how far the result is vivid, clarified, vital, and delightful for us. Is it not the case that for the most part the subject is wrapt in a kind of "luminous fog"; that instead of condensing the emotions set in action by the theme the poet wanders off into every kind of diffuse and fantastic digression, creating for us an endless range of "rich windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing"? What pathos, what charm, is there in the "pathetic fallacy" as expressed here? We grant the poet his Spirits, his Echoes, his Spirits of the Hours, his Oceanides, his Jupiter and Phantasm of Jupiter, his Earth and Spirit of the Earth, and all the rest of it; but he who handles such machinery has laid on himself a heavy burden of being at every turn at once intense and fascinating, musical and meaningful. Now there are passages of eloquent if somewhat soprano blank-verse in "Prometheus Unbound", and some exceedingly melodious lyrics, but the unhappy fact remains that they are embedded in a body of falsetto declamation and rhyming verbiage. What are we to make of such singing as this:—

SECOND VOICE: (*from the springs*).

"Thunderbolts had parched our water,
We had been stained with bitter blood,
And had run mute, 'mid shrieks of slaughter,
Through a city and a solitude."

* * * * * * *

FOURTH VOICE: (*from the whirlwinds*).

"We had soared beneath these mountains
Unresting ages; nor had thunder,
Nor yon volcano's flaming fountains,
Nor any power above or under
Ever made us mute with wonder."

FIRST VOICE [*i.e.* that of the mountains].

"But never bowed our snowy crest
As at the voice of thine unrest."

SECOND VOICE.

"Never such a sound before
To the Indian waves we bore.
A pilot asleep on the howling sea
Leaped up from the deck in agony,
And heard and cried, 'Ah, woe is me!'
And died as mad as the wild waves be."

And this:

"Once the hungry Hours were hounds
Which chased the day like a bleeding deer,
And it limped and stumbled with many wounds
Though the nightly dells of the desert year."

And this:

"O gentle moon, thy crystal accents pierce
The caverns of my pride's deep universe,

Charming the tiger joy, whose tramplings fierce
Made wounds which need thy balm ——?

There is really no need to quote samples. All the Songs and Choruses of Spirits, and the utterances of Demogorgon generally, may be averaged as sound and fury, signifying nothing. A question has even been raised as to whether the favorite stanza in Asia's song—beginning:

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing"—

has any particular meaning. I should not be disposed to push that inquiry, seeing that the passage is verbally pellucid, extremely musical, and charming in its fancy though a little confused in its imagery; and in the same way I should gratefully accept the semichorus beginning:

"There the voluptuous nightingales
Are awake through all the broad noon-day;"

and one or two other lyrical outbursts. But it must emphatically be insisted that a few such tuneful passages cannot make "Prometheus Unbound" rank as a great work. It is to be noted, indeed, that the favorite portions have no real connexion with the central theme, the "enchanted boat" passage, for instance, being worked up from a fragment originally entitled by the poet "To One Singing", just as Byron introduced into "Manfred" a song he had addressed to or written for his sister. Thus do the poets get their inspirations. We do not grudge them their expedients; but we are entitled to demand that their hoarded gems shall be adequately set; and the more relevant work in "Prometheus Unbound", though less crude in execution than "The Revolt of Islam", is for the most part very unsatisfying indeed. It is a far cry from the thunder and lightning of Æschylus to the Shelleyan aurora borealis. In the blank verse, as in the rhymed, we have a few starry points, as this:

"As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round";

And this:

"Praxitelean shapes, whose marble smiles
Fill the hushed air with everlasting love."

But the true Shelleyite adores "Prometheus Unbound" in its nebulous entirety; and when people of culture are found thus fascinated by a coruscating haze we are forced to raise the question whether their own intellectual furniture is of a very substantial kind. Who are the people who find mental pabulum and abiding charm in the soft or strained falsettos of Shelley's nymphs and spirits, and the vaporings of his phantoms? Do they combine with a critical literary taste a clear vision of the great questions of life? Are they close students of men and things; and do they affect any harder thinking than that of belles-lettres? It would be unwarrantable to say that there are not out-and-out Shelleyites whose intellectual outfit is of the completest kind; but it may be suspected that a large proportion are to be classified as lovers of the sentimental and the mystical in philosophy and history; and that the competent minds which delight in Shelley gene-

rally set aside as valueless two thirds of his work. This at all events may be said with confidence, that a reader who finds poetry of the highest kind in Shakspere's tragedies; who finds a charm in Wordsworth's distillation of reflexion and feeling; who appreciates both the incomparable art and the deeper emotion of Tennyson; who is moved by the best verse of Arnold; who follows and enjoys the psychologising of Browning; who has assimilated the best European fiction of these generations; and who, withal, follows with interest the thought of his time and adopts its conceptions of man and nature—that such a reader cannot conceivably find satisfaction in the larger part of Shelley's product.' If one feels the fine qualities of the short pieces in which the singer really reaches our heart-strings,—the moving naturalness of the thought and the "simple, passionate, sensuous" quality of the language—one simply cannot accept as successful poetry the spasmodic rhapsodies of the long compositions.

We shall not, however, rightly understand the case until we fully recognise the remarkable faculty which underlies Shelley's worst as well as his best work—the freedom in the use of words, in which, judgment apart, he excels all previous English poets save Shakspere. It is no doubt this extraordinary capacity for mere verbal movement which overpowers most Shelleyites; it seems so wonderful, so superhuman, so independent of the ordinary trammels of thought and speech, that men in their surprise cease to be critical, and simply bow down and worship. And it must be acknowledged that his faculty of ecstatic speech is at times exhibited by Shelley in sustained flights which do not get lost in cloudland. If I were asked to say in which of the poems over a few hundred lines he is most successful I should name "Epipsychidion" and the "Lines written among the Euganean Hills". In these pieces, though they have not, as it were, gone through the process of gestation which made possible the ripest of his short poems, he is working in the stuff of human feeling; not versifying delirious aspirations, but pouring out his own heart; and though we have agreed that to the poet no subject is tabu, it stands to reason that he has a much better chance of attaining excellence of song when he uses the material of his deepest experience than when spinning the cloud-webs of his wandering fantasy. And so the "Lines written among the Euganean Hills", though done in haste and not free from weaknesses, have a touching quality for all lovers of poetry, the throb of the poet's heart running through all its swift transitions. It really attains the indispensable quality of intension, the poet in the stress of his emotion becoming one, as it were, with all he sees, and attaining in his commentary a white heat of thought. So, too, in "Epipsychidion" he achieves a transfiguration of passion, moving in the process, it is true, towards his favorite cloudland, but never letting the note of his eager passion die away—never getting quite lost sight of. It is a unique poetic faculty which has produced these two poems, with their eager rush of ideas, that "pard-like, beautiful and swift" motion which charms so many readers into measureless applause; and we shall do well to take pains to appreciate their fine qualities, for they stand alone among Shelley's poems of more than two hundred lines in respect of combined intensity and finish. With the "Ode to the West Wind", they represent his highest achievement

in the most ambitious forms of lyrical poetry, and give us the measure of his mentality. Wild, passionate yearning, undefined aspiration, expressed with an eagerness always tending towards incoherence and unintelligibility—this is what Shelley has to give us in the most strenuous of his non-disastrous flights; and it may be left to readers to say for themselves finally whether at his highest such a poet is one of the highest poets.

It is sometimes contended—it is contended by Mr. Myers in his admirably written essay in "The English Poets", after he has condensed into a cogent argument the "floating criticism" of those whom Shelley does not satisfy—that the poet was developing, and would have done stronger work had he lived; but this is going beyond the data. Shelley was indeed becoming a little more self-critical, and he rejected some very bad passages which he had written for "Epipsychidion"; but that poem, as it stands, and "Adonais", and "Hellas", give no indication of any real progress on his part towards a firmer grasp of life and philosophy than he exhibited four years earlier. It is unwarrantable to take Shelley's poetry as the work of a youth whose intellectual powers were only half developed: at twenty-eight as at twenty his thinking is spasmodic, ill-digested, unsubstantial; and, looking to his precocity, we have good reason to believe that had he lived he would have given the world no solider work than he has done. If people would study the facts of his life dispassionately they would see he had not the mental constitution of a sane and profound poet. Hallucinations such as are recorded of him are not credentials of intellectual greatness: we have only to place his life, with its crazes, its flurries, and its miseries, beside that of Goethe, without raising any question of morals, to see the difference between abnormality of function such as his and balanced poetic strength. And even in respect of his art—of his technique—it cannot be claimed for Shelley that his progress was promisingly steady. "The Skylark", according to Mrs. Shelley, was written in the same year as "The Cloud"—1821; and side by side with the metrical perfection of the latter poem and the lilt of the "Hymn of Pan" we have also the slipshod work of "The Sensitive Plant", an essentially unsuccessful production, were it only in respect of the impossibility of scanning it regularly for any three stanzas together. And in "Hellas", also written in 1821, as an offset to the clarion song with which it concludes we have not only rhyming passages of the most extravagantly meaningless description, but quantities of the most prosaic blank verse Shelley ever turned out —much of it mere lumbering transcripts of the gazettes, and much more little better than noisy melodrama. We have Mahmud telling Ahasuerus:

> "Thou art an adept in the difficult lore
> Of Greek and Frank philosophy;"

and bits of chorus such as this:

> "I saw her [Wrong] ghastly as a tyrant's dream,
> Perch on the trembling pyramid of night,
> Beneath which earth and all her realms pavilioned lay
> *In visions of the dawning undelight.*"

When we read such propositions as "wolfish change, like winter,

howls to strip the foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built her aërie"; and such figures as "the cold pale Hour, rich in reversion of impending death", it is idle to ask us to believe that the poet was developing into a close thinker and truly artistic singer. And, to come to perhaps the most delicate point in our summing up, "Adonais"—one of the poems of 1821—partakes of the nature of an elaborate failure. It has certainly a comparatively small percentage of quite bad or absurd lines; but none the more does it exhibit ripe art or pregnant utterance. The show of passion, the "wild and whirling words" in which the poet pours his plaint for his dead fellow-singer, have the effect of impressing many readers; but I doubt whether any one of a fairly judicial habit of mind can go through the poem thoughtfully and, mindful of the actual facts of Shelley's relation to the dead man, yet laying no stress on his blunder as to the cause of Keats' death, pronounce it the moving expression of a sincere human grief. It has neither the symptoms nor the contagious pathos of heartfelt mourning. Milton's "Lycidas", with all its fine touches, had partly set a precedent for rhetorical requiems; but where Milton's rhetoric is august and golden, Shelley's is shrill, hysterical, bombastic. It is not by declamatory lamentation of this sort that we are moved to mourn for poets or any one else. Take against the whole profuse outcry of "Adonais" a few sad stanzas of "In Memoriam", with their controlled but potent feeling; or even a few such simple lines as these from "In the Garden at Swainston"—

> "Two dead men have I known
> In courtesy like to thee;
> Two dead men have I loved
> With a love that ever will be;
> Three dead men have I loved,
> And thou art last of the three";

or four mellow, melancholy lines of Arnold's on Clough:

> "Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno vale
> (For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
> The morningless and unawakening sleep
> Under the flowery oleanders pale)"—

and Shelley's dirge beside them sounds windy and theatrical.

They positively will not bear cool criticism from readers of this generation, these lengthy performances of his, be they late or early. "The Witch of Atlas" may be read with satisfaction by votaries of *belles-lettres* on the strength of its thin trickle of rhyme and dilletantist fancy-spinning, regardless of such an unspeakable line as that ending in "dairy" in the sixteenth stanza; but the weakest of the "Idylls of the King" is strong and interesting in comparison. "Julian and Maddalo" sometimes has a word said for it by critics who find it impossible to say any good of "Rosalind and Helen", but no one has yet shown where the general merit of the former poem lies. It has one noteworthy and often-quoted passage; but what are we to make of such lines as these:

> "I recall
> The sense of what he said, although I mar
> The force of his expressions":

"His child had now become
A woman, such as it has been my doom
To meet with few"—?

And what excuse can be made for the final collapse of the story in the absurd declaration,

"She told me how
All happened—but the cold world shall not know"—?

One after one, on examination, the long poems for which so much has been claimed are found to be faulty, diffuse, charmless, ill-considered, wearisome—so much "rhymed English", as Emerson bluntly put it. "The Cenci" best bears study, and it must be allowed that Shelley has handled his ill-chosen subject with no small energy and pains. It is sometimes claimed for him that his tragedy places him next to Shakspere among modern English poets; but to pronounce such a judgment on the datum that no tragedy of importance had been produced between Shakspere and Shelley is to use misleading language. "The Cenci" has indeed a quality of emotion and stress not to be found in the intermediate work; but all the same it fails to take rank as an original and successful drama. Half a dozen times over we find direct imitations of Shakspere, but of Shaksperian concision and lifelikeness there is little. It has the literary faults of the "poetic drama" without that terse intensity of style which in Shakspere seems to fuse the most extravagant imagery into living speech. The plagiarisms might be taken as results of failure of memory, like the repeated use of the word "wilderness" in "Prometheus", and of "islanded" elsewhere; but these are all symptoms of intellectual defect; and, for the rest, the shortcomings of the work are of a vital kind. The poet tells us in his preface that he has "avoided with great care in writing this play the introduction of what is commonly called mere poetry"; but in point of fact the declamation is constantly in Shelley's own poetic style, and he introduces the merest of "mere poetry" just where it is most inadmissible, as when, in Act V., scene 2, Camillo is made to say of Marzio:

"He shrinks from her regard like autumn's leaf
From the keen breath of the serenest (*sic*) north".

Most fatal defect of all, Beatrice is quite imperfectly individualised, being here a personage of all-too Shelleyan fecundity of phrase, who in her supreme moments—with one exception—substitutes verbose violence for the terrible simplicity of genuine feeling in extremity. The exception is the last speech of all, which is entirely and astonishingly excellent. These lines and some others, including those introducing Beatrice's song, do recall Shakspere; and suggest questions as to Shelley's cerebral variability; but our final judgment must be that while "The Cenci", despite its impracticable subject, is in respect of literary quality more readable than any other of Shelley's longer works, it is not fated to become a classic. In its kind it is superseded by Browning.

There is little need to review in detail the rest of our poet's large body of work. Those who set him high do not as a rule found to any extent on his political and satirical verse, recognising, presumably, that while his achievement in those directions is considerable, it is of no

particular account in regard to the question of his rank among the higher poets. Much of it, however, has the merit of directness and naturalness—praise which, it should be said, cannot be given to such pieces as the Odes to Liberty and to Naples—and this measure of practical merit in the poet ought to be kept in view in our final estimate of him. Mr. Arnold has strikingly described Shelley, in one of his choice phrases, as an "ineffectual angel, beating the void with luminous wings in vain"; but when we remember what his political influence has been since his death, the characterisation is felt to be extreme. Its true aspect is, from the point of view of the present criticism, in regard to Shelley's attempts at concentrated poetic criticism of life. But let it be reiterated in conclusion that mere failure to criticise life soundly is not the condemnation of a poet. What has been contended in this inadequate enquiry is that not the rightness of a poet's thinking but the charm of his expression of it is his title to praise; and what is rightly to be decided against Shelley is that in his longer works his thought, such as it was, is quite inadequately meditated. With counter arguments to the effect that Shelley's personality glorifies his poetry for us we have nothing to do. The *argumentum ad hominem* is as inadmissible in criticism as in any other process of reasoning.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

"Progress and Poverty":

A REVIEW OF THE THEORIES AND PROPOSALS OF MR. HENRY GEORGE.

VII.—MR. GEORGE'S PROPOSALS.

IF I have succeeded in my exposition, it will be seen where Mr. George is right, and where he is wrong, in his statement of economic theory. He is wrong in his denial of the Malthusian theory; and he is therefore laboring under a delusion as to the ultimate cause of poverty. He is right in maintaining the moral indefensibility of private property in the raw material of our globe, and in tracing the actual poverty existing very largely to that source. As it is a matter of the very greatest importance, with reference to the measures which we should adopt to rid ourselves of poverty, that we should distinctly understand the part taken by proprietary rights in the gifts of nature in our impoverishment, I will endeavor briefly to summarise the economic influence of those rights. They reduce all land—so far as the masses are concerned—to the relative barrenness of that last taken under cultivation. They multiply the effects of the positive check, which thus comes earlier into effective operation. Supposing private property in land at its best—as we are bound to do in comparing it with national or communal property in land—and the people not yet to have learned not to waste all the good things which may be theirs by a heedless increase of their numbers, the effect is merely to put on the screw of privation at an earlier period and with a more limited population. Mill compares labor in extractive industry to pressure

against a spring. Landowning by individuals strengthens that spring, and causes it to give an effective resistance to the pressure of population with a smaller number of people than would be required for this purpose were the original soil of our planet the common property of its inhabitants.

It will thus be seen that a change from private property to common property in land would not, under present conditions, permanently better the condition of the people, except in so far as it might influence their standard of living. But I see no reason to believe that it would have any material influence in this respect. A far more potent agent for this purpose would be the universal legalisation of permanent tenant right, or as it is usually called, "fixity of tenure". This may be called the complementary principle to that of common property in land. That which no man created should be the equal property of all, and that which each man creates should be his, to enjoy himself, or to give, lend, or sell to others. I believe it will be found, on a wide examination of the condition of the human race, that, just so far as proprietary rights have approximated to this standard, have people learned the lessons of industry, thrift, self-dependence, enterprise, and parental prudence. And it is easy to see why. Let the State be upheld by the twin pillars of injustice and privilege, and men will be taught that the way to escape from being crushed under the one is to seek the support of the other. The problem always tends to assume the form of who shall wear the saddle and who shall ride on it. Can it be wondered at that, in a society so organised, hard and selfish natures often get to the top, and that the gentle and sympathetic are at a disadvantage? The wonder is rather that the good in human nature so often bursts these anti-social bonds. Let justice prevail, and how marked is the contrast! Nature's gifts are the equal property of all, and each has the right—limited only by equal rights in others—to the full use of his faculties and all he can produce by them. His industry and forethought are stimulated to the utmost, both positively and negatively, for he reaps their full results and has no illusions about State help. His responsibilities, too, parental and other, are kept within due bounds by like considerations. He knows what freedom means; and knows that it does *not* mean that the provident shall be compelled to labor for the maintenance of any number of children whom the improvident may choose to summon into existence.

Mr. George would, in the main, agree with this; for he is not, in intention or in the general scope of his teaching, a Socialist. If I were making a label for him, I should write on it not Socialist, or Land-Nationaliser, but Repudiationist. His one sovereign remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to is that the State shall decline to be bound by the contracts to which it has committed itself. Mr. George would apply a clean sponge to the national debt. "The institution of public debts", he says, "rests on the preposterous assumption that one generation may bind another generation. If a man were to come to me and say, 'Here is a promissory note which your great-grandfather gave to my great-grandfather, and which you will oblige me by paying', I would laugh at him, and tell him that if he wanted to collect his note he had better hunt up the man who made it; that I had nothing to do with my great-grandfather's promises. And if he were

to insist upon payment, and to call my attention to the terms of the bond in which my great-grandfather expressly stipulated with his great-grandfather that I should pay him, I would only laugh the more, and be the more certain that he was a lunatic. To such a demand any one of us would reply in effect, 'My great-grandfather was evidently a knave or a joker, and your great-grandfather was certainly a fool, which quality you surely have inherited if you expect me to pay you money because my great-grandfather promised that I should do so. He might as well have given your great-grandfather a draft upon Adam, or a check upon the First National Bank of the Moon.' Yet upon this assumption that ascendants may bind descendants, that one generation may legislate for another generation, rests the assumed validity of our land titles and public debts." [1]

Now this is humorous and graphic, but it labors under the disadvantage of being inexact. It is true so far as it goes, but it is only a half truth; and Mr. George does not need that I should tell him what a half truth is when it is put forward as the whole. My great-grandfather is in no way entitled, from the fact that he was my great-grandfather, to mortgage my earnings. But if this ancestor of mine bequeaths to me his wealth, and leaves me some debts of his to discharge, there may be a great deal of Yankee drollery in saying, I will take the one but decline to have anything to do with the other, but there is scarcely much equity. Now this is how we are situated with regard to previous generations. Putting aside improvements of a kind which do not come within the catalogue of the economist, each generation takes over from the preceding one a vast amount of wealth and works of utility. All, and more than all, that the England of our day is as compared with that of the time of Julius Cæsar, is due to the men who have lived from that time to this. Sir Boyle Roche was right in his assertion that posterity has done nothing for us. Mr. George is wrong in his implied assumption that we do nothing for posterity. He intends to extinguish the interest on national debts. His talk of repudiation tends to raise that interest. Much that he says about national debts is true. It is true that they enable the statesman to wring more out of the poor. This is a reason for their rapid extinction and some limits being placed on the power of contracting them; but it is no reason for borrowing money one day and repudiating the obligation to pay it the next.

The same policy of repudiation Mr. George would apply to the land. The State is a party to every contract by which land is purchased or bequeathed. It takes a commission on these transactions. And now Mr. George argues that the State should base on an argument of the invalidity of these transactions the claim to the land without compensation. His point is not that the land was taken by force. The State may have itself sold the land to its present possessor; but Mr. George would still have the State take it back without returning the purchase money.

When Mill talks of the land belonging to the people, but the rent to the landlords, Mr. George exclaims "In the name of the Prophet, figs!" and scoffs at the idea of the land belonging to one set of per-

[1] "Social Problems", p. 154.

sons and the rent to another.[1] But, thirty pages further on, he himself does the very same thing with the parties reversed—he proposes to leave the land to the landlords, but give the people the rent. "I do not propose", he says, "either to purchase or to confiscate private property in land. The first would be unjust; the second, needless. Let the individuals who now hold it still retain, if they want to, possession of what they are pleased to call *their* land. Let them continue to call it *their* land. Let them buy and sell, and bequeath and devise it. We may safely leave them the shell, if we take the kernel. *It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent.*"[2]

And why is this to be done? Because Mr. George sees in rent a God-made provision against poverty. He does not merely write about it. He rhapsodises over it. "And so", he exclaims, "when we consider the phænomena of rent it reveals to us one of those beautiful and beneficent adaptations, in which more than in anything else the human mind recognises evidences of Mind infinitely greater, and catches glimpses of the Master Workman".[3] Rent is a consequence of the law of diminishing return from land, and is therefore an index of the growth of population and the necessity, physical and moral, of its restraint. It is truly lamentable to see a man of Mr. George's ability thus delude himself. If the land were nationalised to-morrow and the people maintained their present reckless habits, they would gain no more than they have gained by Free Trade. The greater portion of the advantage would be swallowed up by increase of their numbers. But if the people could be induced to bring no more children into the world than would about maintain their present numbers, the nationalisation of the land, if carried out—as it could be—without injustice or repudiation, would vastly improve their condition.

Mr. George is prophetic. "The anti-slavery movement in the United States commenced with talk of compensating owners, but when four millions of slaves were emancipated, the owners got no compensation, nor did they clamor for any. And by the time the people of any such country as England or the United States are sufficiently aroused to the injustice and disadvantages of individual ownership of land to induce them to attempt its nationalisation, they will be sufficiently aroused to nationalise it in a much more direct and easy way than by purchase. They will not trouble themselves about compensating the proprietors of land."[4] I do not profess to be able to read the future in this way. I hope that this wrong will not be done, and am sure that evil will result from it if it is done. I am comforted, too, by the reflexion that the analogy of the anti-slavery movement in England tells against Mr. George, and the anti-slavery movement in the United States does not tell in his favor. There is no reason for thinking that, if the American slaveowners had not used slavery as a weapon against the commonwealth, the slaves would have been forcibly emancipated without compensation. But the slaveowners appealed from the ballot to the bullet, and they were justly paid in their own metal—lead. I may properly snatch a pistol from a

[1] "Progress and Poverty", p. 258.
[2] *Ibid.* pp. 287, 288.
[3] "Social Problems", p. 207.
[4] "Progress and Poverty", p. 257.

man who is about to shoot me; but it does not follow that I should be justified in pillaging a gunmaker's shop.

If — to follow the American analogy — the landowners of this country were ever to wage war against the commonwealth, in order to extend their "peculiar institution", their lands would justly be confiscated, though they would, in all probability, be very dearly purchased by the nation. War is a costly and a brutal process, and civil war is the worst of its kind. The slaves of the Southern States were emancipated without compensation, and Mr. George thinks and hopes that our land will thus be nationalised. Did the United States pay nothing for that emancipation? *Absit omen!* D.

Some Advanced Women of the Past.

(*Continued from page* 284.)

MADAME D'ARUSMONT, better known by her maiden name of Frances Wright, was in many respects one of the most notable women of the first half of our century. She was born in Miln's buildings, Nethergate, Dundee, on the 6th of September, 1795. She had the advantage of a liberal inheritance from her father, who was a friend of Adam Smith and other eminent literary and scientific men of his day, and who, we are told, became an object of Government espionage in 1794, for having promoted a cheap publication of Paine's "Rights of Man".

Early in her life our heroine became an orphan, and she attributed to this cause the chosen severity of her early studies and the prematurity of her views. At the age of eighteen she wrote "A few days in Athens", in which in noble and vigorous language she expounds and defends the Epicurean philosophy. It was first published in 1822, and has since gone through several editions both in England and America. It is characterised by great lucidity of thought and diction, and is in the guise of a translation of a manuscript found in Herculanæum. It is dedicated to Jeremy Bentham.

Through reading an Italian History of the American Revolution, Miss Wright was attracted towards the Western Republic, which she first visited in 1818, preferring it to either Greece or Rome. Here she published "Altorf", a tragedy, which has been performed on the stage, the chief character being sustained by James Wallack. On her return to England, in 1820, she published "Views on society and manners in America", which was translated into most of the continental languages. In 1821 she visited Paris at the invitation of General Lafayette, and resided in that city until 1824. She however still regarded America as the country "where are enshrined all the liberties and all the hopes of the human race" and returned thither in that year. Full of the enthusiasm of humanity, she undertook a project for the abolition of slavery upon a plan different from any that then engaged the attention of philanthropists. She purchased 2,000 acres of land in Tennessee (subsequently the city of Memphis), and peopled it with a number of slave families she had purchased and

redeemed. For three years and a half she conducted this experiment with satisfaction, during which time she visited the German colony which had founded and which then occupied the village of Harmony, on the river Wabash, Indiana, the same afterwards purchased by Robert Owen and called New Harmony. At the end of this time she was seized with a severe illness and made a voyage to Europe for her recovery. During her absence the farm got involved in difficulty, and finally the negroes were sent to the Free State of Hayti at her expense. She had reluctantly to confess that collective humanity "is alone capable of effecting what I, weak existence of an hour, have thought myself equal to attempt".

On leaving Tennessee Miss Wright went to New Harmony, throwing in her lot with the social community. She became part editor and proprietor of the *New Harmony Gazette*, afterwards the *Free Inquirer*. Here she became acquainted with, and subsequently married, M. Phiquepal d'Arusmont, a refugee scientist, and the founder of an industrial school in the Socialist community. The outbreak of a revival in Cincinnati, with its deplorable effects on helpless woman, and the efforts of "the Christian party in politics" to stamp out secular education, led her to take to the platform and lecture in opposition to the prevalent mythology. The wrath which this proceeding kindled on the part of the clergy and bigots only fixed her determination to devote her time and talents to the investigation and exposure of the evils of society. From "A course of popular lectures" published at New York in 1829, I transcribe the following extract on "Religion":—

"For myself, pretending to no insight into these mysteries, possessing no means of intercourse with the inhabitants of other worlds, confessing my absolute incapacity to see either as far back as a first cause, or as far forward as a last one, I am contented to state to you that all my studies, reading, reflexion, and observations, have obtained for me no knowledge beyond the sphere of our planet, our earthly interests and our earthly duties; and that I more than doubt whether, should you expend all your time and all your treasure in the search, you will be able to acquire any better information respecting unseen worlds and future events, than myself. Whenever you shall come to the same conclusion, you will probably think the many spacious edifices which rear their heads in your city are somewhat misapplied, and the time of the individuals who minister therein somewhat misemployed: you will then doubtless perceive that they who wish to muse, or pray, had better do it after the manner designated by the good Jesus, namely, by entering their closet and shutting the door; and farther perceive, that the true bible is the book of nature, the wisest teacher he who most plainly expounds it, the best priest our own conscience, and the most orthodox church a hall of science."

These lectures were republished in England in the *Isis*, 1833, edited and published by another brave woman, Eliza Sharples Carlile. Miss Wright also cultivated the muse. The following verses written on the opening of the Hall of Science, New York, 1829, are not without merit:

"Long have the nations slept: hark to that sound!
The sleep is ended, and the world awakes:
Man riseth in his strength and looks around,
While on his sight the dawn of reason breaks.

Lo! knowledge draws the curtain from his mind;
Quells fancy's vision, and his spirit tames,
Deep in his breast that law to seek and find,
Which kings would write in blood, and priests in flames.

Shout earth! the creature man, till now the foe
Of thee, and all who tread thy parent breast,
Henceforth shall learn himself and thee to know,
And in that knowledge shall be wise and blest."

Frances Wright was an earnest advocate of the education and enfranchisement of her sex. In one of her lectures she says:

"Were it only in our power to enlighten part of the rising generation, and should the interests of the whole decide our choice of the portion, it were the females, and not the males we should select. Men will ever rise or fall to the level of the other sex. Surely then, if they knew their interests, they would desire the improvement of those who, if they do not advantage, will injure them; who, if they elevate not their minds and meliorate not their hearts, will debase the one and harden the other; and who, if they endear not existence, most assuredly will dash it with poison."

In addition to the works already mentioned, our authoress wrote a number of Fables and Tracts, and joined Abner Kneeland in starting the *Boston Investigator*. Her last work of importance was published in 1848, and is entitled "England the Civilizer". Now that Socialism is again astir its many ideas on that subject should be worth attention. She advocated "the taking the principles of physical truth from under cover of superstition; the taking the principles of moral truth from under cover of the supremacy of the male sex; the taking the principles of intellectual truth from under cover of university logic and scholastic formulas of the Middle Ages; the taking the principles of political truth from under cover of money; and the taking the principles of industrial truth from under cover of Government".

Madame d'Arusmont died suddenly in Cincinnati, December 14th, 1852. She met her last hours with perfect composure. In Dr. Allen's "American biographical dictionary" a brief mention of her is given with the remark appended: "If her name shall be remembered, it will be as that of a woman who was an enemy of God's pure and heavenly truth". Francis Drake's very superior "Dictionary of American Biography", contains a very fair notice of her life and works, and speaks of her as "an eccentric and daring woman, full of benevolent enthusiasm". She was remarkably tall and handsome, being 5 feet 10 inches high, with broad forehead, large eyes, and masculine face, not coarse but well formed.

The name of MARY SOMERVILLE is one that will be held in lasting remembrance as the pioneer in England of womanly attainments in science. Since the beautiful, virtuous, and learned Hypatia, the commentator of Apollonius and Diophantus, and president of the Alexandrian school, was hounded to death by Saint Cyril and stripped naked, torn to pieces, and burnt by a Christian mob, there was little inclination towards the study of science even on the part of men during the reign of orthodox Christianity. The eighteenth century produced the first female mathematician in the person of the Marquise du Chastelet, the friend of Voltaire and translator of Newton's

"Principia". Italy can also boast of Maria Gaetana Agnesi, a lady of Milan, who, in 1750, filled her father's chair as Professor of Mathematics in the University of Bologna. Caroline Lucretia Herschel shared in the talent of her family, and was of invaluable assistance to her brother, Sir William Herschel, but it seems never to have occurred to her to be other than the patient helpful assistant of a truly great man.

Mrs. Somerville was the first to open the eyes of the English public to the fact of the capacity of her sex for taking the highest position in science. She was a daughter of Admiral Sir William Fairfax, a collateral descendant of the Parliamentary general, and was born at Jedburgh, in Scotland, December 26th, 1780. In her interesting "Personal Recollections", published by her daughter in 1873, Mary Somerville tells a very good story of her mother. They were crossing the Firth of Forth together in a storm, and the elder lady was in some trepidation. "'George', said she to the steersman, 'this is an awful storm, I'm sure we are in great danger. Mind how you steer; remember, I trust in you!' 'Dinna trust in me, leddy, trust in God Almighty', said he. Our mother, in a perfect terror, called out 'Dear me! is it come to that?' We burst out laughing, skipper and all."

Mrs. Somerville informs us that she was first directed to mathematical studies by seeing some algebraical puzzles in a fashionable magazine. This set her enquiring, and, learning painting of Nasmyth, the celebrated Scotch painter, he directed her to Euclid as the foundation of not only perspective, but of all astronomical and mechanical science. From Euclid she passed to Bonnycastle's and Euler's Algebra. Playfair also assisted her with advice, and she even found a champion in Jeffrey. "I am told", said a friend writing to him, "that the ladies of Edinburgh are literary, and that one of them sets up as a blue-stocking and an astronomer". "The lady of whom you speak", replied Jeffrey, "may wear blue stockings, but her petticoats are so long that I have never seen them".

In 1804 she married her cousin, Samuel Greig. She says: "Fortune I had none, and my mother could only afford to give me a moderate trousseau". Her husband had a low opinion of the capacity of her sex, and, like her parents, regarded her studies with indifference. She soon became a widow, upon which she left London and returned to Edinburgh, where she afterwards married Dr. Somerville, a gentleman who took the utmost pains to secure her time for her studies, relieving her himself from many household cares.

At the request of Lord Brougham, Mrs. Somerville wrote for the Library of Useful Knowledge an abridgement of the "Mécanique Céleste", of Laplace, which appeared in 1831, under the title of "The Mechanism of the Heavens", and which at once stamped her as of original scientific genius. She modestly says: "I simply translated Laplace's work from algebra into common language". That is, she did what few men and probably no other woman could do. It was of this work of Laplace that Bonaparte said: "I will give it my first *six months* of leisure". A very good anecdote is told of Laplace's compliment to his translator. "I write books", said the great geometer,

"that no one can read. Only two women have ever read the 'Mécanique Céleste', both are Scotch women, Mrs. Greig and yourself."

In 1834 she published her best known work "On the connection of the Physical Sciences", a compendious table of physical phænomena, of which the conception and execution have been equally praised, and which has gone through ten editions. The Royal Society, whose doors do not open at every knock, made her an honorary member, and by their order her bust was sculptured by Chantrey, and now adorns the hall of the Society.

In 1848 Mrs. Somerville published her "Physical Geography," giving, instead of a dry nomenclature, an interesting scientific history of the globe. It has gone through seven editions, and been translated into Italian.

During the latter portion of her life Mrs. Somerville resided in Florence for the benefit of her husband's health. She there showed her sympathy with the Liberals in their efforts for a united Italy. Her religious opinions were very similar to those of her friend Miss Frances Power Cobbe, that is, she retained nothing of orthodoxy save a fervent belief in Theism. Her daughter, Miss Martha Somerville, tells us that "At a very early age she dared to think for herself, fearlessly shaking off those doctrines of her early creed which seemed to her incompatible with the unutterable goodness and greatness of God. She rejected the notion of occasional interference by the Creator with His work, and believed that from the first and invariably He has acted according to a system of harmonious laws." She divulged such terrible opinions upon the Creation and the Flood as to bear the penalty of public denunciation from York Cathedral. For John Stuart Mill she had the greatest admiration, and corresponded with him on the subject of the extension of the franchise to women, a cause she heartily supported. She wrote thanking him for writing his "Subjection of Women", and Mill in turn thanked her "for the approbation of one who has rendered such inestimable service to the cause of woman by affording in her own person so high an example of their intellectual capabilities". Miss Cobbe in her *Italics* gives an interesting sketch of Mrs. Somerville in old age, and states that when in her eighty-third year she was engaged on a book dealing with the most recent discoveries of science in regard to the ultimate particles of matter, organic and inorganic, and to the revelations of the microscope and the solar spectrum. Writing in her eighty-ninth year Mrs. Somerville said: "Age has not abated my zeal for the emancipation of my sex from the unreasonable prejudices too prevalent in Great Britain against a literary and scientific education for women". She died in sleep, November 29th, 1872. Her remains rest in the English Campo Santo of Naples.

Less renowned but no less enthusiastic in the cause of emancipation was Emma Martin. Born in Bristol in 1812 she was brought up under strict religious training and its frequent accompaniment, secular neglect. This she remedied in after life by careful self-training. She was member of a Baptist church, and for a time edited the *Bristol Magazine and West of England Monthly Review.* The trials of the social missionaries Southwell and Holyoake for blasphemy in

1842, made much stir in the West of England, and about this time Emma Martin's enquiries led her to embrace the Freethought cause. With her to accept persecuted opinions meant that she would fight for them, and we soon see her on the Freethought platform. She had the priceless gift of eloquence, and speedily made her mark as a lecturer. During the time that Holyoake and Paterson were in gaol Mrs. Martin was indefatigable in going about committing the "crime" for which they were imprisoned. On several occasions she met with violence from the mob, and once was arrested in order to prevent her lecturing at Arbroath in Scotland. The first of her Freethought publications with which I am acquainted is a poem on the incarceration of Paterson, entitled "The last of the Martyrs". She had, I believe, previously written the "Exiles of Piedmont" and published some translations from the Italian. In 1843 she published "Baptism a Pagan rite", an essay proving the existence of this ceremony in remote ages, and displaying a knowledge of occult mythology, since dealt with by such writers as Dr. Inman. This was followed by a series of "Tracts for the people", which were very popular. The subjects were: "A conversation on the being of God", "Religion superseded", an admirable exposition of utilitarian morals; and "The Bible no revelation", in which in a tone of sober earnestness she comments on the inadequacy of language to convey a message from God to man, and shows the vicissitudes to which in the nature of things such a message must be exposed. She thus concludes:—

"If, then, I am to treat anything as that which contains the will of a Creator, I must go to the laws of nature and to these alone. Books will be only valuable when they unfold these, actions will be only wise when they embody the truths thus discovered; and those will be the worthy teachers of men who enable them more readily to gather from the storehouse of experience the laws of their being."

Other tracts were on "Prayer" and on "God's gifts and men's duties". She also wrote and lectured on the "Punishment of death", to which she was earnestly opposed. Mrs. Martin suffered from consumption, and G. J. Holyoake in his "Last days of Emma Martin", tells us how, visiting her a little before her death, he found her reading Miss Evans' translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus". She conversed about it critically, remarking that "it was less direct and cogent than it might have been, and much that Strauss sought to explain rationally was not worth the trouble". Mrs. Martin died in October 1851, and was buried in Highgate cemetery, where a monument was erected to her memory by many admirers of this brave woman.

J. M. Wheeler.

True Women.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

By Mrs. Anne C. Edgren.

(*Translated from the Swedish original by H. L. B.*)

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Bark.
Mrs. Bark.
Berta, } their Daughters.
Lizzie, }
William, Lizzie's Husband.
Mr. Lundberg, Clerk in a Bank.
Louisa.

ACT III.

(*The same room. Mrs. Bark and Lizzie are sitting together, the mother on the sofa, and Lizzie on a footstool with her head on the mother's lap.*)

Mrs. Bark. My dear girl, you really must not go on in this way! Remember, we women must endure and suffer much. It is our fate; we shall gain nothing by setting ourselves up against it. We shall never be able to change the men; we shall only become unhappier ourselves if we attempt it. And, believe me, without patience and gentleness we shall never really win the men's hearts. A husband will soon get tired of a wife who makes scenes and comes with reproaches and ——

Lizzie. And shall the men be permitted to do as they like, while we only suffer?

Mrs. Bark. It has been so since the beginning of the world, my dear child. And we ought not to grumble at it—it is so sweet to forgive the one you love.

Lizzie. But you don't know, mother, what it is, when one loves one's husband as I have done, and then this disgrace—this insult—

Mrs. Bark. I know what it is, my child.

Lizzie. I know, of course, mother, that father has not behaved well to you many times; but this——

Mrs. Bark. This—oh, yes. Do you think I have not had to undergo this also?—aye, more than once!

Lizzie. More than once! And you have forgiven him all the same!

Mrs. Bark. If I had not forgiven, what would have become of you children? Should you have been brought up without a father, and with a mother who was in the dubious position of a separated wife? And, besides, I have never ceased to love your father.

Lizzie. I love William, too; but I only want him really to repent—to feel how much he has wronged me. Do you think he will come back to-day, mother?

Mrs. Bark. That depends, I suppose, upon what Berta has said to him. I am afraid that she has represented you as irreconcileable.

Lizzie. Well, there is no harm in that. I only want him to be in fear of losing me—to undergo as much sorrow as I have undergone. But I could not get to know what Berta and he said to each other. Berta was so strange this morning, after William had gone. She scarcely answered me when I spoke to her; she was dreadfully pale, and trembled all over her

body; at last she only said: I am going to the office, and away she rushed.

MRS. BARK. Poor Berta! she feels so much for you.

WILLIAM (*enters at the back. Lizzie springs to her feet*). No, do not go at once, Lizzie! Let me only say a few words to you.

MRS. BARK (*rises from her seat*). Remain here, my child. I will go and leave you alone. (*Goes out on the right.*)

WILLIAM. I shall not trouble you long with my presence. I only wish to tell you that I will respect your wishes. You have been dishonored and wronged, and I understand that it must be loathsome to you to approach me as my wife; but I wanted to ask you, for the sake of the boys, not to demand a legal separation at once. Remove with them to your parents, and give me leave to have them with me now and then in the country. They may, perhaps, become a bond between us, and, perhaps, a day may come when you will send a greeting to me through them to say—to say—perhaps you will say, Lizzie, that your love in any case is not wholly extinguished; perhaps you will say that you begin to believe in me again, if you find, in the meantime, that I have led an honorable life; perhaps, when some time has gone by—forgive me, I do not wish to offend you—but I wanted to tell you this myself, and then I would ask you to let me see Willie.

LIZZIE. William, listen to me! I am not so irreconcileable as you think. It was in the first moments of despair——

WILLIAM. You will agree, then, to my proposal?

LIZZIE. Proposal—what proposal?

WILLIAM. That you remain here for the present; that everything in our home remains unchanged; that I may hope, some day——

LIZZIE. Oh, this is worse—much worse than I thought. You do not love me any more; it's not only, as I thought, that you have forgotten me for a moment—you wish to get rid of me, that you may live undisturbed a merry bachelor's life.

WILLIAM. Lizzie, you go too far! You cannot thus misunderstand my sincere remorse——

LIZZIE. Remorse!—oh, what do I care for your remorse? I only care for your love! You do not care for me, when you can speak about a long separation as if it were the simplest thing in the world! Oh, what is all the rest to this—that you so quietly and coolly propose to leave me!

WILLIAM. But I do not understand you at all.

LIZZIE. No, you do not understand that if a man loves his wife, he may, perhaps, forget her in a moment's foolishness; but to separate from her for years——

WILLIAM. You spoke about a separation for life, if I understood you rightly.

LIZZIE. If you had understood me rightly, you would have known that that was in despair, and that you only need be a little kind to me to make me forget and forgive all.

WILLIAM. This is the second time, Lizzie, that I am mistaken in you.

LIZZIE. William, do you not care a bit for me any more? What have I done that you should so suddenly become cold and indifferent to me? (*Would embrace him.*)

WILLIAM (*keeps her back*). I will be frank with you, Lizzie. I will tell you honestly, that I at this moment dare not swear that you will never have occasion to reproach me any more.

LIZZIE. No, William, don't say that! You could not again bring such sorrow upon me as the one I have now gone through.

WILLIAM. Well then, you had better put me on my trial—let me test myself—let us agree to separate for a time.

LIZZIE (*anxiously*). Separate! separate! Oh, William, I cannot do that; if you knew what a wife's love is, you would know that I would

rather go through anything than be separated from you (*throws her arms round his neck*). Do not leave me, William, you see how I love you—there is no limit to my forgiveness, if you will only remain with me; and I know that you after all care for me.

WILLIAM. What, is there no limit to your forgiveness? Do you know what this means? (*thrusts her on one side.*)

LIZZIE. What do you mean?

WILLIAM. I mean—I—I will not speak the word! But you put yourself this way on the same footing as that other kind of woman.

LIZZIE (*with a cry*). William! (*runs to the door at the right*) Mother!

Mrs. BARK *enters the room.*

LIZZIE. I think William is mad. He speaks so—so. I do not understand him. He makes the most terrible accusations against me.

Mrs. BARK. My dear child; but I told you so. A wife must not talk too much of her rights—she must not put the husband's patience too severely to the test.

LIZZIE. But that is just what he wants, I think. He wants to force me to forget myself, that he may afterwards have an excuse for leaving me.

WILLIAM. Of course, I know Lizzie has never been very acute. Berta could not thus have misunderstood me.

LIZZIE. Now I must hear that too! How many times have you not told me that you were glad that I was not like Berta—that you prized my womanliness a thousand times more than Berta's clever head.

WILLIAM. Yes—that is true—you are a sweet and womanly little wife, and I would not have you change. (*Kisses her.*) If Berta were my wife she would force me to become another man—I do not know what efforts I would not make, rather than expose myself to her contempt—such a woman's contempt is a bitter, but healthy and strengthening draught—but my little wife fortunately does not belong to that class of women—she is a true woman, and is not so very particular—it is much more pleasant and makes life much easier and more convenient. Yes, long live true womanliness! (*Embraces Lizzie.*)

LIZZIE. It is not very nice of you to give it such a turn. If you have not got so much conscience that you can know what you owe your wife, it would be of little help, if I made ever so great demands.

WILLIAM. No, that's true—no great demands—that'll be our watchword! Full liberty—is not that so? That is to say for me—not for you, of course—that would be to turn the world upside down.

LIZZIE.—Fie, William—why do you speak to me in such a mocking tone. Is that the thanks I get for all my love—because I forgive and forget all the sorrow you have brought upon me.

WILLIAM. Yes, you are a sweet little wife—I have told you so already—I am sorry I used all those ugly words. It was all in consequence of we men—foolish as we are—having sometimes a longing to idealise our wives. We wish to find in them the purity, which we ourselves lack—it is childish nonsense—old-fashioned romance, which clings to us from Frithjof's Saga and our green youth—but the women are more practical, they—they understand how to tone down the ideals, and take life as it. (*Embraces her.*)

(BERTA *enters at the back, and is startled at seeing them in this position.*)

WILLIAM (*gaily*). Ah, welcome home, Berta! Don't look so bitter—it does not suit you. It makes you appear so unwomanly. A woman should always look gentle—always kind and forbearing—just like my own Lizzie here.

BERTA. Lizzie, what does this mean? I do not understand.

WILLIAM. Did I not tell you this morning, that Lizzie was practical? It has always been a prominent trait in her character.

LIZZIE. I do not know what you mean by your "practical". Is it

your meaning to scoff at me for that also, just as you did a moment ago, because I was womanly?

WILLIAM. Scoff at you—my dear Lizzie! (*Touching her chin.*) How can you think of such a thing? To be practical is a woman's greatest virtue. To be practical, my dear Berta, is not to raise sky-high castles, which we call ideals, but to build quietly and pleasantly down in the valley. You will never learn to be practical, I am afraid, and therefore you will never find peace in the harbor of matrimony.

BERTA. You seem to be very merry.

WILLIAM. And why shouldn't I be merry, when I this very moment have received absolution for all my sins—both in the past and in the future, at the hands of the sweetest little wife? (*Embraces Lizzie.*)

LIZZIE (*kisses him*). So you do really love me?

(BERTA *turns away and is going out past them towards the right.*)

LIZZIE. Berta, are you not glad that we are reconciled again?

BERTA. William said something about you this morning which horrified me to such an extent that I felt as if I had seen him strike you—now he may say what he likes for the future, it is no concern of mine (*goes towards William and holds out her hand to him*). Forgive me, William!

WILLIAM (*taking her hand*). Thanks, Berta—no one has ever insulted me like you; I should not have suffered it, if my self-contempt had not been so great. You, Berta, could have made another man of me.

BERTA. Oh, do not believe that; he who cannot raise himself without the help of another, he—he—it must come from here (*puts her hand to her heart and tears herself away from William*). Has father been home since I went out?

WILLIAM. I must go and say good-morning to the boy. (*Goes out with Lizzie to the right.*)

Mrs. BARK. No, your father has not been home.

BERTA. That's good; you have been spared new scenes then. Do you know where my keys are? I could not find them this morning and my drawer was locked. I must get the papers.

Mrs. BARK. I suppose you mistrust me, Berta?

BERTA. Mistrust you, mother? No, then I should have nothing indeed to live for! You are the only one I have left to believe in. (*Embraces her.*)

Mrs. BARK (*disengaging herself*). I should not wonder if you did mistrust me, Berta—not my good will perhaps, but my power of resistance. I am but a poor, weak woman—I, like Lizzie. You must not judge us too severely, because we have not got your strength of character.

BARK (*enters at back, followed by Lundberg and a messenger, carrying some bottles of Champagne, which Bark takes from him, puts them on the dining-table, and pays the messenger, while Lundberg greets Mrs. Bark and Berta*). Good morning, my dear Julia—good morning, Berta. Where is your sister? I have not seen her yet.

Mrs. BARK (*opens the door at the right and calls*). William—Lizzie!

(WILLIAM *and* LIZZIE *enter, he with his arm round her waist, and she with one hand on his shoulder.*)

BARK. Ah! look at that now. All is well and good again! There, they are like two turtle doves! (*Kisses Lizzie.*) Welcome, my darling! (*Softly to* WILLIAM: Yes; you are a nice fellow, William. I intended to give you a proper talking to; but since she has already made it up with you, it is scarcely worth talking about that matter.) Ah, Lizzie is a true woman, just like her mother. Take a seat, my dear Mr. Lundberg. Now we intend to enjoy ourselves. I don't know if you remember what day it is to-day! A double family *fête*. I do believe you have all forgotten it. (*To* LUNDBERG.) It is both ours and the children's wedding-day.

LIZZIE (*on one side to* WILLIAM). That's just why I wanted to be here to-day. And now I had forgotten all about it!

WILLIAM. Well then it is still more suitable to celebrate our reconciliation.

BARK. We will just have a pleasant time of it for a little while and drink the health of both the couples. Bring us the glasses, Berta. (BERTA *takes the glasses from the sideboard, puts them on a tray, and places it on the table.*)

BARK (*opens a bottle*). I asked our friend here, Mr. Lundberg, to come along with me because I thought it right that he should be present at our little gathering—a feast of reconciliation I will call it—as he has been good enough to assist the ladies in some family matters, I believe. You see, even in the most happy families, misunderstandings will occur now and then. It is scarcely worth talking about, but it is, as some poet or another says—our great Tegner, I believe——. Take a glass, my dear wife! Where was it I left off? Ah! it is like a cloud upon a rose—no, no, a cloud of roses upon a—no, not exactly of roses—but in any case—ah, you laugh, Lizzie!—I wanted to say, such a passing cloud only heightens the pleasure of the subsequent reconciliation. My dear daughter Berta has a somewhat hard and obstinate temper. It is not my intention, on a day like this, to make any reproaches to you, my dear Berta. Such a character as yours has also its great advantages. You have a firmness and a—a sublime—in short, your father is the first to acknowledge your good qualities, and I hope that you may some time, through love, which is woman's—I was going to say—h'm!—love, which is woman's greatest ornament—through love, I say, may win that womanly gentleness, which you lack. Now, why don't you take your glass? Ah, well, just as you like. Gentleness and goodness, you see, are woman's greatest ornaments. What—what do you say?

BERTA (*fatigued*). I would only remark that it is not my wedding day. I therefore do not understand why the speech should be addressed to me.

BARK. That was only in parenthesis! But am I not right — only see how unwomanly to interrupt me like that—it has quite put me out—what was it I was going to say? Ah, I wanted to say—that it was not quite right of you, my dear Berta.

BERTA (*softly*). Still to me!

BARK. It was not quite right of you to persuade your mother to such an act—to give you that money which justly belongs to your father; it was an injustice to your sister, because why should you have this money alone? Lizzie had as much right to it.

LIZZIE (*to* WILLIAM). Has Berta done that?

BERTA. This is wilfully to misrepresent my motives. Even if you could believe such a thing of me, surely no one will in any case believe that mother has agreed to such an injustice to Lizzie.

BARK. Your mother, my dear Berta, may of course one moment have been led astray by her motherly weakness, but she was too much of a true woman not to understand her duties to her husband; and now, when she with her own hand has destroyed that unfortunate paper, I have forgotten and forgiven everything.

BERTA. What is the meaning of a falsehood like that?

BARK (*putting his glass violently on the table*). Falsehood! It is your father you are talking to!

BERTA. I do not understand what all this is about. My head is quite dizzy with all these phrases. I understand nothing. Explain to me, mother.

Mrs. BARK. Forgive me, Berta. You must not judge me too harshly; you ought to understand—

BERTA. Mother! even you? No, no; I cannot understand. My head swims—

Mrs. BARK, No, Berta, no. Not this—rather reproach me.

BERTA. Reproach you! Use hard words to you, mother! No; but oh,

do not look so guilty, I cannot bear that! Oh, I would rather that I myself had committed the most wretched, despicable act, that you all now stood here to pass the most disgraceful punishment on me, rather than this—this! (*Crosses the stage, wringing her hands in great agony.*)

BARK. Now, that will do, my dear Berta; no scenes, if you please. Your mother has done her duty as a wife. I suppose that is nothing to make a fuss about . . . . Lizzie, where is the boy—he must have a glass as well. Call him, will you! (*Lizzie goes into the room on the right.*)

LUNDBERG (*who has been standing some distance away from the others, approaches Berta, who appears completely crushed*). Miss Berta!

BERTA. You also! You knew how father had got the money, and you did not disdain to accept the invitation to this worthy festival! Oh, is there not in the whole world a being to believe in?

LUNDBERG. It was solely for your sake. I hoped I might be of some assistance to you if I came.

BERTA (*turning away, softly*). I do not like people to do anything mean for my sake.

LIZZIE and WILLIE *enter. A glass is poured out for the child.*

LIZZIE. Now Willie must drink grandpapa's and grandmama's and papa's and mama's health. (*Willie is about to drink, when* BERTA *rushes at him and takes the glass from him.*)

BERTA. Not the child—at least spare the child! Is he also to be dragged into this lie?

LIZZIE. Willie is my child, and it is I who decide. (*Willie takes the glass and is going to drink.*)

WILLIAM (*severely*). Willie—don't touch the glass, obey Berta and go into your room! (*Takes the boy by the arm and pushes him out through the door on the right.*)

BARK. Let me tell you, Berta, your conduct is most disgraceful; in this way to disturb a family-gathering, it is too bad!

LUNDBERG (*aside to Berta*). Miss Berta, I cannot be insulted, even by you. Will you not retract your unjust accusations?

BERTA. Oh, willingly! It is I who am in the wrong and all you others who are in the right. Honesty, sincerity, truth—they are all only phrases; one has only to be weak, and then you are called good and kind, only to play the hypocrite and pretend to noble feelings and before all use fine words. (*Suddenly holds her hand out to him—softly.*) Oh, forgive me, I am wicked and unjust towards you—you, who are so good.

LUNDBERG (*takes her hand*). Berta, I must now tell you why I came here to-day; I would have said it this morning but I did not get an opportunity. I have been so fortunate as to get a position which makes me completely independent, and which will enable me to make a new home without neglecting any of my former duties. Berta, you understand, you know where my expectations, my hopes in such a moment are centred. Let me try by a whole life's devotion to bring you to forget your bitter experiences, to induce you again to believe in mankind.

BERTA. Oh, why do you tell me this in such a moment as this? I cannot—I dare not—believe fully in anyone any more. You only know half of what I have gone through to-day.

LUNDBERG. I do not doubt, however, that I may succeed. Let me only try.

BERTA. But I cannot. How could I leave mother?

LUNDBERG. But, Berta, will you still sacrifice yourself in this way for her?

BERTA. Still? I had not expected that word from you! What has happened cannot change anything in this respect; it may, perhaps, make the sacrifice weigh heavier upon me, but now she wants me and my work more than ever. (*Presses his hands.*) Accept my thanks in any case.

LUNDBERG. But answer me one question. My love for you—is—is that returned?

BERTA. I have never ventured to ask myself that question.

LUNDBERG. That means to me almost the same as yes, and in this case nothing will make me ever renounce you. I shall not allow you to sacrifice yourself in this way.

BERTA. If you reason thus, why did you not offer me your hand two years ago, Mr. Lundberg?

LUNDBERG. I could not. My income——

BERTA. It was sufficient to support your mother and your sister. Why did you not leave them to starve, and marry me?

LUNDBERG (*taken aback. Is unable to speak*).

BERTA. Why then do you ask me to be any more faithless than you have been. Am I not as necessary to my mother as you to yours? No, no happiness can be built up by neglecting your old duties—that you, you yourself have taught me. That your life has impressed upon me—and that I will try to adhere to—no matter how things go.

(LUNDBERG *kisses her hand several times without speaking.*)

BARK (*who has noticed them, stands up and takes his glass*). My friends, I believe we have a third event to celebrate to-day—(LUNDBERG *makes a negative gesture*)—no—oh, so!—I see—not yet—oh!

Mrs. BARK (*goes up to Berta*). Berta, can you not forgive?

BERTA. Forgive? It is so sad to forgive when one's whole soul longs to look up to and believe in someone. (*Mrs. Bark is about to draw back, but Berta holds her fast.*) No, I cannot turn away from you, mother, I cannot! I will work for you—I will try to be a good daughter to you. (*They embrace.*)

BARK. Ah, now, that's what I like! Now we can truly say this is a real feast of reconciliation. I thought all along there must be some womanliness in Berta also. (*Strikes his glass solemnly.*) My friends! My beloved wife—my dear children—we will now drink a glass in honor to true womanliness! Long may it live! Hurrah! (*No one joins him.*)

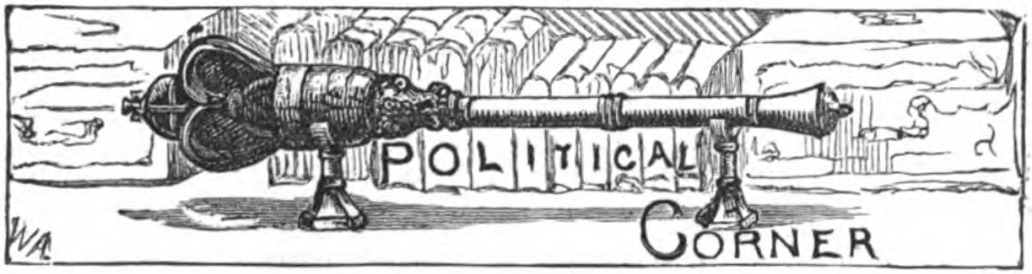
(*Curtain descends rapidly.*)

A Birthday Dirge.

Oh, why was I in winter born,
In such a leafless time forlorn,
With nought of amber in the light,
And nought of fragrance in the night:
How can I, on my day of birth,
Stir in my veins a pulse of mirth,
In looking on the haggard earth?

A year ago, on my birth-day,
The sky, as now, was ashen-grey;
As I was then, at twenty-one,
With much to do, and nothing done,
So am I now, at twenty-two,
With nothing done, and much to do,
As sad as was King Solomon
To find his latest grinder gone.

M. J. R.



THE increasing cries of distress from the working classes on the Tyne, Wear, and Clyde have had their echo in the House of Commons, but with small useful result. Samuel Smith, M.P., spoke of the increase of population and preached emigration, but no trans-Atlantic or trans-Pacific country will take paupers, and it is the paupers who need relief. Mr. Smith belongs to the class which for eight years has heedlessly and ignorantly charged me with immorality because I tried to make clear to the poor this very population question. The discussion showed a curious medley of remedy, made up of advocacy of return to Protection and of provision by the Government of labor for the unemployed. I wonder if any of our statesmen consider how far continued depression of trade might accentuate political discontent.

AGRARIAN trouble is showing itself in the Highlands of Scotland, where the crofters are offering armed resistance to the authorities. The Scotch land difficulty might a little time ago have been easily met by wise legislation, and even yet it is not too late. If, however, starving men are fed with bayonets, agrarian outrage by those crushed into sullenness by overwhelming force may soon succeed to agrarian agitation. While it is very desirable that respect for the law should be maintained, it would be still more desirable that it should be maintained by the conviction that the law was not for the rich and against the poor.

THE death of Mr. Henry Fawcett who, sightless, has seen many things which escape the keen-eyed, is a sore loss to advanced English Liberalism, and will be especially felt in the Post Office, which found in him an administrator of no ordinary talent.

THE Franchise Bill which in July the Lords would not read a second time has in November passed its second reading in a very full house by a larger majority than it obtained in the earlier session, the debate preceding the division being chiefly remarkable for a large rent in the threequarter remnant of the fourth party. With the loss of Mr. A. J. Balfour the fourth party lost its reason; with the defection of Mr. Gorst it loses its understanding. In committee stage and third reading no time has been lost, and the Bill has gone to the Lords to be there once more rejected.

IN Egypt money and lives are being wasted, and in Bechuanaland there is the like shame in store for us. In neither country have we any right save that of force: in neither country have we any personal wrong to redress.

THE American Presidential Election is over, and in a poll of about ten million voters the Democrats have gained by a comparatively trifling majority. Personal attacks apart, only two questions seem to have been at all seriously discussed—protection and prohibition. Mr. Cleveland seems a good man, and it is his own State which has determined the election.

THE German elections have resulted in the utter rout of the Liberal party. The party of Prince Bismarck and that of the extreme Socialists have

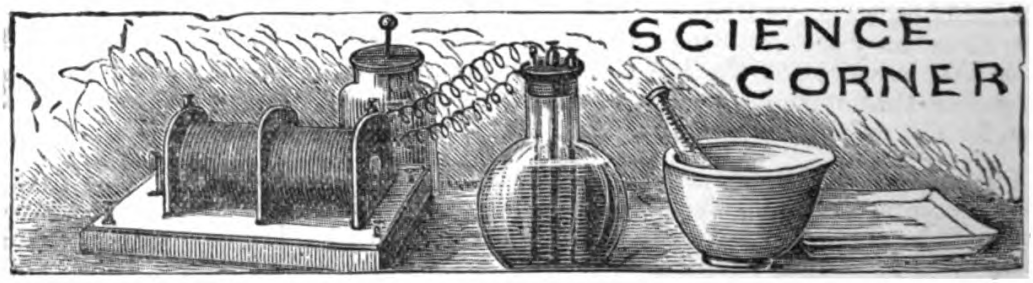
gained, the success of the latter being won in spite of the very harshest restrictions on the right of speech and publication.

In France politicians seem to expect that a permanent peace will soon be arranged with China, but to an outsider the ground for this expectation does not appear very solid, unless indeed the French Ministry intend to pursue a more pacific policy. The Ferry Ministry—now well into the second year of its existence—totters, but does not fall, though M. de Freycinet is ready and desirous to replace Jules Ferry. Trade is bad, and Paris and the provinces alike are grumbling. Projects are being formed for the re-election of M. Grévy on the expiry of his Presidential term in 1885, but the Parliamentary elections, which come first, may change many plans. There is general irritation against England, arising chiefly from the folly of both Governments.

In Belgium the triumph of the reactionary Ministry has been very short-lived. Messrs. Jacobs and Woeste presumed too much, and have been deservedly driven from office for their bigoted attacks on the new schools. A general uneasiness prevails in Belgium, the King is ill, and Republican views are freely expressed.

In Spain the young King's lease of life is nearly run out, and except that Isabella is audacious enough to hope once more to do mischief as Queen, there seems a possibility that a Republic may come for want of monarchs, unless indeed Don Carlos should be judged less bad than the ex-Queen.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.



In the course of carrying out large dredging and other works for the improvement of the navigation of the Trent a most interesting discovery has been made. The workmen came across the pier of an old wooden bridge, between the villages of Collingham and Cromwell. About forty feet or so closer to the north bank another of similar appearance was found, and it is presumed there are six or seven of these piers forming the whole bridge. Mr. Rolfe, C.E., the engineer in chief, had the two piers which obstructed the navigable channel blown up with dynamite. In three hours eight charges of dynamite, judiciously disposed, completely wrecked the remains of a work which had withstood the action of weather and water for sixteen centuries, and over which many a hard-contested struggle has taken place, as is shown by the numerous human skulls and bones which have been dredged up. A portion of the wood and stonework was afterwards recovered, and excavations are to be made with a view to finding and preserving another of the remaining piers. From observations made previous to the blasting, it appeared that the foundations were formed of wood set in ancaster, or a somewhat similar stone; the oak walings and balks were black and hard, but mostly in good condition; the mortar was still quite hard and adhesive; the walings were tied across through a large centre balk by tie pieces of wood, having octagonal

heads through which wedges had evidently been driven to keep the structure together. There is room for doubt whether any similar structure of wood now remains in such complete preservation; in Rome itself some traces of the piers of a wooden bridge, supposed to be either the Pons Æmilius or the Pons Sublicius, have been seen in the Tiber, but they do not appear to have been distinctly recognisable. The bridge now traced can only be fixed upon as adjacent to the station Ad Pontem by the supposition that Crocolana and Ad Pontum have been accidentally transposed in the "Iter" of Antoninus. The bridge was probably a connecting link between the district of Lindum and Crocolana and the station Ultra Trehentam (Ad Pontem, or some other) on the way northward.

AT a meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions M. Renan announced that he had received from Père Delattre a square fragment of a Phœnician inscription, found at Carthage. The writing is arranged in two columns, a peculiarity of which only one other example is known to exist in a Phœnician inscription.

SOPHIA BRYANT, D.Sc., in a paper read before the Education Society on "The intellectual factor in moral education", remarked that progress depended in great measure on the intellectual factor. Some persons from indolence, others from impatience, avoided thought, but "Thou shalt think" remained the great commandment for all who would strive for perfection or seek after knowledge.

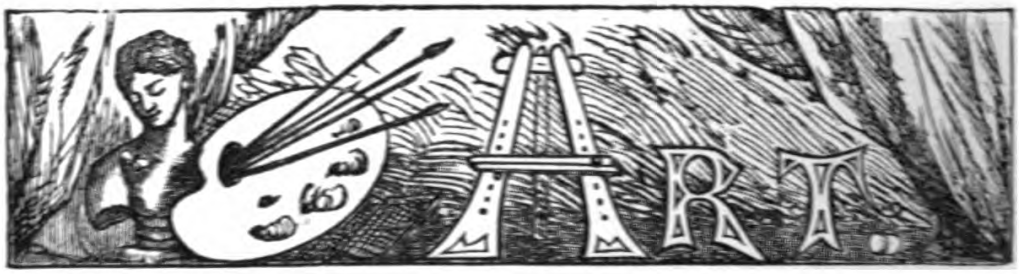
A VALUABLE paper on "The peripatetic method of instruction in Science", read by Dr. H. W. Crosskey at the Social Science Congress, has been published in *Nature* (No. 782). Dr. Crosskey desires to see practical science teaching introduced into our public elementary schools, so that every child may know something of nature and its laws, and may thus acquire the intellectual interests "and the protection against coarse and degrading tastes which scientific training is capable of bestowing". He strongly and wisely insists that scientific teaching, if it is to be useful, must be practical, and that "actual demonstration must accompany the lessons at every stage. At no point at which an experiment is possible must it be omitted." "Those who have witnessed, as I have often done, the effect of an experimental lesson in science upon large classes of children, often drawn from the poorest of the poor, will not think this insistence upon a plenitude of experiments exaggerated. The demonstration thoroughly awakens their minds; their eyes glisten; there is a long-drawn 'Ha', when the result accords with the theory which the teacher has expounded; and questions will soon show that they are not merely wondering at a conjuring trick, but that a new world, hidden within the world of machinery with which they are familiar through the daily avocations of their parents, is being revealed to them." The obvious difficulty in the way in a nation like ours, which squanders millions on war and grudges thousands for the education of its citizens, is that of expense. Apparatus and competent demonstrators are needed if science is to be taught practically in our schools. This difficulty Dr. Crosskey proposes to partially surmount by setting up in each town a central laboratory, with a suitable staff, each school being visited in turn, and the necessary apparatus for each lesson taken to the school in a hand-cart. At Birmingham the plan has been tried and is working successfully. The staff consists of a chief demonstrator, three assistants, and a youth as laboratory assistant, with two boys to work the hand-cart. The total salaries amount to £750 a year. Sixty schools are each visited once a fortnight, and it is found that not only do the scholars profit by the scientific knowledge gained, but that they do better than before in their ordinary school work. Birmingham has

taken the lead in many useful reforms, but never, I think, in one more far-reaching than this.

AT the Academy of Sciences M. Hervé Mangon lately gave a detailed narration of a voyage accomplished by Messrs. Renard and Krebs with their navigable balloon. It ascended at a quarter-past twelve, and sailed with the wind in a north-north-west direction to a point over Billancourt. There the balloon described a semi-circle of one hundred and sixty mètres diameter, and, going back against the current, returned to its starting point at a nominal speed of over twenty-three kilomètres an hour. The velocity of the contrary wind being, however, fifteen kilomètres, the balloon actually made only fifteen kilomètres an hour. The balloon was stopped, and its descent effected at the point desired, with facility and precision. A thick fog then coming on, another intended trip was abandoned, but a series of movements were executed over Meudon, which further attested the perfect control of Messrs. Renard and Krebs over their balloon. It appears as though the long-vexed question, "How can a balloon be steered?" has at length been answered.

IN the obituary of the month occur the names of Robert Sabine, C.E., son-in-law of Sir Charles Wheatstone, one of the most promising of the younger electricians; Madame Frezzolini, who was Prima Donna at the Haymarket in 1842, and for some years held the royalty of song; Octavian Blewitt, U. S., F.R.G., for 46 years the secretary of the Royal Literary Fund; Henry Fawcett, M.P., political economist.

ANNIE BESANT.



"PARSIFAL". On Monday evening, November 10th, Wagner's latest music-drama was given for the first time in England at the Albert Hall. This production has been anxiously awaited, and not a few doubts were felt as to whether even the skill of Mr. Barnby would succeed in imparting sufficient interest to the musical portion only of a drama that involves so much aid from stage effect as does "Parsifal". Before giving any details as to music or performers, it is pleasant to be able to record that Mr. Barnby's careful study at Bayreuth, and unwearied pains at home, have been crowned by well-earned success. An audience of many thousands expressed by enthusiastic applause at the end of each act their appreciation of the wonderful music. For the music *is* wonderful in its dramatic power, and in its passages of rare grace and sweetness. It is not, as a whole, equal to the work of Wagner's younger days, but even as it stands, confessedly lower than the Master's best work, we have not its like or its equal among present day music. Its tone almost throughout is so sad and sombre that in many respects it seems a fitting finish to the work of a life that contained in itself much that was tragic. As a proof that the spirit of the drama gained a real hold over the listeners, I am glad to mention the prompt

suppression of the ill-timed applause that a few "Philistines" attempted during the progress of the music in the first act. In dealing with any performance of Wagner's music, especially when given in concert form, it is necessary to bear in mind the immense complexity of his work. Conductor, instrumentalists, and vocalists alike have to face not only serious technical difficulties of execution, but as every note is wedded to words or action, the amount of sympathetic feeling required is far greater than when light and graceful airs of no particular meaning, or mere vocal or instrumental gymnastics are, in question. The execution of the delicate piano passages, and the accompaniment of the vocal portions throughout, left little to be desired, but there were times when one felt the want of Herr Richter's bâton. It seems as if none but he can rightly produce the marvellous crescendo passages so characteristic of Wagner. These crescendo movements, when played under the direction of Herr Richter, make one almost gasp for breath, and long for the climax with an intensity that is well-nigh painful—the climax so often being the harmony for which previous artistic discord has prepared the way. Such strong passages are not numerous in "Parsifal", but still they do occur, and on each occasion I was only conscious of the lack of the feeling that the score told me should have been present. The most notable cases were in the overture, and in the music preceding the entrance of the funeral train of Titurel in the third act. Before attempting to give any sketch of the story of "Parsifal", I can conscientiously indulge in a hearty grumble. Why is it impossible to obtain a decent translation of a foreign libretto? Bad as are all that I have ever seen, none is I think equal in iniquity to the mis-translation of "Parsifal". There surely ought to be no difficulty in obtaining a reasonably good translation, that at the same time adheres fairly closely to the original. One would not be so rash as to hope for good or elegant English, but one ought to be able to trace some meaning in anything written in one's own language, and that is by no means possible in the libretto in question. There is not even the advantage of a *literal* translation. For, to quote only one case out of several, when Parsifal has slain the swan, the reproachful "Unerhörtes Werk", is rendered by "Unconceived of fact".

It is not, alas, probable that *we* shall ever see a real performance of "Parsifal" in England. The legend belongs to Christian, and not to Classical or Scandinavian Mythology. Hence the difficulty. A nation that could only be induced to accept the church scene at the Lyceum in "Much Ado about Nothing" by reason of the great popularity of the manager, can hardly be expected as yet to tolerate the representation on the boards of a theatre of the mysteries of the Holy Sacrament. The most striking scene in the first Act is the actual administration of the supposed sacred body and blood of Christ, to the knights of the Holy Grail. Readers of Tennyson will know that the Holy Grail was one of the sacred relics believed in by the early Christians, and was a cup said to contain Christ's blood. This mystic cup could only be touched by one whose heart was pure, and Perceval in the Tennysonian, and Parsifal in the Wagnerian treatment of the legend, behold and taste of the cup, being all-pure. As the pure knight Perceval occurs in the older forms of the Arthurian stories, it seems possible that there is some justification for the theory that the name itself has the signification of purity. The Parsifal of Wagner is, however, his own creation.

The action of the play takes place alternately in Montsalvat, the home of the Knights of the Grail, and in the castle and grounds belonging to the enchanter Klingsor. The struggle between personifications of good and evil is no new theme with Wagner. In "Parsifal", as in "Tannhaüser", sensual pleasures are the temptations to evil. Klingsor hopes to so far demoralise the Grail Knights that the magic cup with its all-powerful

contents may pass into his hands. Kundry, whom Klingsor uses as the active agent in his machinations, is one of the most pathetic of Wagner's creations, and in the conception of her character, and in the whole of the music allotted to her part in the tragedy, there is no evidence of failing power. Kundry is under the power of Klingsor, and under his direction acts as a beautiful enchantress luring men to destruction. She herself is conscious of the degradation of her life, from which she can only escape if some knight can resist her fascinations. At times Kundry is allowed a respite from her painful work, and then she passes in a kind of trance into the land of Montsalvat, and there, all her beauty laid aside, serves as the humblest slave of the keepers of the Grail. At the opening of the first act, Amfortas, the King of the Grail Knights, has already succumbed to the enticements of Kundry, and Klingsor, through his weakness, has gained possession of the spear that pierced Christ's side. Amfortas is wounded by the spear, and sick in mind and body tries in vain the remedies eagerly sought by his faithful followers. A prophecy foretells that one so pure and innocent that to the world he seems a "fool", shall out of the knowledge gained by pity for suffering, find out the remedy. This hero is Parsifal. In the first act he is brought before the knights and reproached for shooting a swan, for in the precincts hallowed by the presence of the Grail, protection is given to the dumb life of the woods. Gurnemanz, an attendant on Amfortas, questions Parsifal, finds him ignorant of his parentage, and so lacking in worldly wisdom that—thinking ever of his king's sad fate—Gurnemanz hopes that he has found the "pure fool" who is to work the wished-for cure. Hoping to gain some further evidence, Gurnemanz admits Parsifal to the celebration of the mysteries of the Grail, but as yet the youth has not worked out his own salvation through temptation and suffering; he is, therefore, powerless to help Amfortas, though strongly moved by the sight of his agony.

In the second act, Parsifal undergoes his trial and comes forth unsullied. The scene is in the gardens of tropical luxuriance belonging to Klingsor's castle. The inhabitants of these gardens are bewitching maidens dressed to imitate flowers. Parsifal resists their temptations and successfully repels Kundry herself. A strong dramatic point occurs when Kundry stoops and kisses him. A cry of horror escapes his lips; no lover-like sensation moves him; he feels once more the pain of seeing Amfortas suffer, and now so keen is his pity, that he seems to feel in his own person the throbbing of the wound. Kundry, angry at her failure, calls on Klingsor to avenge her. Klingsor hurls at Parsifal the sacred spear. His wrath is ineffectual. Parsifal grasps the spear; the castle falls to ruins; the garden becomes a desert; the flower-maidens lie like withered blooms on the grass, and the curtain falls on Parsifal and Kundry in the midst of a scene of desolation. In the third and last act Parsifal fulfils his destiny. He is anointed King of the Grail Knights, baptises the repentant and released Kundry, and heals Amfortas by means of the recovered spear. The final scene closes with the elevation of the Grail, while a dove hovers over the head of Parsifal. Parsifal, as the personified spirit of good, satisfies the constant desire that we find so frequently depicted in early religious legends, that one who is pure and lowly shall triumph by reason of his innocence over strength used for evil. Wagner, as we see, does not hesitate to use many of the materials that are held to be the peculiar and sacred property of the Christian creed. Even in its concert form, this placing of Christian on the same realistic level as Pagan myth is rather a severe trial for the severely orthodox.

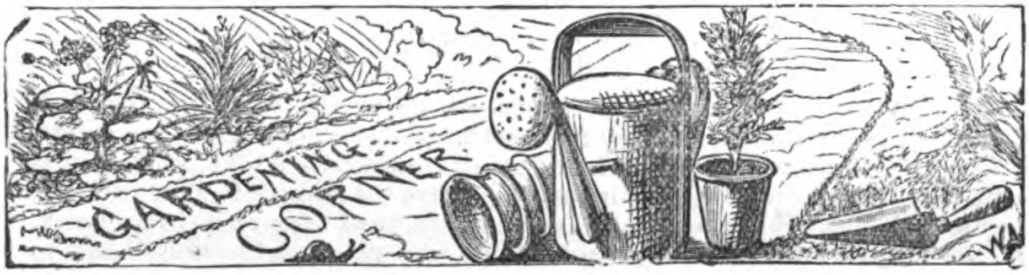
Enough has been said to indicate how very great must be the want of stage accessories. No better proof of the descriptive power of the music and the general excellence of the performance can be given than the fact that it was possible to realise much of the interest of the story unaided by costume or scenic effect. Of specially melodious beauty are the choruses

sung during the supper of the knights, and the exquisitely graceful flower maiden's sestett and chorus, that form part of the temptation of Parsifal. The finest dramatic music is in the duet between Kundry and Parsifal in the second act. The music to be sung by Kundry expresses every shade of feeling from intensest love to excessive hate. Fraülein Malden, whose difficult task it was to interpret by voice alone such varying emotion, possesses a voice of singular power and beauty, and of the exceptional range required by Wagner, and gave a thoroughly sympathetic impersonation of the passionate and mortified Kundry. I for one shall not readily forget the startling sweetness of her cry of "Par-si-fal" at the commencement of the duet.

The part of Parsifal was taken by Herr Gudehus, whose fine voice fairly filled even the Albert Hall. His declamatory passages were well and carefully given. Herr Scaria as Gurnemanz sang with taste and skill, especially the graceful and flowing melody that accompanies his description of the healing influence of "Good Friday". Herr Schauegraf as Amfortas was weak, but he should scarcely be judged from one performance, as he only undertook the part at the last moment. All the choruses were carefully and effectively rendered.

All music lovers owe grateful thanks to Mr. Barnby, who some years ago first introduced into England Bach's "Passion" music, and who once again has dared to give us something less conventional than the "safe" Messiah or the popular Elijah.

ELIZABETH CRACKNELL.



DECEMBER.

To manure, dig, or trench over all vacant spaces is work that requires attention this month. On a frosty day, when the surface-soil is crisp and hard, is a good time to trundle the wheelbarrow and get the spaces covered with manure, for the hard surface makes wheeling light work, and when Jack Frost lets go his grip, digging and trenching can be proceeded with. Too much stress can hardly be laid on the advantages of this winter digging and trenching of kitchen-garden ground. Where the surface-soil has been worn out with persistent cropping, to trench up a fair portion of the sub-soil to be acted upon and thoroughly aërated by the frosts of winter, and in spring to be again touched over on the surface with the digging-fork, renews the soil. True, we are aware it requires some judgment as to the quantity of sub-soil to be brought up, as the texture of the soil may be materially injured by a large quantity at one time. But it can rarely so happen with a small quantity; and, as there are few old gardens that would not be benefited by a thorough trenching, it is an operation we can commend to the amateur. Pruning of fruit-trees, gooseberry and currant-bushes, etc., should now be got over as soon

as possible. And this work is, if we are to believe an American writer, "one of the minor pleasures of life". But he says: "Vigorous and rapid growth is, however, a necessity to the sport. To prune feeble trees and shrubs is like acting the part of dry nurse to a sickly orphan. You must feel the blood of Nature bound under your hand, and get the thrill of its life in your nerves. To control and culture a strong, thrifty plant in this way is like steering a ship under full headway, or driving a locomotive with your hand on the lever, or pulling the reins over a fast horse when his blood and tail are up." So it will be seen that, to realise the full pleasure of this gardening operation, we ought to be surrounded by healthy, vigorous trees and shrubs, requiring constant cutting and management. But these conditions can only be secured where such favorable circumstances as a good soil and pure air, free from the contamination of manufacturers' chimneys belching out black smoke and poisonous compounds, are to be found. For where these obtain the cultivator will find that the work for his pruning-knife will mainly consist in the cutting away of dead branches; his occupation will be more that of the undertaker, since cutting away constantly at dead branches is like perpetual attendance at a funeral, and necessarily generates low spirits. How different where one has to attend to a garden surrounded with clear air, and filled with shrubs and trees whose health and vigor can hardly be restrained, and whose branches, ever encroaching on forbidden ground, seem in the words of Macbeth to be ever challenging "Lay on, Macduff". Pleasant the life of the cultivator or the amateur who, taking delight in plant life, is in the happy position to act upon the command of Shakspere's gardener in Richard II., act iii., scene 4:—

> "Go then, and like an executioner
> Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays
> That look too lofty in our commonwealth.
> . . . . . .
> . . . All superfluous branches
> We lop away, that bearing boughs may live."

That Shakspere was a gardener by profession we would be almost tempted, after a full perusal of the passage from which we have here quoted, to assert. At least, we think we can say without fear of contradiction that no other passages that have been brought forward to prove his real profession are more minute than this. It proves him to have had practical experience in the work, and we may, we think, safely say that his was no mere 'prentice-hand in the use of the pruning knife. And there can be no doubt that in his time the art of pruning was much the same as that now practised. But in one important particular it was certainly more laborious; for when we recall the fact that the gardens of his period were filled with castles, monsters, beasts, birds, fishes, and men, all cut out of box and yew, and kept so exact that they boasted of being the "living representations" and "counterfeit presentments" of these various objects, the hand and head of the pruner could seldom have been idle. These practices, however, have been long obsolete, and the art of pruning is nowadays confined to the cutting off some portions of the stem, branches, shoots, leaves, or roots of a plant, the object being to regulate the growth and vegetation of the plant by removing growths that are worse than useless, or which would have become such if allowed to remain unchecked. In pruning gooseberries a great point is to keep your bush well and evenly balanced in growth, and at the same time to maintain a moderate and constant supply of strong healthy young shoots, from which alone can be expected large and fine fruit; and wherever the extremities grow beyond the proper bounds such branches should be cut back, so as to keep the bush in a compact form, and furnished sufficiently, though rather thinly, with new bearing wood; for large fruit cannot be expected if the bush is too much crowded with old and young wood. From the first use the knife upon the young bush so as to make it assume a con-

cave form. This allows the sun's rays to strike in and round all the branches and the light and air to play upon the fruit and leaves to the benefit of the plant and the perfecting of the fruit. Currant bushes, red and white, require much the same treatment as gooseberries. Space will not permit our going into the detailed management of a plant of these from its cutting stage on to its full growth; suffice it to say that where the plants have attained to the height you desire the terminable shoots require to be cut back to an eye every winter, whilst all lateral shoots along the main stem should be cut back to within ½ inch of their base—altho' some growers cut even closer than this or almost to the old wood. The shoots so cut back form the fruit-bearing spurs. And the flowering racemes when they develop in spring get the benefit of plenty of light and air. In the matter of pruning the raspberry, the operation is very simple. Some think that the canes are injured by frost and rain when pruned before winter. As they have much pith, injury from such causes may take place for some distance below the cut, or as far as the first joint. The plant is, however, not susceptible of injury from frost, except so far as the pith may get too much soaked with wet, which will be only a little way, especially if the cut is made with a considerable slant. In pruning, the canes that bore fruit, now dead, should in the first place be cut away close to the surface of the soil, and three or four of the strongest young canes ought to be selected for bearing in the following season. They should be shortened where they show signs of weakness and begin to twist or bend. If there are more canes than the number considered necessary, the superfluous ones must be cast away. After clearing away the prunings, manure and dig the soil between the rows. In the flower garden old-established shrubberies should now be gone over and pruned. This should consist in simply shortening or removing all dead and straggling branches, taking care in cutting the shoots to do it so that the foliage shall conceal the incision made in the branch. In certain positions where such flowering shrubs as the red flowering-currant have to be kept in a small state, an annual pruning of these will be found a necessity—the best time to do this however will be found to be in spring, so soon as they have gone out of flower. And, when the operation is performed, let it consist in cutting back all the shoots which flowered to within a few inches of the old wood. In this way this fine and favorite spring-flowering border shrub can be kept in proper form and has time to make new wood and to get it matured for next year's flowering. Another excellent deciduous border shrub is Wiegelia rosea. This however in a shrubbery requires the knife but very seldom—but where it is grown on a wall a different treatment must be extended to it. In this case it requires to have its shoots thinned out; those that have done flowering should be cut as the flowers have faded. Spireas are a lovely class of border shrubs, many of them being both stately and effective; the greater portion of them are, however, of dwarf habit and do not require pruning to a great extent. As a general rule, all that these require of the knife is a judicious thinning out of the branches, except when they are getting too large for the space they are to occupy, when a severer cutting-in may have to be applied. W. ELDER.

THE *Season*[1] is an illustrated monthly paper, which issues paper patterns useful for home dressmaking. Is it necessary that fashion-plates should always be hideous?

The best thing in the *Agnostic Annual*[2] is Lara's poem, "Bruno of Nola". We regret to see Charles Darwin described by Dr. E. B. Aveling as belonging to the genus Humbug, variety Indifferens.

"Lara" makes a vigorous onslaught on Christianity, and contributes a useful tract to the Freethought propaganda.[3]

We cannot, in the very limited space allowed to these outlines, criticise Dr. Morrell's presentment of mental philosophy. Dr. Morell offers his book as "an examination text-book"[4] for London University, but it is of far too slight and "sketchy" a character to be accepted as a guide in preparing for the B.A. and B.Sc. degrees.

The Vigilance Association have done a public service in issuing a summary of P. A. Taylor's speeches on "Personal rights".[5] Mr. Taylor's loyal work for liberty will long "keep his memory green".

It seems harsh to criticise a book of rhymes, of which the author says that they are issued "with an earnest desire to do some good".[6] Many of the verses are not worse than other published ones, but is it necessary to contribute mediocre poems to a world already full thereof?

The Edinburgh University Socialist Society[7] has issued a prettily-printed "Appeal". Few will quarrel with its statement of principles: "(*a*) That labor of whatever kind shall have its full reward. (*b*) That freedom of contract can only be allowed where neither party has advantage over the other. (*c*) That selfish individual interest must be subordinated to the interest of the community."

Dr. Eadon speaks on the Land Question[8] from the standpoint of Henry George, whom he considerably over-estimates, we think.

M. Morin's "Essais de Critique Religieuse"[9] show the lucidity and careful thought which are characteristic of the writer.

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[1] The *Season*. London: 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

[2] *Agnostic Annual*. London: H. Cattell and Co., 84, Fleet Street, E.C.

[3] "The Dying Faith." By Lara. [4] "Outlines of Mental Philosophy." By J. D. Morell, A.M., LL.D. London: W. Stewart and Co., Holborn Viaduct Steps, E.C.

[5] "Speeches of P. A. Taylor, Esq." London: Vigilance Association, 2, Westminster Chambers, S.W.

[6] "Bruno" and other poems for recitation. By Red Fern. Manchester: J. Heywood.

[7] "Beauty for Ashes." Edinburgh: University Socialist Society.

[8] "Plain Truth about the Land Question." By S. Eadon, M.A., M.D., etc. Bristol: W. Morrish, 18, Narrow Wine Street.

[9] "Essais de Critique Religieuse." Par A. S. Morin. Paris: F. Alcau, 108, Boulevard St. Germain.

A most able criticism of Walt Whitman, which should be read by all students of the American poet, has been issued in the "Round Table Series".[1]

Anecdotes.

THE Rev. Dr. Cunningham instructs his congregation that it is not enough to give to the Church what they can spare, but to give and to keep giving until they feel it to be a burden and a sacrifice. These, brethren, are the inspired words of one who has a deep and abiding pecuniary interest in what he is talking about. Such a man cannot err, except by asking too little; and empires have risen and perished, islands have sprung from the sea, mountains have burned their bowels out, and rivers have run dry, since a man of God has committed this error.

A RELIGIOUS work says that Christ should be held up as an example to the Church. We have read somewhere that he was once held up very conspicuously as an example to the Church. That was eighteen hundred years ago, and the Church has not imitated him yet. We don't think it is of any use to put him up again.

PEOPLE who honour their fathers and mothers have the comforting promise that their days shall be long in the land. They are not sufficiently numerous to make the life assurance companies think it worth while to offer them special rates.

THOSE who are horrified at Mr. Darwin's theory may comfort themselves with the assurance that if we are descended from the ape we have not descended so far as to preclude all hope of return.

"HOW are you coming out in your parish?" asked an Episcopal bishop of one of his rectors. The rector, who was a speculator in cotton before he became converted, lifted up his eyes and said: "I am long on slippers and book marks, but rather short on suspenders."

A PHILOSOPHER was on a visit, and was taken up a mountain by his host, who jestingly invited him to preach a sermon on the top. "By all means", said the sage gravely. "My text shall be: 'And the devil taketh him up to an exceeding high mountain'."

[1] "Walt Whitman, Poet and Democrat." By John Robertson. Edinburgh: W. Brown, 26, Princes Street.

How the World was Made.

From the Latin of P. Ovidius Naso.

(*Concluded from page* 318.)

Phocis is separated from the sea-kissed regions of Attica by the mountainous district of Bœotia, and as long as there was land to be seen the land of Phocis was most fruitful; but at the time I have just been talking about it had become part of the sea and was a wide field of rushing waters. In Phocis there is a lofty mountain whose heights seek the stars; it is called Parnassus and has two peaks whose summits are often lost in the clouds.

The sea had covered all places, save these topmost points, and Deucalion happened to be borne thither in a tiny boat with the partner of his joys. Once there he was only too glad to remain. Deucalion and Pyrrha forthwith worshipped the nymphs who dwelt in the Corycian cavern in Mount Parnassus, who were looked upon as the Goddesses of the mountain. They adored, too, the prophetic Themis, daughter of Heaven and Earth, who then held the Oracle at Delphi. There was no better man than Deucalion, and no man was a greater lover of justice; than Pyrrha there was no woman who stood in more profound awe of the Gods.

When Jupiter beheld the world so covered with liquid waters until it appeared like one vast pond, and when he saw that but one man and one woman—both of them honest folks, and worshippers of the Gods—survived out of the many thousands who had lately peopled the world, he relented. He scattered the clouds and commanded the north wind to drive away the showers, until the earth was revealed to the sight of the heavens and the heavens were once more unveiled to the earth.

The fury of the sea was not permitted to continue. The ruler of the wave, laying aside his three-forked trident, soothed the waters and

called to the cerulean Triton, who was standing above the deep with his shoulders covered by a garment of Tyrian purple, rich in the hues obtained from his own murex. Neptune commanded him to blow his sonorous trumpet and, giving the signal, to summon back the waves and the rivers. Triton took up his hollow-wreathed trumpet (a conch-shell) which increases from its lowest narrow twist to a great width. As soon as this trumpet is filled with air from the middle of the sea, the shores under either sun reverberate with its resonant notes. Immediately it touched the mouth of the God, whose beard was dripping with moisture, he blew, and the commanded recall re-echoed through the air. It was heard by all the waters of earth and sea and stayed all the waters that heard it. The rivers subsided and the hills were seen to come forth. Once more the sea had shores, and channels bore away full streams. After some little time the dismantled tops of the trees appeared, with mud still clinging to their branches. The ground emerged, and the extent of land grew greater as the waters fell away. At last the world was restored.

When Deucalion looked around and beheld it empty: when he found the desolate earth wrapt in a profound stillness, he cried to Pyrrha in a voice broken with tears: "O sister, O wife, O thou sole surviving woman, whom a common race and descent from brothers—thou from Epimetheus, I from Prometheus, both sons of Iapetus—unite to me, whom the marriage tie has joined to me, and whom now terrible dangers bring yet closer; we two are the whole population of the lands seen by the rising and setting sun; all other beings are retained by the sea. Even now I do not feel in entire certainty of our lives: even yet the heavy lowering clouds alarm my mind. O thou unhappy one, what now would have been thy thoughts if thou alone hadst been snatched from death? How couldst thou have borne this dread alone? Who would have consoled thy grief? For I, believe me, O my wife, if the sea had engulphed thee with the rest, I would have followed thee, and the sea should have brought death to me also. Oh, would that I could create men anew by the arts of my father, and endow the moulded clay with life! Now the race of mortals exists in us alone! Thus it has seemed good to the Gods, and we remain as mere specimens of the human race!"

When Deucalion had finished speaking their tears fell afresh. They determined to pray to the heavenly deities, and implore aid through the sacred oracles. They lost no time, but went together to the river Cephisus, which rises in Mount Parnassus and flows near

Delphi. Although the waters were not yet clear, still they were once more travelling along their wonted channels. When the pair had sprinkled water on their clothes and heads, according to custom, they bent their steps towards the shrine of the sacred Goddess. The roof was defiled with dank moss, and the altars stood without fires. As they touched the steps of the temple they both fell prostrate to the ground, and tremblingly kissed the cold stones.

With one voice they besought Themis to hear and aid them. "If", they said, "the Gods, conquered by our pious prayers, will relent; if the anger of the Gods is appeased, tell us, O Themis, by what arts the loss of our race is to be amended, and grant aid to our sunken fortunes, O thou mildest and gentlest!"

The Goddess was touched, and made reply: "Depart from the temple; cover your heads; cast loose the garments girt around you; and throw behind your backs the bones of your great mother!"

For a long time they remained stupefied. Pyrrha was the first to break the silence with her voice, and she refused to obey the commands of the Goddess. Trembling with fear she begged great Themis to grant her pardon for her refusal, but she feared to offend the shades of her mother by casting her bones.

Meanwhile they repeated over to themselves the words of the Oracle, the meaning of which seemed hidden in dark obscurity, and they pondered over them together. At length the son of Prometheus soothed the daughter of Epimetheus with soft words, saying: "Either my judgment is at fault, or the Oracles are just, and persuade us to do nothing unlawful. The Earth is our great mother, and I imagine that the stones in the body of the Earth are the bones spoken of; it is these which we are commanded to cast behind our backs."

Although Pyrrha was moved by the conjecture of her husband, nevertheless her hopes were still doubtful, so much did they both distrust the heavenly counsels! But what harm would be done by the attempt?

They went down, veiled their heads, loosened their garments, and threw the stones, as they were commanded, in the traces of their feet. The stones (who would believe it, if ancient tradition did not testify to it!) began to rid themselves of their hardness and stiffness; by degrees they softened, and as they softened they took shape. Soon, too, when the stones waxed greater, they assumed a milder aspect, so that something of the shape of man was dimly seen in them, just as in the rudely-outlined marble—not quite distinct, but very like unto the

rough-hewn statue before the master's chisel has touched it. Now that part which was earthy and damp with moisture was turned into the organs of the body; that which was firm and could not be bent was changed into bones; that which was a vein remained a vein. In a brief space, by the aid of the Gods, the stones hurled by the hand of the man assumed the shape of men, whilst the softer lineaments of women were seen revived in the stones cast by the woman. For this reason we are a hardy race, capable of toil, and giving evidence of the origin from which we have sprung.

The Earth produced of her own accord other animals of different forms. After the moisture left from the late flood was heated through and through by the rays of the sun, the mud and the wet marshes swelled with the burning heat, and the fruitful seeds, nourished by the quickening soil, increased in size, and after a short delay took shape.

Every year the seven-mouthed Nile rises and rises until it overflows the whole country round about. When, after flowing all over the land, it deserts the swampy fields and withdraws its waters into their proper bed, and when the fresh mud has been heated by the sun, it is said that the husbandmen, in turning over the soil, discover very many animals. Some are just begun, as it were at the very moment of their creation. Some they find imperfect and lacking some of their parts, and often in the same body, so 'tis said, one part is animate, whilst the other part is still rude earth. For when moisture and heat occur together in moderation they produce life, and all things spring from these two. And although fire is the enemy of water, nevertheless a humid vapor generates everything, and this discordant concord is suited to the production of life.

Therefore when the earth, all soft mire with the late deluge, was heated once more by the sun's rays and pervaded by a nourishing warmth, she produced innumerable species, restoring some old forms and creating some new monsters. Unwillingly, she even produced Python, the unheard-of serpent, destined to be a source of terror to the new race of men.

"There, that is all I have to tell you, children, and quite enough too, I'm sure. Grandfather's tongue is tired with so much exertion, and his limbs are stiff with so much idleness. Let us go and look at the sun setting over the sea there."

"But grandfather", said Fred, "where was Noah's Ark? you did not bring Noah's Ark into your story".

"No, Fred, probably my old Roman had never heard of Noah or his ark. I don't fancy arks were much used in his day, either as sea-going transports or children's toys."

"I like to think of Deucalion and Pyrrha best", said Nellie reflectively. "I would sooner have been like Pyrrha, alone with Deucalion on one of the peaks of Mount Parnassus, than like Mrs. Noah shut up in a stuffy ark with a lot of nasty-smelling animals. Wouldn't you, grandfather?"

"I would sooner have been neither, pussie. In the one case it would have been decidedly cold and damp, and that would not have improved my rheumatism; in the other—well, as you say, it would have been rather close and unsavory; I wonder they were not all laid up with typhoid fever. But let us go to the shore and see the sun go to bed. We will watch the color die out of the sun-kissed clouds."

"'Sun-kissed clouds'," repeated Nellie; "What do you mean, grandfather?"

"Didn't you know, pussie, that when the sun goes to bed he kisses his favorite clouds—just as I kiss my little Nell here—and that they blush for joy at his kisses? Well, when we have watched the crimson blushes pale to red, the red cool down to gold, and at last the gold die out into grey, we will come back and have supper. Then, if the dustman has not come round filling our eyes with his sleep dust, we will come out again and see if Mother Moon has ventured out too. Perhaps we shall be able to see the Milky Way, where the old Roman said all the principal Gods and Goddesses lived. Come children!"

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH.

Puzzles.

BURIED AUTHORS.

1. The stuff was cotton, rather than silk.
2. O Dick! ensure against accidents.
3. For the toothache? Raymond's essence! Nonsense; it gives no relief.
4. A sheep's pen certainly is no place for you.
5. Fly for your life! Hide! Foes are on every side.
6. Is this for me? this mug rimmed with precious stones? [6 marks.]

ANAGRAMS.

1. Prime antidote. 2. Plant and rest. 3. Blunt the rods. 4. A lot stood. 5. Hate me not. 6. Die for it. 7. Go for the hut. 8. A true point. [8 marks.]

CONUNDRUMS.

1. If from six you take nine and
From nine you take ten,
(Ye wits now this riddle explain)
And if fifty from forty be taken, why then
There will just half-a-dozen remain. [6 marks.]

2. To three parts of a cross add a circle complete,
Let two semi-circles a perpendicular meet,
Next add a triangle set up on two feet,
And two semi-circles in sequence quite neat,
With a circle entire concluding the suite,
And a herb you will have loved by poor and by great.
[6 marks.]

3. When is money damp? [4 marks.]

NUTS FOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH TO CRACK.

1. The number of disposable seamen at Portsmouth is 800, at Plymouth 756, and at Sheerness 404. A ship is commissioned whose complement is 490 seamen. How many must be drafted from each place so as to take an equal proportion? [8 marks.]

2. A book containing 218 leaves is 1·295 inches thick; allowing ·08 of an inch for the thickness of the cover, find to 6 places of decimals the thickness of the paper. [6 marks.]

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

Simple Acrostic—Hampden.

1. Hannibal.
2. Arthur.
3. Milton.
4. Percy.
5. Darnley.
6. Eliot.
7. Nelson.

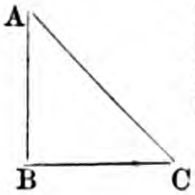
Omnibus Word.—Search.

Arc, arch, sea, has, ear, hear, car, reach, sear, shear, scar, share, are, hare, chase, chaser, he, she, ah, ha, eh, sac, ash, char, each, ache, race, crush, rash, cash, as.

Charades.

1. Also. 2. History. 3. Rattlesnake.

Cracked Nuts.

1. 

Let AB represent the height of the tower, AC the line to the opposite side of the river, BC the width of the river. Then, as ABC is a right-angled triangle, by Euclid I., 47,

$$\overline{AC}^2 = \overline{AB}^2 + \overline{BC}^2$$
$$\therefore 78^2 = 55^2 + x^2$$
$$\therefore x^2 = 78^2 - 55^2$$
$$= 6084 - 3025$$
$$= 3059$$
$$x = \sqrt{3059} = 55{\cdot}3\ldots\ldots$$

2. Let x, y, and $2x$ represent the digits, $2x$ being the units digit.

Then the number will be $100x + 10y + 2x$

$$\therefore \frac{100x + 10y + 2x}{3x + y} = 22 \qquad (1)$$

and

$$\frac{100x + 10y + 2x}{2xy} = 11 \qquad (2)$$

From (1) $102x + 10y = 22\,(3x + y) = 66x + 22y$

$$\therefore 36x = 12y$$

$$3x = y \qquad (3)$$

Substituting this in (2):

$$\frac{100x + 30x + 2x}{6x^2} = 11$$

$$\therefore \frac{132x}{6x^2} = 11 \qquad \therefore 132x = 66x^2$$

Dividing both sides of equation by $11x$,

$$12 = 6x$$

$$\therefore x = 2$$

And the number is 264.

TOTAL MARKS POSSIBLE, 34.—Scheherazade, Our Corner Man, 33; Hypatia, 30; Valiant, 23; Hawkeye, 19; Aladdin, 17; Fircone, 11; Wanda, 10; Mignonette, 8; Cromwell, Jumbo, 6.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A paper from Stockport deserves 32 marks; unfortunately it is unsigned.—HAWKEYE: You show no working for Nut 2. Guess work is not accepted.—HYPATIA: You have an error in working Nut 1, but the method and statement are correct, so you only lose one mark. In answers to "Omnibus Word" where "case" is given instead of "sac", it is accepted, but "acre" will not do for "ground stoned with gravel". WANDA: Last month's marks, 17. Your letter this month was not posted till the 12th. You must *post* not later than the 11th of each month.

YOUNG FOLKS' PUZZLE-CORNER RULES.

ANY girls and boys under 16 years of age may send answers to any five (not more) of the puzzles given on pp. 382-3. Each must choose a fancy name and stick to it, and send with it the first time the real name and address. It is enough afterwards to sign the fancy name, but this must never be left out. All answers must reach the Puzzle Editor, 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C., on or before the 12th of each month.

Every three months three books will be given as prizes to the three young people who have gained most marks. When anybody has won one of these, he or she cannot win another quarterly prize during the year, but quarterly winners may try for the yearly prizes of three books, given to those who gained most marks during the year.

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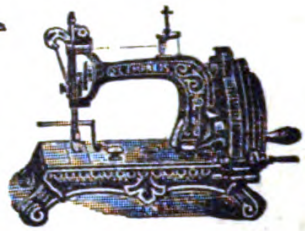

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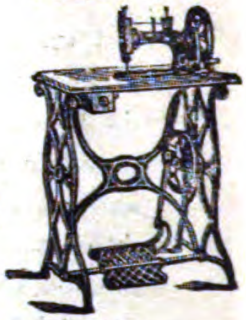

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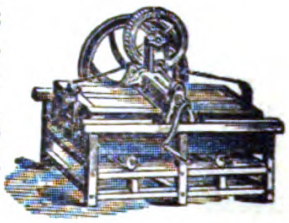

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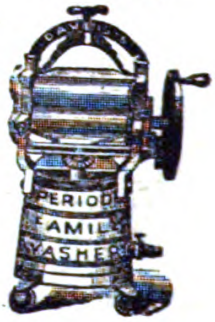

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